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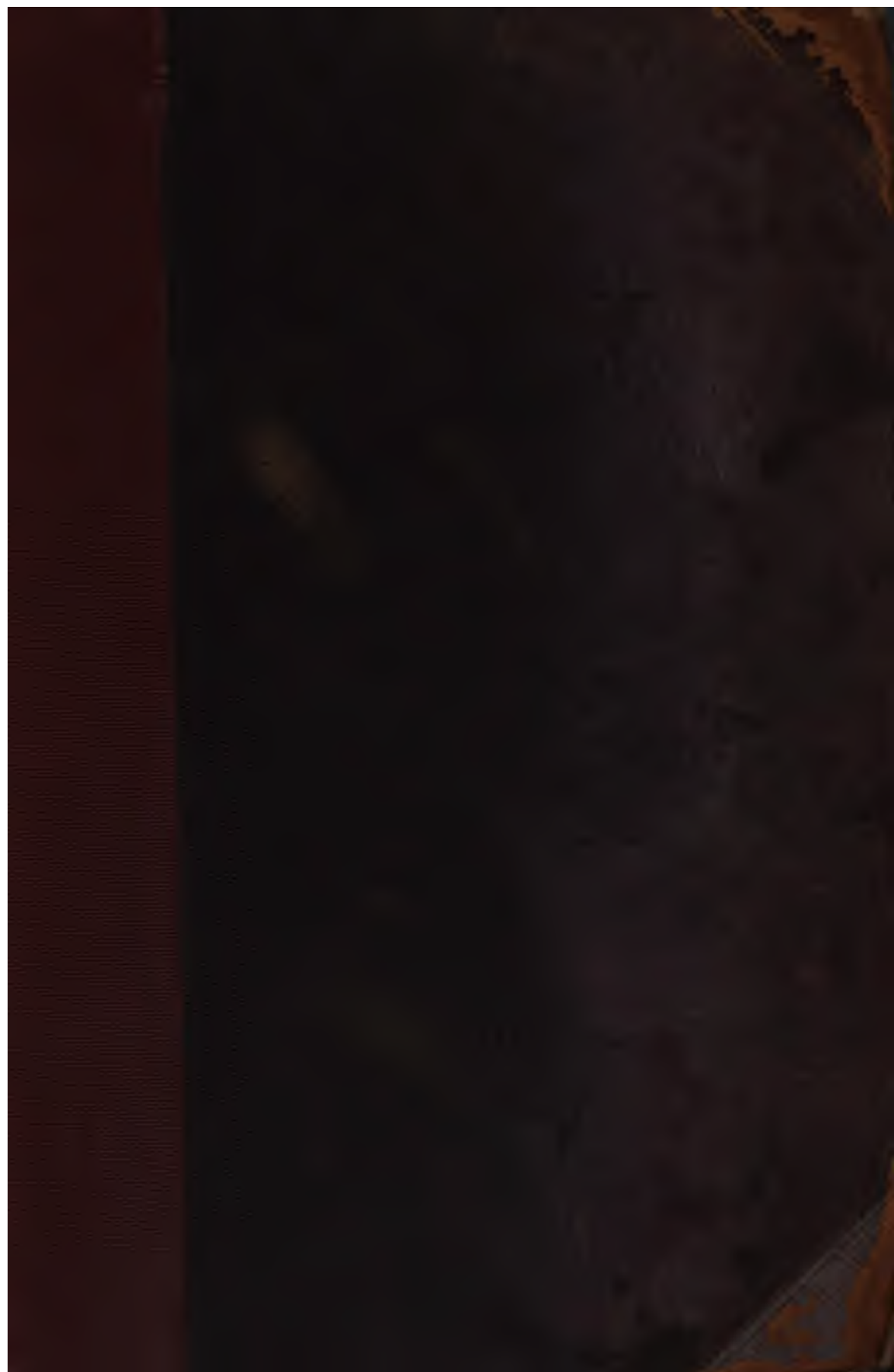
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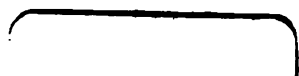
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THE
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MAY, 1863.
—

NORTH-WEST BRITISH AMERICA.

BY THE EDITOR.

HISTORIANS tell us that one of the characteristics of a wise and unselfish statesman is seen in the forethought and care with which he provides for the future of his country.

The public in general are too much occupied with the social and political questions of the day, and private individuals too much engrossed with personal concerns, to devote that attention to the future which they often encourage themselves to regard as a duty devolving upon posterity—the heirloom, indeed, of the actors on the stage of life, when they shall have become indifferent to its ambitions, or, are laid like their predecessors, to moulder in the dust.

The experience of Europe, in the rise of nations to power and prosperity, can scarcely be accepted for our guidance in America. Events succeed each other so unexpectedly, and with a rapidity so extraordinary, on this continent, that the wisest speculations often fall short of the reality; and the most sanguine anticipations scarcely grasp the actual results of a few years' transition and progress.

To-day a wilderness—to-morrow a populous state! To-day the wild Indian's hunting-ground—to-morrow asserting equal rights in a community of civilized nations! So rapidly, indeed, do momentous events, affecting the interest of millions, follow one another with us, springing from new commercial relations, new discoveries, new political combinations, or new invasions of a previously unoccupied wilderness,—that the most sagacious statesman is often behind public opinion, and vainly endeavours to hold in check the bold ideas and the broad license of popular belief which often find expression in an uncontrolled liberty of speech, the prevailing characteristic of American civilization.

British-Americans, who are true to the sympathies and patriotism of their forefathers, and who care to look forward to the future of their coun-

try, must view with some surprise, not unmingled with anxiety, the spirit of enquiry which the people of the North-Western frontier States of the American Union are exhibiting, with respect to the vast region in Central North America drained by the rivers flowing into Lake Winnipeg. Such enquiries would excite no other feelings but those of admiration at the characteristic enterprise which gives birth to them, if it were not for the unscrupulous action to which they point, alike neglectful of British feeling, and opposed to the aspirations of the majority of the people of British America who speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue. "Manifest Destiny" is by no means recognized in the physical conformation of the great North-West, when that destiny implies a union with the American States; the absorption of a vast and fertile part of British America, by a Northern federation; and the annihilation of hopes long cherished by British American people, that *their* empire will one day be established from ocean to ocean, in peaceful union with the empire from which they have sprung.

"Manifest destiny" ought only to be regarded as the dream of the American visionary or revolutionist, who, setting aside all considerations of right, nationality, descent, and blood, boldly and unscrupulously commences his crusade with this specious cry, and seeks, not unsuccessfully, to enlist even senates to his side.

It is some consolation to know, that even among Americans, "manifest destiny" does not always imply incorporation with the United States by fair means or foul. Able men there are, who, while advocating the colonization of the Basin of Lake Winnipeg, view the prospect of its continuance as a British Province, one of a series extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as within the limits of probability. "One thing is very apparent: unless the English Government shall very promptly respond to the manifest destiny of the great interior of British America—the Basin of Lake Winnipeg—the speedy Americanization of the fertile district is inevitable. The indispensable requisites to the integrity of British dominion on this continent, are such action in behalf of the Saskatchewan and Red River districts as the Frazer River excitement secured for the area fronting on the North Pacific, three years ago."*

Not much more than half a century has passed since Canada was a wilderness from the Ottawa to the St. Clair. Many men now living remember the time when the scanty settlements were threatened by famine if the snow fell so deep that the wolves destroyed the deer. Yet in two generations, this wilderness has gained a population exceeding that of the ancient kingdom of Denmark. Viewing its future

* Relations between the United States and North-west British America. Executive Document, House of Representatives, 1862. Letter from James W. Taylor to the Hon. S. P. Chase, Sec. of the Treasury.

expansion in the light of its past development and progress, many now naturally turn with anxiety to the vast unoccupied region which lies between it and the gold producing mountains and valleys of its sister colony, British Columbia. Running in the race of progress side by side with the most powerful and energetic republic the world has ever seen, Canada looks with an anxious eye upon the rapid strides which neighboring states are advancing in the direction of a territory which her people always have been taught to consider as their own, either as subject to their jurisdiction, or soon to be joined to them by ties of kindred institutions and laws,—a link in one great chain of provinces acknowledging the same allegiance, and enjoying the same liberty, protection and rights.

The great North-West has become a household word in Canada; and as the time has now arrived when its admission into the family of British Provinces is about to be consummated, a knowledge of its resources should be familiar to every British American.

The North-West Territory is no longer a *terra incognita*. Its vast plains have been traversed; its rivers and lakes carefully traced and mapped; its mountain ranges and secluded valleys explored; its treasures of iron, coal, salt, and even gold, have been laid bare; and its rich expanses of fertile prairies are now known to possess the capability of supporting numerous inhabitants, equalling in numbers those now densely thronging the British Isles.

It is proposed to describe the physical features and fitness for colonization of North-West British America under the following heads:—

1. The Basin of Lake Winnipeg.
2. The Athabaska River.
3. The Rocky Mountain Region.
4. A Telegraph and Road across the Continent.

In order to examine the question in all its aspects, it will not only be necessary to include British Columbia, but also to paint in its true colors the real capabilities of that visionary far west of the United States, to which, in defiance of all known facts, popular credulity ascribes boundless fertility; converts an arid and uninhabitable desert into future populous states; and regards as a suitable and attractive field for the indefinite expansion of the Union, a vast region exceeding one million square miles in area, alike incapable of cultivation, and unfitted for the abode of civilized man.

THE BASIN OF LAKE WINNIPEG.—GEOGRAPHICAL FEATURES.

The southern portion of Lake Winnipeg lies exactly in the centre of the American continent on the 51st parallel of latitude.* The great

* The Basin of Lake Winnipeg extends from the 90th to the 118th meridian. Its most easterly point is the lake and swamps from which the Savanne river takes its rise, in long. 90° 14, lat. 48° 53', 106 miles by the Kaministiquia canoe route from Lake Superior: and the most westerly limit from which its rivers draw contributions, is probably the great glacier near Howse Pass,

Basin it drains has a length of 920 miles, a breadth of 380 miles, and an approximate area of 360,000 square miles. The eastern tributaries to the Winnipeg River, rise on the boundary line of the Province of Canada, about 100 miles west of Lake Superior, and 1,485 above the sea. The great glaciers in the Rocky Mountains, from which the Saskatchewan takes its rise, near Howse Pass, for the north branch, and the Vermillion Pass for the south branch, form the western limits. Its southern extension stretches far into the State of Minnesota; but west of the Souris river, the international boundary line roughly represents its extension in that direction, as does the north branch of the Saskatchewan its approximate northern limits.

This great central Basin is drained by three large rivers—the Winnipeg, the Red River of the North, and the Saskatchewan. It is through the valley of the Winnipeg, or its tributaries, that the canoe route between Lake Superior and Selkirk Settlement lies, and through which a road will be eventually constructed, connecting the rich prairies west of the Lake of the Woods with Fort William, on Lake Superior. From the Lake of the Woods to the eastern flanks of the Rocky Mountains, there exists a belt of fertile soil, 80 to 100 miles in width, once covered with trees, but now converted in great part into prairie land by the destruction of the forests, owing to the periodical burning of the prairie grass. German creek, which rises near the Lake of the Woods, the Red River, the Assiniboine, and the north branch of the Saskatchewan, flow through this rich belt, which has an area of not less than 80,000 square miles,* is susceptible of cultivation or depasturage throughout, and extends in one unbroken broad belt from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains.

Lake Winnipeg, and its associated Lakes, Manitobah and Winnipegosis, occupy the lowest depression of the central basin, and are about 628 feet above the sea level, having a water area slightly exceeding 13,000 square miles, or twice the size of Lake Ontario. They are bounded on the west by a low tract of country, having an elevation of from 30 to 100 feet above the lakes, and an approximate area of 70,000

long. 117° 35', lat. 51° 52'. Its southern boundary extends as far as Lake Traverse, in Dakota Territory, long. 96° 45', lat. 45° 58'. It stretches north as far as Frog Portage, long. 103° 30', lat. 55° 23'. The elevation of its eastern boundary is 1,485 feet above the ocean; and the height of land near the sources of the tributary of the Saskatchewan, which rises farthest to the west, is 6,347 feet above the same level. Its northern boundary is separated from the valley of the Mississippi by a low ridge, over which water flows during floods, thus connecting the valley of the Saskatchewan with that of the Mississippi. Toward the southern limit, Lake Travers, 820 feet above the sea, sends water into the Mississippi and Red River during spring freshets. The outlet of the Winnipeg Basin is through the contracted and rocky channel of Nelson River to Hudson's Bay.

* In this estimate of the area of the FERTILE BELT, the region about the Lake of the Woods is included, as well as the northern extension near the East flank of the Rocky Mountains towards the Athabaska or Elk River.

square miles. This low region is limited by the abrupt terraces of the Pembina Mountain, which forms the limit of the great prairie plateau of the north-west. The prairie plateau covers an area which may be roughly represented by 120,000 square miles, and in its northern part, the fertile belt of land before referred to, lies. West and south of the prairie plateau, are the great plains, bounded on the north by the continuation of the fertile belt, and on the west by the abrupt wall-like precipices of the Rocky Mountains. The area of the arid and uncultivable plains of the basin of Lake Winnipeg exceeds 100,000 square miles. These dimensions, when tabulated, furnish the subjoined view of the surface features of Central British America :—

	<i>Area in sq. miles.</i>	<i>Mean elevation above the sea level.</i>
Lakes Winnipeg, Manitobah and Winnipegosis	13,000	640 feet.
Low country, composed chiefly of swampy land or shallow soil, resting on limestone rock (1st plateau)	70,000	700 "
Terraces of Pembina mountain	1,500	900—1100 "
Great Prairie Plateau (2nd Plateau)	120,000	1,200 "
Great Plain Plateau (3rd Plateau) for the most part arid and uncultivable	108,000	1,600—4,000 "
Total of Winnipeg Basin, east of the Lake of the Woods, about	312,000	

AGRICULTURAL CAPABILITIES.

The area in the great central basin, available for cultivation, is fully 80,000 square miles, or very nearly as large as England; and is capable of supporting an agricultural population exceeding 15,000,000. It extends from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains. The outlying patches of fertile land lying within the limits of the great plains, together with the deep, narrow valleys of the rivers which run through those arid regions, the east flanks of the Rocky Mountains, and the low lands in the region of the great lakes, might support another 1,000,000; so that the present available area of arable soil,—the greater portion of which is susceptible of being at once turned up by the plough,—would sustain an agricultural population equal to that of the Kingdom of Prussia.

The great plains rise gradually as the Rocky Mountains are approached, until they attain an elevation of 4,000 feet above the sea level. With only a very narrow intervening belt of hilly country, the mountains rise almost abruptly from the plains, and present lofty precipices, that frown like battlements over the level country to the eastward.* North of the fertile belt is the subarctic forest region, as far as longitude 105. Here the fertile belt greatly expands in a north-westerly direction, and includes the valleys of the Athabaska and part of Peace River. South of the fertile belt lies the true arid district. It occupies most of the

* Dr. Hector, on the physical features of the central part of British America.

country drained by the south branch of the Saskatchewan, and reaches as far north as latitude 52° . This is the extension into British territory of the great American desert, an uncultivable region, extending as far south as Texas, and varying from 400 to 600 miles in breadth.

The fertile belt is occasionally diversified with clumps of aspen, and here and there a few spruce fir are found—the remains of that former extension of the forests which once reached to the northern limits of the arid plains of the great American desert west of the 98^{th} degree of longitude. The wooded part of the Basin of Lake Winnipeg is almost exclusively confined to the first or lowest plateau west of the great lakes, the valley of the Winnipeg river on the east, and the flanks of the Rocky Mountains, where the forest extends to the height of 7,000 feet. From the western boundary of the Province of Canada to Rainy Lake, white spruce, larch, pines of several species, poplars and birch, form a thick forest. From Rainy Lake to Red River Settlement, elms, oaks, ash, basswood, beech, iron wood, largely intermingled with spruce and pines, abound. North-west of Red River, on the low plateau and the flanks of the precipitous escarpment which forms the denuded boundary of the great prairie plateau, the forest consists of aspen, larch, birch, spruce and pines.

This forest extends to the banks of the Assiniboine, but consists chiefly of aspen, although some very fair oak and elm luxuriate in the deep and narrow valleys in which that river and its tributaries flow. The most common tree in the woodland country north of the Saskatchewan, is the white spruce; then follows the canoe birch, the larch, the balsam fir, the red pine, the balsam poplar, and the ever present aspen.

The beech, ironwood, ash, cedar, arbor vitæ and the white pine, do not extend beyond Red River. The red elm has been found as far west as Carlton House;* and the false sugar maple was seen on the North Saskatchewan, long. 108.

Within the fertile belt there are detached groves of aspen; and in the flats of the alluvial river valleys, the balsam poplar rises from a dense thicket of willows, thorns, and the poire of the French Canadian—the delicious *Misaskatominat*† of the Crees, which on the south branch of the Saskatchewan attains an altitude of eighteen feet, and is loaded with the most luscious fruit.

The northern limit of the great American desert reaches as far north as lat. 52° . The surface is formed of cretaceous and tertiary strata, which is often highly impregnated with glauber salts and gypsum (sulphates of soda and lime); and it bakes in the early summer into a hard and cracked surface. The characteristic plants on this sterile soil are the

* Dr. James Hector, on the physical features of Central British North America.

† *Amelanchier Canadensis*.

shrub sage or Absinthe, and the prickly prairie apple (*opuntia*). There are many fertile spots in the arid region, like oases in a desert; yet as a whole, it must be regarded as unfit for the abode of civilized man. Along the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, there is a large area of fine land with very rich pasture; but the constant occurrence of sharp night frosts would render the raising of common grain crops precarious. M. Bourgeau, an accomplished botanist, accompanied the expedition sent out by the British Government in 1857-8 and 9, across the continent through British America. In a report submitted by this gentleman to Sir William Hooker, he speaks of the Saskatchewan district, in the neighborhood of Carlton House, as much more adapted to the culture of the staple crops of temperate climates—such as wheat, rye, barley, oats, &c.—than one would have been inclined to believe, from its high latitude. "In effect, the few attempts at the culture of the cereals already made in the vicinity of the Hudson's Bay Company's trading-posts, demonstrate by their success how easy it would be to obtain products sufficiently abundant to largely remunerate the efforts of the agriculturists. *There*, in order to put the land under cultivation, it would be necessary only to till the better portions of the soil. The prairies offer natural pasturage as favourable for the maintenance of numerous herds *as if they had been artificially created*." The vetches found in the rich prairies of the fertile belt, are as valuable for the nourishment of cattle as the clover of Europe.

The agricultural capabilities of the Basin of Lake Winnipeg may be summed up as follows:—

	Acres.
On the route from Fort William, Lake Superior, to the Lake of the Woods, including the valley of Rainy River.....	200,000
The Fertile Belt, stretching from the Lake of the Woods to the flanks of the Rocky Mountains, and as far north as the 54th parallel, on the Athabaska, west of McLeod's River, (80,000 sq. miles).....	51,200,000
Isolated areas in the Prairie Plateau, south of the Assiniboine.....	2,000,000
Isolated areas in the great Plain Plateau, the extension northwards of the great American Desert, and in the valleys of the rivers flowing through it.....	1,000,000
Total area of Land available for agricultural purposes.....	54,400,000
Approximate area suitable for grazing purposes.....	30,000,000
Total approximate area fitted for the abode of civilized man.....	84,400,000
Approximate area of the Basin of Lake Winnipeg, within British Territory.....	199,680,000
Area fitted for the abode of civilized man.....	84,400,000
Desert area unsuitable for the permanent abode of man.....	115,280,000

Comparing this extent of surface with Canada, we arrive at the following results:—

	Acres.
Area of the Province of Canada, (840,000 square miles).....	217,600,000

	Acres.
Area occupied by the Sedimentary Rocks, (80,000 square miles).....	51,200,000
Area occupied by the Crystalline Rocks.....	166,400,000
If we suppose that one sixth of the area occupied by the Crystalline Rocks is capable of cultivation, as regards soil and climate, (an estimate probably in excess,) the total amount of land in Canada available for the purpose of settlement, will be approximately.....	
	78,900,000
Showing an excess of land fitted for the permanent abode of man, in favor of the Basin of Lake Winnipeg over the Province of Canada, of	
	5,500,000

In Upper Canada, with a population of 1,396,091, there are 13,354,907 acres held by proprietors, of which only 6,051,619 acres are under cultivation, cropped or in pasture.* If the whole quantity of land fit for cultivation were occupied in the same proportion, the population of Canada would exceed eighteen millions. At the same ratio of inhabitants to cultivable and grazing land, the Basin of Lake Winnipeg would sustain a population exceeding 19,000,000, or leaving out of consideration the land suitable to grazing purposes, its capabilities would be adapted to support 12,000,000 people. If European countries such as France and Great Britain were taken as the standard of comparison, or even many of the States of the American Union, the number would be vastly greater.

It must, however, always be borne in mind that the arid region of the great American desert, which places an uncultivable and uninhabitable wilderness between the present north-westerly settlements in Nebraska and the Rocky Mountains, extends into British America only in the form of the apex of the cone shaped figure it has on the map, with its base in the highest lands of Texas and Mexico. It is well defined in British America by the precipitous and wave worn escarpment of the Grand Coteau de Missouri, and with the outlying patches between the two branches of the Saskatchewan, it certainly does not exceed the estimated area of 108,000 square miles of surface. Much of the Prairie Plateau not included within the fertile belt contains splendid pasturage.

It is at the "Edge of Woods" within the limits of the fertile belt, from the Touchwood Hills to the Rocky Mountains, that vast herds of buffalo come in winter, to feed and fatten on the rich natural grasses which the early frosts in autumn convert into nutritious hay. The perennial supply of food for cattle is a feature of immense importance in the North-West. Without that inexhaustible storehouse of provender it would have been impossible for the Prairie Indians to have reached the numbers they attained before the whites thinned their ranks with the diseases they imported. It would have been impossible for the buffalo to have swarmed

* The number of acres given in the census returns for 1861 as cropped by fall and spring wheat is 1,386,366 or differing from the population by 9723; from which it appears that in 1861 there were about the same number of acres under wheat as there were people in Upper Canada.

throughout the land if nature had not provided them with abundance of food at all seasons of the year. Nor could the Prairie Indians maintain the large number of horses which form the chief part of their worldly treasure, if fodder were not accessible in extraordinary abundance during the winter season. The Indians and the buffalo are fast passing away, and civilized man will soon occupy with his domesticated flocks and herds the rich pastures of the Fertile Belt, which would still be the hunting grounds of numerous nomadic tribes if the fur trade had not prepared the way for the spread of civilization.

MINERAL RESOURCES, COAL.

A large part of the region drained by the North and South branches of the Saskatchewan is underlaid by a variety of Coal or Lignite. On the North Saskatchewan coal occurs below Edmonton in workable seams.

A section of the river bank in that neighborhood shows in a vertical space of sixty feet three seams of Lignite, the first one foot thick, the second two feet, and the third six feet thick. Dr. Hector, who made the section, states that the six foot seam is pure and compact. * Fifteen miles below the Brazeaus River, a large tributary to the North Saskatchewan from the west, the lignite bearing strata again come into view, and from this point they were traced to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. On the Red Deer River the lignite formation was observed at various points. It forms beds of great thickness; one group of seams measured twenty feet, "of which twelve feet consisted of pure compact coal." (Dr. Hector.) These coal beds were traced for ten miles on Red Deer River. At one point they were on fire, (1858) the beds exposed is a cliff of about 300 yards in length, being at many places in a dull glow, the constant sliding of the bank continuing to supply a fresh surface to the atmosphere. "For miles around the air is loaded with a heavy sulphurous and limy smell, and the Indians say that for as long as they can remember the fire at this place has never been extinguished summer or winter." A great Lignite formation of cretaceous age containing valuable beds of coal has a very extensive development on the upper waters of the North and South Saskatchewan, the Missouri, and far to the north in the valley of the Mackenzie. Col. Lefroy observed this Lignite on Peace River, and Dr. Hector recognized it on Smoking River, a tributary of Peace River, also on the Athabaska, McLeod river and Pembina river, all to the north of the Saskatchewan, "thus proving the range of this formation over a slope rising from 500 to 2,300 feet above the sea, and yet preserving on the whole the same characters, and showing no evidence of recent local disturbance, beyond the gentle uplift which has effected this inclination."†

*Proceedings of the Geological Society, 1861, page 421.

†Ibid page 426.

South and East of the Cretaceous Lignite or Coal Region lies the great Tertiary Lignite formation of Nebraska, which extends into British America, and large denuded areas containing a vast abundance of Lignite boulders have been discovered on the Souris River, in several localities. It is very probable that the Nebraska Tertiary Lignites extend *in situ* to a considerable distance north of the boundary line on the grand Coteau de Missouri which is touched by the South branch of the Saskatchewan at the Elbow. In the Lignite Tertiary, beds of Lignite six and seven feet thick have been found near the boundary line in Nebraska. It has also been discovered in beds a foot thick at the Wood Hills, about eighty miles south of the Quapelle Mission. The specimens which have been brought from that locality have the appearance of cannel coal and burn freely. The existence of such extensive deposits of fuel on both the branches of the Saskatchewan and their tributaries is of great importance. The ease with which supplies can be procured on the banks of navigable rivers gives additional importance to wide areas of fertile soil, which, from the absence of timber, would otherwise lose much of their value as a region fit for settlement.

IRON ORES.

A marked feature in the cretaceous rocks of the Winnipeg basin is the extraordinary abundance and wide distribution of clay iron stone. From the Souris River to the Rocky Mountains this ore is found in great profusion. It occurs on the escarpments of the Riding Mountain, west of the great Lakes, and for many miles the bed of the Souris river is formed of its concretionary nodules. It has been observed associated with cretaceous coals near Edmonton and Rocky Mountain House on the upper Saskatchewan. On Red Deer River, Dr. Hector says that "a few miles above Shell Creek the lower part of the banks are to a great extent composed of a bed largely charged with iron-stone nodules, which have very irregular shapes, unlike the nodules in other parts of the Strata. The profusion of these strewn on the slopes of the valley reminded me of the heaps of wasted iron-stone scattered in the neighbourhood of iron furnaces. A little way further on, where a creek joins the valley, thick beds of coal appear at the base of the section. The lowest bed is four to five feet thick, and very compact and pure." The association of coal and iron ore suggests, without comment, the importance of these Mineral deposits. An analysis of the clay iron stones, taken without special solution from the Souris river by the writer in 1858 showed the ore to be of remarkable purity. The specimen analysed contained not less than 82 per cent. of carbonate of iron, which would give about 40 per cent. of pure iron, the celebrated iron ore of the Glasgow coal field, containing 41.25 per cent. of the pure metal.

SALT.

This important material is distributed throughout a large part of the valley of Red River, the basin of Lakes Manitobah and Winnepegosis, and thence north-westerly towards the Arctic Sea, the Brine Springs occur at the junction of the Silurian and Devonian rocks of the Winnipeg Basin, and have already yielded salt of excellent quality in several localities. Many years ago (1823) salt was manufactured at Pembina, and more recently at the Salt works, Manitobah Lake, by Red River natives, and at Swan river by the Hudson Bay Company. Springs rich in brine are known to exist in upwards of twenty different places along a stretch of country extending from the boundary line to the Saskatchewan. In the valley of La Rivière Sale, about twenty-six miles from Fort Garry, salt springs are numerous, and the ground in their vicinity is frequently covered with a thick incrustation. Springs issue from the sides of the hills in positions very favorable for solar evaporation in shallow basins, which might be excavated at a lower level than the spring, and salt extracted without the employment of artificial heat. The cold of winter might also be employed to obtain concentrated brines as in France and Russia. The strength of the brines in the basin of Lake Winnipeg is remarkable. The celebrated wells of Onondaga yield one bushel of salt from 30 to 50 gallons of brine; whereas in dry seasons 24 gallons of brine from the Winnepegosis springs will yield one bushel of salt.

BUILDING MATERIALS.

Limestone admirably adapted for building purposes exists throughout the low regions west and south of the great lakes. The sandstones of the tertiary and cretaceous series which overspread the prairie and plain plateaus are too incoherent and friable to be used as building materials, but then bands of limestone from six inches to two feet in thickness are not uncommon in those formations.

Clays suitable for bricks occur in many places, on the Assiniboine, the Saskatchewan, the Red Deer River, Battle River, and elsewhere. There is always a profusion of boulders of the unfossiliferous rocks to be found in the valleys and beds of the different streams, and in some places they are inconveniently numerous.

(To be continued.)

MY COUSIN TOM.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

My cousin was an artist. An odd man in the fullest acceptation of the word. He was odd in his appearance, in his manners, in his expressions, and ways of thinking. A perfect original, for I never met with any one like him, in my long journey through life.

He had served his apprenticeship with the great Bartolozzy, who was the first copper-plate engraver of his time.

He had so won the esteem of his celebrated master, that on the expiration of his apprenticeship, he returned to him the £400 premium he had received with him, together with a pair of handsome gold knee-buckles, which were indispensable articles in a gentleman's dress of the last century.

During his long residence with the Italians, he had imbibed a great dislike to every thing English. He wrote and spoke in the Italian language. I verily believe, that he thought in Italian; and being an exquisite musician, both on the viol to Gomba and the violin, never played any but Italian music. He was a Catholic too, although born of Protestant parents. Not that he had any particular preference for that religion, for I don't think that he troubled his mind at all about it; but it was, he said, "The religion of Kings and Emperors. The only one fit for a gentleman, and a man of taste."

He admired the grandeur of the ceremonial, which he considered highly picturesque; and the works of art that adorned the beautiful chapel in Spanish Place; and above all, the exquisite music and singing.

When staying with him and his niece, during the winter of 1826, he always insisted upon our going with him to this place of worship. It was there that my soul thrilled to the inspired notes of the divine Malabran, and many of the great musical celebrities of that day.

"You Protestants," he would say, "give your best music to the Devil; we Catholics to God."

He used to repeat an anecdote of a friend of his, a Mr. Nugent, who was also a Catholic, and a brother artist, with great glee. Some gentleman, who was sitting for his portrait, was laughing at him about his religion.

"You believe in Purgatory too?"

"Yes sir," replied Nugent, "and let me tell you, that you may go farther and fare worse!"

Cousin was considerably more than sixty when I first knew him. He

was above the middle size, of a thin spare figure, and had the finest dark eyes I ever saw in a human head. His features were regular, and very handsome; but his face was sadly marred by the small-pox—a matter to him of deep and lasting regret.

"Beauty is God's greatest gift," he would say. "It is rank, wealth, power. What compensation can the world give to one who is cursed with hopeless ugliness?"

No one could look into his intelligent face, and think him ugly. But then, he dressed in such a queer fashion, and paid so little attention to his toilet, that days would pass without his combing his hair or washing his hands and face. The young artists, who loved him for his benevolence, and to whom he was a father in times of distress, had nick-named him "Dirty Dick." He knew it, but did not reform his slovenly habits. "Pho! Pho! what does it matter. I am an old man. Who cares for old men? Let them call me what they like. I mean to do as I please."

Every thing was dirty about him. His studio was a dark den, in which every thing was covered with a deep layer of dust. The floor was strewn with dirty music and dirty old books, for he was an antiquarian, among his other accomplishments, and he sat at a dirty easel, in an old thread-bare black coat and pants, now brown with age. His fine iron-grey hair, curling round his lofty temples in tangled masses—his left hand serving for a palette, and covered with patches of color most laughable to behold.

I used to laugh at him and quiz him most outrageously. I was a great favorite with the old man, and he took it all in good part. His walking costume was still more ridiculous, and consisted of a blue dress coat and gilt buttons, buff leather breeches and Hessian military boots, a yellow Cassimere waistcoat, and a high, stiff black stock. I was really ashamed of being seen with him in the streets. Every one turned round and looked at us. He walked so rapidly, that as we went up Oxford street, every coachman threw open the door of his vehicle.

"A coach—want a coach, sir. Camberwell—Peckham, sir."

Cousin would laugh, put out his tongue—an ugly fashion he had—and reply:—

"Coach be—— I prefer the Apostles' horses!"

An Irishman answered him very pertly—"An' bedad they can travel purty fast!"

Cousin was a confirmed old bachelor, but he had once been in love. But I will tell the story as it was told to me.

"The rich banker, Mr. H——, had an only daughter—a very beautiful girl. You know how Tom C—— admires beauty! He met the young lady at her father's table, and fell head over ears in love. He was a fine clever young fellow in those days. The old gentleman was greatly pleased with his wit and talent, and gave him a *carte blanche* to his

house. Tom availed himself of the privilege, and went every day to look at Arabella H——; for naturally shy with women, he seldom plucked up courage enough to speak to her, still less to inform her of his passion. The young lady, I have every reason to know, loved him too; but as it is not customary for women to make the first advances, she patiently waited from day to day, expecting the young artist to declare himself. This state of things lasted for seven years. The young lady grew tired of her tardy wooer. One day he went as usual, and missed his idol from her place at table. 'Where is Arabella—is she ill?' he enquired anxiously of her father.

"Have you not heard the news, Tom? Arabella is married!"

"Is she!" with a great oath. "Then what business have I here!"

"He started up from the table, and ran through the streets like a madman, without his hat, and making the most vehement gesticulations, and never entered the house again. Poor Tom! It was a dreadful disappointment; he has never studied the graces, except in pictures, since. He, however, has not forgotten his first love: I can trace her likeness in every female head he paints."

He had a collection of very fine paintings from the old masters, which covered the walls of his dining-room; but they were so covered with the accumulated dust of years, that it hid the pictures more effectually than any veil. One day, when he was absent at a sale of books, I took upon myself to clean the neglected master-pieces. I wish I had let it alone; they were only fit for a bachelor artist's private studio. His old housekeeper, a character in her way, stood by, quietly watching the progress of the work.

"Now you see what you have done! My dear old mistress, master's mother, always kept them naked figures behind muslin curtains; but master is so absent-minded, he'll never notice them coming staring out upon us, in broad daylight."

Fortunately for me, her prediction was verified. He never noticed the brilliancy of the restored pictures. He had a habit of talking aloud to himself; but as it was always in a foreign language—for he was a great linguist—he had the talk all to himself. He was once coming down to ——, to spend the Christmas with us, and it so happened, that he was the only passenger in the mail. Finding the time hang heavily on his hands, he began repeating, in a loud sonorous voice, the first canto in the "Jerusalem Delivered" of Tasso. When the coach stopped to change horses, old Jey, the guard, and father of the present celebrated marine artist, put his head in at the window. "For God-sake, Mr. C——, tell me to whom you are talking. I am sure there is no one but yourself in the coach."

"To the Devil!" was the curt reply.

"Indeed, sir—He does not often travel this road.—I hope you may find him a pleasant companion!"

Cousin laughed for a week over this adventure. When speaking of his younger days, it was always with deep regret that they had so soon vanished; and he generally ended such reminiscences with blasphemously cursing his old age.

Another of his oddities consisted in his wishing to be the last man, that he might see the destruction of the earth. "What a grand spectacle," he would say. "It would be worth living for a thousand years to witness."

He was the first artist that used the pencil in water-color portraits. These he executed so well, that his studio never wanted a subject. Five and twenty guineas was his usual price for a likeness; which, as he worked very rapidly, was generally finished in two sittings. He was a master in his art. His pictures were very elegant; and he had a peculiar faculty of conveying to paper or canvass the exact expression of the sitter's face. He hated to paint an ugly person, and as a consequence, his likenesses were always flattering.

"You can never make a woman as good looking as she thinks herself. They like to be flattered. It is only improving the features a *little*, and giving a better complexion than nature gave. While you retain the expression in which the real identity lies, you must get a good likeness—a picture that will please every one."

"But, cousin, is that right?"

"Yes, it pleases them, and fills my pockets, and both parties are satisfied. I never painted but one person whose vanity it was impossible to gratify. He was the ugliest man in London, and had the worst countenance I ever saw. In fact, a perfect brute! Lord George Gordon, of Wilkes and Liberty notoriety. He sat to me fourteen times, for his portrait. I improved his coarse features as much as I could; but with all my skill, he made a vile picture. His face was covered with warts. I omitted them, and gave nature the lie, by giving him an expression which she had not given. He was still unsatisfied. I then drew him just as he was—warts and all. He was in a furious rage, and said 'I had painted him like the Devil!'

"I do not think, my Lord, that the Devil would be flattered with the likeness. You are a —— ugly fellow. You may take the portraits or leave them; but you shall pay me for the time I have wasted on such a disagreeable subject.' He tore the pictures to pieces, and left me, foaming with passion. 'But I made him pay me,' he said, rubbing his hands with glee. 'Yes; I made him pay me!'"

He had a beautiful half-length portrait of Lady Hamilton. It was taken at the time she was struggling for bread, and sitting as a model to

young artists. It was a charming face. I was never tired of looking at it.

"Ah, poor Emma!" he said, gloomily. "She was one of nature's master-pieces—a Queen of Beauty! Like Absalom, from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, she was without spot or blemish. You will find the models of her foot and hand in that closet. The *Venus de Medici* could not show finer. And what was her fate?"

"She deserved it!" I said, coldly.

"Bah! that's the way women judge each other. They are merciless. She married for bread—to obtain a home—a kind, talented man, double her age. The result might have been anticipated. Clever, fascinating, beautiful—think of the temptations that surrounded her! the admiration she excited wherever she went! She made Nelson a hero! He dying, bequeathed her to his country; and that country left her to perish in poverty, heart-broken and alone. When I was last in France, I went to see her grave. No stone marks the spot; and the grave was so shallow, that by putting down my stick through the loose sand, I could touch the coffin. It makes me savage to think of it."

With all his eccentricities, cousin Tom had a large, generous heart. He heard that a young, promising artist, whom he had not seen for some time, was without employment, and starving in a garret. He sent him, anonymously, thirty pounds; and rubbing his hands, and laughing, said, as if to himself, "Poor Devil, he will get a good supper to-night, without feeling obliged to any one!"

In one of his rambles, he found two forlorn cats locked up in the area of an old stone house in Charlotte street. The creatures could neither get out of the area, nor back into the house. "They were perfect skeletons—mad with hunger," he said. "I had to buy them meat, or they would have devoured each other."

For more than a month he visited these cats every day, bearing on a skewer a supply of cat's meat. The animals knew his step, and used to greet him with a chorus of affectionate mews. One night we were just sitting down to tea, when he suddenly started up, with an oath. "I have forgotten to feed my prisoners!" and rushed out to supply their wants.

New tenants came to the house. The cats were released from durance vile; but he called upon the fresh occupants, and recommended his poor pensioners to their protection.

While I am upon the subject of cats, I will relate one of the drollest things that cousin did, while I was staying at his house. He had a large cat, whom he called "Black Tom." The creature was without a white hair—as black as night. It had a weird, ghost-like appearance, sitting, silently staring at you, with its large yellow eyes, in the dim

twilight of a dingy London house. Cousin was very fond of his black namesake, and made him the sharer of both his bed and board. The attachment was mutual. Tom always followed close at his master's heels, or sat perched upon his knee, by the hour together.

It was droll to see cousin nursing his favourite. He had a habit of leaning back in his chair, with his hands clasped behind his head—his eyes closed, and himself in a half-dreamy state,—only that he kept up a perpetual tattooing with both his feet, which not only made him shake all over, but jarred the room and every thing in it. As the motion increased in violence, Tom actually danced up and down upon his master's knee, uttering now and then a plaintive remonstrance, in sundry low mews. It was impossible to witness this without laughing.

For three days Black Tom disappeared. At the end of the first, cousin began to grow fidgety ; at the close of the second, he speculated sadly about his pet, and went out into the street calling "Tom! Tom!" in a melancholy voice, and enquiring of the wondering foot passengers, if they had "seen his black cat?"

The people, I have no doubt, thought him mad.

The next day his anxiety and grief grew desperate. He wrote a large placard, describing Tom's personal peculiarities, and offering the reward of a sovereign to any one who would restore him to his rightful owner. This he pasted, with his own hands, upon a large iron gate opposite, that closed a short cut from Newman street into Rathbone Place.

Before three hours had elapsed, the house was besieged with boys, bringing (in hope of getting the reward) cats in baskets—cats in bags, or lugged by the neck and tail. Dire were the mewings, as each poor puss was held up for inspection ; and loud the execrations of cousin, when a red or gray cat was offered to his notice, or a slim, lean cat of the genus feminine. At length a boy more fortunate than the rest, presented a black cat in a pillow-case, which cousin was determined must be Tom, because it was black ; and he paid the joyful bearer the sovereign, without further parley. The animal was set loose in the hall ; but instead of answering to the call of the delighted owner, it gave a loud squall, and rushed down into the kitchen, taking refuge in the copper-hole.

An hour after, I found cousin's housekeeper, Jane, upon her knees, peering under the copper, and talking thus:—"Is it Tom? No, it is 'nt. Well, I think it is ; but he don't seem to me to behave like him. Tom! Tom!"

"Mew!" from the frightened puss. "Law! I don't think it can be he. That's not his way of mewing. It is 'nt Tom. I believe master has thrown that sovereign of his into the dirt. Do, Miss S —, just look here, and tell me if that is our own Tom!"

I was soon down on my knees beside her, peeping at the rescued Tom, whose eyes glared at us, like two burning coals, from his dingy retreat.

"Had Tom a white patch on his breast, Jane?"

"No, no. He was as black as soot!"

I fell a laughing. "Mercy! what will cousin say to this beast with a white shirt-frill?"

"It isn't Tom, then? He shan't stay a moment here," cried Jane, starting up, and seizing the broom. "I knew it was'n't our own decent-behaved cat. Out, brute!" One touch of the broom, away rushed the surreptitious Tom. I opened the door, and he passed like a flash into the street.

"Law! how shall I tell master? He'll be so mad; and when he gets angry, he swears so. It is awful to hear him."

"I'll tell him."

To me young and full of mischief, it was a capital joke. I heard the floor shaking as I approached the parlour. Cousin was tattooing as usual, with both his feet, and talking to himself. I opened the door; was it ghost or demon! The real Simon Pure was dancing up and down on his master's knee!

"Where did you find Tom?"

"Oh, he came home of himself. I was sitting thinking of him, when he jumped up upon my knee, and began drumming with all his might."

"But it was not Tom for whom you gave the sovereign."

"I know it," said cousin, quietly. "It's all the same. I gave the sovereign to recover Tom, and he is here. I should have lost it anyhow; and that poor boy has got a famous price for the lean family cat. I'm contented; Tom's happy; and that young imp is rejoicing over his good fortune—perhaps buying bread for his starving mother."

Tom played his master a sad trick a few weeks after this, which in the first moments of exasperation, nearly cost puss his life.

Cousin had been four years painting a half-length picture in oils, of the Madonna. Many beautiful faces had looked out from that canvass, but none satisfied the artist. Whenever the picture was nearly finished, he expunged it, and commenced a new one. His old friend, C. G—, the Consul-General for Prussia, used to step in every day for a chat with him. "Ah! dere he is, at de everlastin' virgin," was the common salutation he gave the artist.

It was during my stay with him that the picture was finished to his entire satisfaction. It wanted but a few days for the opening of the Exhibition at Somerset House, and he was anxious to send something.

"Ah! she will do now!" he cried, after giving the last touches. "What do you think S—," to me.

"She is divine! But how will you get the picture dry in time to send?"

"I will manage that." And he whistled, sung, rubbed his hands, and tattooed with his feet, more vigorously than ever.

I was going out to a party in the evening with my cousin Eliza, his niece. We had washed some lace edge to trim the front of our dresses. There was a paved court behind the house, into which the studio opened. Against the dingy brick wall, cousin had tried to cherish a few stunted rose trees. Upon the still leafless boughs of said trees, I had hung our small wash to dry. Opposite the dingy brick wall on the one side, was the steep side of the next house, with no window looking into our court, but a blank, which was meant to represent one. In this blank, brick recess, cousin had placed the Madonna to dry in the shade; and truly no sun ever peered into that narrow court, surrounded by lofty walls.

After we had dined, I went to fetch in the lace, and prepare for the evening.

"What are you laughing at, in that outrageous manner? Girl, you will kill yourself!" and cousin Tom emerged out of the studio. I was holding to the iron rails, on either side of the stone steps, that led down into the court.

The tears were running down my cheeks. I pointed up to the picture. "Did you ever see before a Madonna with a moustache?"

How he storm'd, and raged, and stamped—and how I laughed! I knew it was cruel. I tried to stop it. I was sorry—really sorry—but if I had had to die for it, laugh I must. The Madonna had been placed head downwards in the blind window. Black Tom, who had followed his master into the court when he put up the picture, no sooner found the court clear than he jumped up to the stone ledge of the blank recess, and began walking to and fro in front of the painting, touching it every time he passed; and as the color was quite wet, he not only took that off, but left a patch of black hairs in its stead. One of the virgin's eyes had been wiped out with his tail; and he had bestowed upon the elegant chin, a regular beard. She looked everything but divine—the most ridiculous and disreputable caricature of beauty.

In the meanwhile, the author of the mischief, unconscious of the heretical sacrilege of which he had been guilty, jumped down from his lofty perch, and began rubbing himself against the poor artist's legs—bestowing upon the old shabby pants a layer of paint, mingled with black hairs. "Tom, you rascal! You have ruined me! I will kill you!"

He would have kept his word, had not Tom looked up in his face, and

uttered one of his little affectionate greetings. This softened his master's ire.

"Take him out of my sight, S——. You were worse than him, for laughing at the destruction of my best picture, for *you knew* how it would annoy me!"

"I plead guilty; but just look at it yourself. How could any one help it?"

He looked—fell a laughing; took down the unlucky picture, and flung it back into the studio, then turning to me, said, with his usual air of quiet drollery: "I forgive you, Gipsy! I wonder the transfiguration did not make the cat laugh!"

He came home one night very gloomy and sad, and began walking to and fro the long drawing-room, with rapid steps, and talking half-aloud to himself. "John Milton dead—dead in the workhouse—and I not know it! I his old friend and fellow-student. Dear me! it's too dreadful to be true! A man of his talent to be allowed to perish thus! It's a disgrace to the country. Yes! yes! such is the fate of genius."

This Milton was a landscape painter and engraver of some eminence. Cousin Tom brooded for months over his sad fate.

"Dear old cousin,—some of the happiest months I ever spent in London were spent in that dirty house in Newman street. Though I laughed at your oddities, I loved you for your real worth. I was young then—full of hope, and ambitious of future fame. You encouraged all my scribbling propensities, and prophesied —. Ah, well! it never came to pass. Like you, I shall sink to an unknown and unhonored grave, and be forgotten in the land of my exile.

EARLY NOTICES OF TORONTO.

BY THE REV. DR. SCADDING.

The antiquarian in Canada has to sustain his mania on meagre fare, so far as the land in which he lives is concerned. Quebec and Montreal, in their early structures of solid masonry, present some objects of interest; but elsewhere, for the most part, the traces of the past are slight. A few grass-grown earthworks, a few depressions on the surface of the green-sward, are all the vestiges that will reward diligent research; and even these are fast disappearing before the builder and engineer. The remains of the old French Fort, to the westward of Toronto, which used to be explored on holidays by the rising youth of the place some thirty years ago, are now obliterated by the new stone barracks; and certain pits and irre-

gular mounds, shewing the site of the first public buildings on the left bank of the Garrison Creek were utterly cut away in the construction of the Esplanade. Where the long government store-houses and enclosures for ship building, with a quaint guard-house above, stood within recent memory, distinctive objects and well known reminders of the primitive day, the ruthless steam-excavator has devoured down to the very rock.

For the re-construction of its infant history Toronto must have recourse to the records of the original French settlements in the country, and to the journals of early explorers. Impressed as we are with the fact that our western Capital is but of yesterday, and that it received its present euphonious Italian-sounding name so recently as 1834, we are somewhat startled at stumbling so frequently as we do on the familiar and home-like TORONTO in documents nearly two centuries old.

The French settlers in Canada soon had reason to feel alarm at the audacity of the English of the Atlantic seaboard, who were unceasing in their efforts to draw away the trade from the channel of the St. Lawrence. Their emissaries were everywhere, tampering with the native tribes even in the territories confessedly French. In connexion with proceedings of this kind the name of Toronto comes up in the year 1686.

M. de Denonville, the Governor General of the day, thoroughly alive to the machinations of Col. Dongau, Governor of New York, who, in spite of general prohibitions from headquarters, will persist in unduly patronizing the Iroquois, thus writes to the home minister, M. de Seignelay that "M. de la Durantaye is collecting people to fortify himself at Michilimaquina, and to occupy the other passage at Toronto, which the English might take to enter Lake Huron. In this way, our Englishmen will find somebody to speak to."

In the following year, however, this same Governor writes "I have altered the orders I had originally given last year, to M. de la Durantaye to pass by Toronto and to enter Lake Ontario at Gandatsitiagon, [about Port Hope] to form a junction with M. du Lhu at Niagara. I have sent him word by Sieur Juchereau who took back the two Huron and Outaouas chiefs this winter, to join Sieur du Lhu at the Detroit of Lake Erie, so that they may be stronger, and in a condition to resist the enemy, should he go to meet them at Niagara."

In 1687 it is decided that the Iroquois must be humbled, if the French power in Canada is to be maintained. But to effect this, it is reported to Paris 3,000 men would be required. Of such a number, M. de Denonville has at the time only one half, though, as the memoir goes on to say "he boasts of more for reputation's sake, for the rest of the militia," it is stated, "are necessary to protect and cultivate the farms of the Colony; and a part of the force must be employed in guarding the posts of Fort Frontenac, Niagara, Toronto, Missilimakinak, so as to secure the

aid he (M. de D.) expects from the Illinois and from the other Indians, on whom, however, he cannot rely, unless he will be able alone to defeat the five Iroquois nations."

Toronto in these despatches lapses occasionally into Tarento, Taronto, Toranto and Torronto.

After a brief prosecution, this war with the Iroquois is brought ingloriously to a close, the government of Louis XIV. being unwilling to incur further expense. The Colonial minister writes out—"This is not the time to think of that war; the king's troops are too much occupied elsewhere, and there is nothing more important for his service, nor more necessary in the present state of affairs than to conclude peace directly with the Iroquois, His Majesty not being disposed to incur any expense for the continuation of that war." The truth being, that William III. having just taken possession of the throne of Great Britain in the place of James II., a war between England and France was imminent.

In 1749, we find in the usual Journal of Canadian events periodically transmitted to France, directions given by Governor General M. de la Galissonnière for the erection of a stockade and store-houses at Toronto.

By this time, it appears the English of the sea-board had obtained permission from the Iroquois to establish for themselves at the mouth of the Oswego river—a "Beaver-trap," which speedily took the form of a stone-fort and trading post. Here such prices were offered that the trade of the North Shore was diverted thitherward. This Choueguen—as the post was named—became to the authorities at Quebec a veritable *Carthago delenda*. It not only damaged the Canadian trade, but was an assumption of right and title to the Iroquois territory, which lay, as it was believed, within the limits of New France. It was in connexion with the establishment of this hateful Choueguen, that Toronto was first fortified and made a French trading-post.

"On being informed," says the Journal above referred to, "that the Northern Indians ordinarily went to Choueguen with their peltries, by way of Toronto, on the north-west side of Lake Ontario, twenty-five leagues from Niagara, and seventy-five from Fort Frontenac, it was thought advisable to establish a post at that place, and to send thither an officer, fifteen soldiers, and some workmen to construct a small stockade-fort there. Its expense will not be great, the timber is transported there, and the remainder will be conveyed by the barques belonging to Fort Frontenac. Too much care cannot be taken to prevent these Indians continuing their trade with the English, and to furnish them at this post with all their necessaries, even as cheap as at Choueguen. Messrs. de la Jonquière and Bigot will permit some canoes to go there on license, and will apply the funds as a gratuity to the officer in com-

mand there. But it will be necessary to order the commandants at Detroit, Niagara, and Fort Frontenac, to be careful that the traders and storekeepers of these posts furnish goods for two or three years to come at the same rate as the English. By these means the Indians will disaccustom themselves from going to Choueguen, and the English will be obliged to abandon that place."

From a despatch of M. de Longueuil in 1752, we learn that this Fort was named Fort Rouillé, from Antoine Louis Rouillé, Count de Jouy, Colonial Minister, 1749-54. M. de Longueuil says that "M. de Celoron had addressed certain despatches to M. de la Lavalterie, the commandant at Niagara, who detached a soldier to convey them to Fort Rouillé, with orders to the storekeeper at that post to transmit them promptly to Montreal. It is not known what became of that soldier. About the same time a Mississague from Toronto arrived at Niagara, who informed M. de la Lavalterie that he had not seen that soldier at the Fort, nor met him on the way. It is to be feared that he has been killed by Indians, and the despatches carried to the English."

One more extract from the same document will enable us further to realize the uncomfortable anglophobia prevalent at this time at Toronto.

"The storekeeper of Toronto," the despatch reports, "writes to M. de Vercheres, commandant at Fort Frontenac, that some trustworthy Indians have assured him that the Saulteux, who killed our Frenchman some years ago, have dispersed themselves along the head of Lake Ontario, and seeing himself surrounded by them, he doubts not but they have some evil design on his fort. There is no doubt but 'tis the English who are inducing the Indians to destroy the French, and that they would give a good deal to get the savages to destroy Fort Toronto, on account of the essential injury it does their trade at Choueguen."

Montcalm's destruction of Choueguen in 1756, was speedily avenged in 1758. *Hannibal ante portas!* was no longer a false alarm along the northern shore of Lake Ontario. The capture of Fort Frontenac in that year by the irrepressible English counter-balanced their loss of the strong-hold which commanded the entrance of the Oswego river; and M. de Vandreuil is necessitated to inform the minister, M. de Massiac, that "if the English should make their appearance at Toronto, I have given orders to burn it at once, and to fall back on Niagara."

The last French order, issued in regard to Toronto, was in the following year. After stating that he had summoned troops from Illinois and Detroit, to rendezvous at Presquise on Lake Erie, M. de Vandreuil adds—"as those forces will proceed to the relief of Niagara, should the enemy wish to besiege it, I have in like manner sent orders to Toronto, to collect the Mississagues and other natives, to forward

them to Niagara." All in vain. The enemy it appears, did wish to besiege that place, and on the 25th of July it surrendered, an event followed on the 18th of September in the same year, (1759) by the fall of Quebec.

The physical conformation of the site of Toronto, must have always rendered it a noticeable spot. Here was a sheet of quiet water lying between the mouths of two rivers, sheltered by a natural mole of sand, which, extending itself gradually from the highlands to the east, had striven to grasp the shore by a succession of hooks. On this low barrier, groves of trees, often strangely lifted into the air by the effect of refraction, were landmarks from afar, guiding the canoe from every quarter of the lake, to a tranquil haven within.

Two favorite interpretations of the designation of the spot have been "Trees rising out of the water"—and "The place of meeting"—the Rendezvous, or Chepstow, perhaps, as our Saxon fore-fathers would have said—the Trading-place. But we are sadly in want of an infallible authority to decide the signification as well as the orthography of native Indian names.

Some persons have very gratuitously suggested that "Toronto" is a perpetuation of the name of the engineer who constructed the fort; but the fort, we see, was originally called Rouillé. Others have thought that it was some such expression as *au tour de la ronde d'eau*, caught up and repeated by the Indians from the French, as "Yankée" has arisen from an Indian effort to say "Anglais." I once thought it had some connection with the *Gens de Petun*—the Tobacco-tribe—the Tionnontates—who stretched in this direction from the west, and may have had here a *bourgade* or *pagus*. Kania-toronto-quat also, on the opposite side of the lake (*hodie* clipped down into Irondequoit, Monroe Co., N. Y.), said to signify "an opening into or from a lake"—tempted to further speculations on this subject. On maturer consideration, however, I think it not improbable that one of the native appellations of Lake Simcoe has something to do with the question. This lake, called by the French Lac le Clie, and Lac aux Claiés, besides Siniong or Sheniong—had also the name of Toronto. The chain of lakes, extending from the neighbourhood of this lake southeasterly, and discharging by the Trent, are called the Toronto lakes; and the river Humber, once styled St. John's, was also described as the Toronto river.

Though small in area, and of slight elevation above the sea, yet, as occupying the summit level of a vast water-shed, Lake Simcoe is a very distinguished sheet of water; and it is possible that several water-courses and localities may have derived their designations from their relation to it. Ouentaronk is given as one of its native names; and

it may not be unreasonable to imagine that this is the term, which has been gradually rubbed down, while passing from trader to trader, into Toronto.

Although the Ottawa and the Trent were the high-roads from the north-west to the east, the southward trail across the neck of the peninsula, between the lakes Huron, Erie and Ontario, along the courses of the Holland river and the Humber, was, as we have seen, far from being unimportant; and the terminus of this track was a notable locality.* By this route came down many a pack of Beaver; and here landed the war-parties of the Iroquois, whenever that domineering confederacy found it necessary to make a demonstration among the tribes on the north-western border of the lake. And here, from time immemorial, stood a native village. In an early MS. map of the time of General Simcoe's administration, I remember seeing sketched on this site a few acute-angled wigwams, with the inscription, "Toronto—an Indian village now deserted." The name probably indicated the landing-place for the portage to the lake Ouentaronk.†

Some early maps give the name of the village situated here, as Teiaiaagon; whilst other authorities place this name in the neighbourhood of the present Port Hope.

At the moment when the localities along the north shore of Lake Ontario were receiving the names which their new owners were pleased to impose, the star of Northumbria seems to have been in the ascendant

* That the trade of this post was not inconsiderable, appears from a statement of Sir William Johnson, about eight years after the conquest from France. In a despatch to the Earl of Shelburne on Indian affairs, in 1767, he affirms that persons could be found willing to pay £1,000 per annum for its monopoly. As this document gives us some insight into the commercial tactics of the Indian and Indian trader of the time, I transcribe a sentence or two, preceding the reference to Toronto.

"The Indians have no business to follow when at peace," he says, "but hunting: between each hunt they have a recess of several months. They are naturally very covetous, and become daily better acquainted with the value of our goods and their own peltry; they are everywhere at home, and travel without the expense or inconvenience attending our journey to them. On the other hand, every step our traders take beyond the posts, is attended at least with some risk, and a very heavy expense, which the Indians must feel as heavily, on the purchase of their commodities; all which considered, is it not reasonable to suppose that they would rather employ their idle time in quest of a cheap market, than sit down with such slender returns as they must receive in their own villages? As a proof of which, I shall give one instance concerning Toronto, on the north shore of Lake Ontario. Notwithstanding the assertion of Major Rogers, 'that even a single trader would not think it worth attention to supply a dependent post'—yet I have heard traders of long experience and good circumstances, affirm that for the exclusive trade for that place, for one season, they would willingly pay £1,000—so certain were they of a quiet market, from the cheapness at which they could afford their goods there."

The customs' returns give the value of exports from Toronto in 1860 as \$1,766,773, and of imports in 1861, as \$4,619,140. The receipts of the Corporation in 1862 amounted to \$692,207.74.

† Latinized by du Creux (see his map in Bressani's *Relation Abrégée*) into *Lacus Ouentaronius*. In a paper on the Etymology of Ontario, in *Canadian Journal*, No. 42, I was led, by an inaccuracy in the engraving of this map, to suppose that *Lacus Ouentaronius* denoted Lake Ontario.

in the office of the surveyor-general for the time being. Hence, we see along the border of the lake to this day, Newcastle, Alnwick, Percy, Darlington, Whitby, Pickering, Scarborough. And hence it was that "York," up to 1834, dislodged "Toronto" from the map of Upper Canada.

Bouchette's well-known description of the harbour of Toronto, as he found it in its natural state, in 1793, is as follows:—

"I still distinctly recollect," he says, in 1832 "the untamed aspect which the country exhibited when I first entered the beautiful basin, which thus became the scene of my early hydrographical operations. Dense and trackless forests lined the margin of the lake, and reflected their inverted images in its glassy surface. The wandering savage had constructed his ephemeral habitation beneath their luxuriant foliage,—the group then consisting of two families of Mississagas,—and the bay and neighbouring marshes were the hitherto uninhabited haunts of immense coveys of wild fowl; indeed they were so abundant as in some measure to annoy us during the night. In the spring following, the lieutenant-governor removed to the site of the new capital, attended by the regiment of Queen's Rangers, and commenced at once the realization of his favourite project. His Excellency inhabited during the summer and through the winter, a canvas house, which he imported expressly for the occasion; but frail as was its substance, it was rendered exceedingly comfortable, and soon became as distinguished for the social and urbane hospitality of its venerated and gracious host, as for the peculiarity of its structure."

Two years later (in 1795), the Duke de la Rochefoucault Liancourt, in his travels through North America, reports: "There have not been more than twelve houses hitherto built in York. They stand on the Bay, near the river Don. The inhabitants," he takes the trouble to add, "do not possess the fairest character. * * In a circumference of one hundred and fifty miles the Indians are the only neighbors of York." Again he remarks "From a supposition, that the fort of Niagara would certainly remain in the possession of the English, Governor Simcoe at first intended to make Newark the chief town of his government. But since it has been decided that this fort is to be given up, he has been obliged to alter his plan. A chief town or capital must not be seated on the frontiers, and much less under the guns of the enemy's fort. He has since thought of York, situated on the northern bank of Lake Ontario, nearly opposite to Niagara; it is in this place he has quartered his regiment; and he intends to remove thither himself, when he shall withdraw from the frontiers." This place, he adds elsewhere, "has a fine extensive road (roadstead for ships) detached from the lake by a neck of land of unequal breadth, being in

some places a mile, in others only six score yards broad ; the entrance of this road is about a mile in width ; in the middle of it is a shoal or sandbank, the narrows on each side of which may be easily defended by works erected on the two points of land at the entrance, where two block-houses have already been constructed."

Here we have a reference to the early fortifications, standing not many years back, which caused the north-western extremity of the Toronto peninsula to be humorously designated Gibraltar Point, and which have left a souvenir in the little inlet still named Block-house Bay.

The question of a seat of government, only of late decided, has, as we have seen above, been agitated since 1792. Our forefathers in that year were much harassed with it. The people of Newark, being in possession, thought it ought to remain where it was. Governor Simcoe had decided that it should be at York ; but still only temporarily, until the west should be settled, and London built. Lord Dorchester, the Governor General, was of opinion that Kingston was the proper place. In 1796 the Newarkers vainly flattered themselves that the retirement of Gen. Simcoe from the Government would put an end to the project of removal.

"The town of Niagara" writes Isaac Weld in 1796, in his *Travels in North America, 1795-7*, "hitherto has been and still is the Capital and (as he elsewhere speaks) "the centre of the Beau monde of the Province of Upper Canada ; orders, however, had been issued before our arrival there for the removal of the seat of Government from thence to Toronto, which was deemed a more eligible spot for the meeting of the Legislative bodies, as being farther removed from the frontiers of the United States. This projected change is by no means relished by the people at large, as Niagara is a much more convenient place of resort to most of them than Toronto ; and as the Governor who proposed the measure has been removed, it is imagined that it will not be put in execution." It will be observed that Weld uses the name Toronto in preference to York. He makes the following remarks on the changes which had recently been made in the names of places. "On the eastern side of the river" he says, "is situated the fort, now in the possession of the people of the States, and on the opposite or British side the town most generally known by the name of Niagara, notwithstanding that it has been named Newark by the Legislature. The original name of the town was Niagara ; it was afterwards called Lennox, then Nassau, and afterwards Newark. It is to be lamented that the Indian names, so grand and sonorous, should ever have been changed for others. Newark, Kingston, York, are poor substitutes for the original names of these respective places, Niagara, Cadaragui, Toronto."

To those who have seen the actual developement of Toronto, some of the

expectations of its original projectors seem not a little astonishing. The first Parliament house, at the time of its destruction by fire in 1824, a substantial building of brick with an east and west aspect, occupied the site of the present Stone Jail. Hence to this day "Parliament Street" in that direction. Here was the primitive Belgravia of the capital. Here on the low accumulations of alluvium and sand at the embouchure of a slow-paced stream—amidst miniature bayous, lagoons and marshes—it was supposed a new Venice in the course of years, would appear—a *lucustrine Cybele*,

"Rising with its tiara of proud towers."

"The tiara of proud towers" has to some extent become a reality, but their foundations have, for the most part, been laid further to the west, in localities preferred for elevation of position and wholesomeness of air.

In the Canadian annals for the year 1813, our Western Capital comes prominently and rather painfully into view. Since June in the preceding year the United States had been carrying on a war against Great Britain, nominally on the question of the right of search on the high seas, but in reality with the hope of "driving the leopards" off the American continent. The policy of Napoleon at the moment was engaging all the attention of England; and at no time had more than 3,000 regular forces been spared for the protection of the Canadas; and these in the course of a twelvemonth had been seriously reduced in number by casualties. It need not surprise us then that York, though a depot of shipping and stores was poorly defended. "On the evening of the 26th, (of April, 1813) information was received that many vessels had been seen to the eastward. Very early the next morning, they were discovered lying to, not far from the harbour; after some time had elapsed, they made sail, and to the number of sixteen, of various descriptions, anchored off the shore, some distance to the westward. Boats full of troops were immediately seen assembling near the Commodore's ship, under cover of whose fire, and that of other vessels, and aided by the wind, they soon effected a landing." So writes the unfortunate Gen. Sheaffe, who, after eight hours' resistance, had to evacuate the town, and leave it in possession of the United States' general, Dearborn, "preferring the preservation of his troops to that of his post, and thus carrying off the kernel, leaving to the enemy only the shell." The great preponderance of the attacking force forms an apology for the retreat. The little band of regulars and militia retired step by step within their defences, pursued by overwhelming numbers; and as Gen. Pike, who led the forces which had landed from the vessels, approached the second or main battery, the magazine exploded, crushing him and two hundred of his men. Fragments of the building struck, in their descent, the ships in the harbour and "the water shocked as with an

earthquake." Two of the articles of capitulation were "That the troops, regular and militia, at this post, and the naval officers and seamen, shall be surrendered prisoners of war. The troops, regular and militia to ground their arms immediately on parade, and the naval officers and seamen be immediately surrendered. That all public stores, naval and military, shall be immediately given up to the commanding officers of the army and navy of the United States—that all private property shall be guaranteed to the citizens of the town of York." Before, however, the actual capitulation, Gen. Sheaffe with the remains of the regular soldiers, escaped in safety by the Kingston road. The flag of the Fort, and the Speaker's mace were transmitted to Washington as trophies of this success. The American Secretary, Armstrong, offered to Gen. Dearborn, the following criticism on his proceedings on this occasion:—"In your late affair, it appears to me that had the descent been made between the town and the barracks, things would have turned out better. On that plan, the two batteries you had to encounter, would have been left out of the combat, and Sheaffe, instead of retreating to Kingston, must have retreated to Fort George."

Three months after this event a second visit of the United States flotilla is thus described in the report of Sir George Prevost:—"The enemy's fleet of twelve sail, made its appearance off York on the 31st (July, 1813.) The three square-rigged vessels, the Pike, Madison, and Oneida, came to anchor in the offing; but the schooners passed up the harbour, and landed several boats full of troops at the former garrison, and proceeded from thence to the town, of which they took possession. They opened the gaol, liberated the prisoners, and took away three soldiers confined for felony; they then went to the hospital and paroled the few men that could not be removed. They next entered the store-houses of some of the inhabitants, seized their contents, chiefly flour, and the same being private property. Between 11 and 12 that night they returned on board their vessels. The next morning, Sunday, the 1st instant, the enemy again landed, and sent three armed boats up the river Don, in search of public stores, of which being disappointed, by sunset both soldiers and sailors had evacuated the town, the small barrack wood-yard, and store-house, on Gibraltar Point, having been first set on fire by them; and at daylight the following morning the enemy's fleet sailed." It is furthermore added that this foraging expedition was under the command of Commodore Chauncey, and Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, "an unexchanged prisoner of war on his parole." This is the still existing Lieutenant General Scott.

By the treaty of Ghent in 1814 peace was restored; and Canada, left to itself for a series of years, became the victim, in both its subdivisions of innate, organic social disease. It was the misfortune of York to

partake of the general mediæval condition of the country. Visitors, impelled across the Atlantic by the awakening spirit of emigration, gave dreary reports of the place and its society. To Rochefoucault's remark in 1794, that "the inhabitants of Toronto do not possess the fairest character," Gourlay in 1821, rather spitefully adds "nor have they yet mended it." But the explorers of this period seem very unphilosophically to have expected to find in remote colonial communities, a higher social condition than that which the mother country itself, at the corresponding time exhibited. The state of things in England up to the passing of the Reform Bill is confessed not to have been politically satisfactory. What a miracle would it have been to have discovered prior to that event, a Colony boasting that its institutions were exact transcripts of those of the mother-state, and yet ruled in an exceedingly enlightened manner.

Mrs. Jameson in 1836, discerned more clearly how matters stood; and while commenting with severity on persons and things as she found them, expressed hopes which have turned out to have been well grounded. "Toronto is, as a residence," she says, "worse and better than other small communities—*worse* inasmuch as it is remote from all the best advantages of a high state of civilization, while it is infected by all its evils, all its follies; and *better*, because, besides being a small place, it is a young place, and in spite of this affectation of looking back, instead of looking up, it must advance; it may become the thinking head and beating heart of a nation, great, wise, and happy; who knows? And there are moments when, considered under this point of view, it assumes an interest even to me; but at present it is in a false position, like that of a youth aping maturity; or rather like that of a little boy in Hogarth's picture, dressed in a long-flapped laced waistcoat, and ruffles and cocked hat, crying for bread and butter. With the interminable forest within half a mile of us—the haunt of the red man, the wolf, the bear—with an absolute want of the means of the most ordinary mental and moral developement, we have here conventionalism in its most oppressive and ridiculous forms. If I should say, that at present the people here want cultivation, want polish, and the means of acquiring either, *that* is natural—is intelligible,—and it were unreasonable to expect it could be otherwise; but if I say they want honesty, *you* would understand, me, *they* would not; they would imagine that I accuse them of false weights and cheating at cards; so far they are certainly "indifferent honest" after a fashion, but never did I hear so little truth, nor find so little mutual benevolence. And why is it so? because in this place, as in other small provincial towns, they live under the principle of fear—they are all afraid of each other, afraid to be themselves; and where there is much fear, there is little love, and less truth. I was reading this morning of Maria d'Es-

cobar, a Spanish lady, who first brought a few grains of wheat into the city of Lima. For three years she distributed the produce, giving twenty grains to one man, thirty grains to another, and so on,—*hence all the corn in Peru*. Is there no one who will bring a few grains of truth to Toronto?" The authoress doubtless deemed herself a second Maria d'Escobar in this regard; and perhaps, to some extent, she was. It is amusing to read her remarks in another place. "The strange, crude, ignorant, vague opinions I heard in conversation, and read in the debates and the provincial papers, excited my astonishment. It struck me that if I could get the English preface to Victor Cousin's Report printed in a cheap form, and circulated with the newspapers, adding some of the statistical calculations, and some passages from Duppa's report on the education of the children of the poorer classes, it might do some good—it might assist the people to some general principles on which to form opinions; whereas they all appeared to me astray, nothing that had been promulgated in Europe on this momentous subject had yet reached them; and the brevity and clearness of this little preface, which exhibits the importance of a system of national education, and some general truths without admixture of any political or sectarian bias, would, I thought—I hoped—obtain for it a favourable reception. But, no; cold water was thrown upon me from every side—my interference in any way was so visibly distasteful, that I gave my project up with many a sigh, and I am afraid I shall always regret this. True, I am yet a stranger—helpless as to means, and feeling my way in a social system of which I know little or nothing; perhaps I might have done more mischief than good—who knows? and truth is sure to prevail at last; but truth seems to find so much difficulty in crossing the Atlantic, that one would think she was 'like the poor cat i' the adage,' afraid of wetting her feet."

(To be continued.)

THE BANK OF CREDIT FONCIER.*

No matter how well governed a state may be, there is always some reform needed, which the people believe, if made, would conduce to their greatness, their happiness and their prosperity. The grievances of which the nations have had, throughout the world's history to complain, are for the most part diverse as the circumstances amid which their lot has been cast; depending, to a large extent, upon their tempera-

* The System of Landed Credit; or, La Banque de Credit Foncier. The working of that institution in Europe. Quebec: Desbarats & Derbishire, Printers to Her Majesty the Queen.

ment, upon their laws, upon their modes and customs. But there is at least one which has been felt by all, no matter what their race, or what their form of government. The men who have given hope of its removal, have ever been among the most popular of their time. It has furnished the theme upon which the selfish agitator has declaimed; the subject upon which the philosopher has reasoned, and the evil for which the statesman has legislated, ever since agitators, philosophers and statesmen have existed. For no sooner have men become so far civilized as to make laws by which their mutual intercourse shall be regulated, than society divides, not necessarily into patrician and plebeian, but certainly into rich and poor. And the poor have always desired to possess themselves of the substance of the rich; or, as they have become more civilized, to obtain at least, upon easy terms, the use of that by which wealth may be created. We need not trace the process. The money lender has arisen; and with him have come complaints and distress. He has been legislated against from the time of Moses downward; he has been persecuted; he has been "regulated" in his incomings and his outgoings; but all to little purpose. He has reasserted his sway. By the fact of his existence, he has dissipated the theories of the wisest, and well nigh deprived men of all hope of remedy against his exactions. But in recognising the laws on which his power rests, there are not a few who maintain, that we of this generation, have allowed them too unimpeded a sway. We have by the light of civilization, ameliorated many results of the natural laws which we are accustomed to designate evils. May we not lighten the effects of this? Because the extraction of Jewish teeth—that remedy so firmly believed in by our ancestors—has failed to check usury, are we at the end of our resources? Is there no means by which the law which regulates the price of money may be made to press less heavily against the upward struggling of the poor; not as did Patterson and Briscoe, Chamberlayne and Law by setting up in rebellion against it; but by pressing it into the service of mankind. May not its effect be lessened, by bringing to bear against it other natural forces equally powerful and unyielding? These questions are well worthy the consideration of the statesman and the philanthropist; and to them the advocates of the Credit Foncier, hold that they give a satisfactory reply. It is our present task to enquire into this claim.

The scheme, as propounded in the work before us, has two aspects—the economic and the political. If it be shown that it is based upon ideas which contravene established principles, we must not, therefore, come to the conclusion that it cannot be of any possible use. We see that in France, in times of scarcity, the rate at which bread shall be sold to the people is fixed by the state. We know that such regulations have *per se* a tendency to increase the price of food; but when the

government steps in and pays to the baker the difference between the legal and the market price, the immediate object in view—that of supplying the starving masses with something to eat at a cheap rate—is obtained. The argument that such legislation has a tendency to make a people improvident and careless, does not affect the fact that, for a time at least, they do get their bread at a less price than they would were the laws of commerce allowed to press with full weight upon them. Applying this illustration, then, to the system of the Credit Foncier, it remains to be seen how far it obeys economic laws; where it departs from them, and the means whereby the evils consequent upon such departure may be limited, if not entirely cured.

Banks of landed credit are by no means a novelty. They have existed, in one form or other, for many years, in most countries on the continent of Europe, differing very considerably in the details of their plan, and instituted with different views, but all established upon one broad principle. The main object of the promoters of those with which we have to deal, has been to furnish to the proprietors of land, means whereby they may obtain the use of capital, for long periods, upon the easiest possible terms, at the lowest possible rate. To effect this, it has been found necessary to furnish the best security to capitalists for repayment. It has, therefore, been agreed to offer nothing, save the land itself, and never to mortgage it for more than one-half; in some cases, for not more than one-third of its actual value at the time of making the loan. The securities so obtained are to be placed in the keeping of the Bank. With this understanding, capitalists are invited to embark in the enterprise. They are required to subscribe for shares to a given amount; and this done, they become the proprietors of the concern. The Bank having thus been established, issues bonds secured upon the mortgages it makes; not upon any individual mortgage, but upon the whole, *in solido*. Meanwhile, the association has been looking for customers. It represents to the owners of land, that they may obtain the use of money at a low rate of interest; and that by means of a sinking fund, they will be enabled to repay the sum borrowed, much more easily than if they dealt after the ordinary fashion. The common usurer would require of them a heavy interest; would loan them his money for a short term only; and at the end of that term, when exhausted by their efforts to meet the interest as it fell due, would swoop down upon them, and deprive them of house and home. But the Credit Foncier has a different way of doing business. Not only will it lend money at a low rate, and for any term not less than twenty nor more than fifty years; but by the machinery of its sinking fund, the farmer will find that the exertions which would be necessary to

pay the simple interest to the usurer, will amply suffice to pay to his new friend principal and interest together.

These, then, are the general features of the Credit Foncier scheme. It manifestly has its advantages. But these advantages are by no means so entirely one-sided as its more enthusiastic advocates would have us believe.

We will examine the two most prominent features; first the security offered *en masse* to the capitalist; and secondly, the sinking fund.

In ordinary transactions, the landholder offers his farm to the money-lender, as security for the re-payment of the loan which he seeks. The money-lender makes enquiry into the value of the farm, and into the title by which it is held; and in proportion to the risk he runs, so he adds to his charges for the use of his capital. He knows the mortgage he will actually hold is the only security he will have; and he is therefore minute and particular in his investigations. But in buying the bonds of the Credit Foncier, he is placed upon a different footing. The whole of the mortgages held by the company are his security; and upon a *prima facie* view of the case, he would be disposed to purchase them, even though they bore the *minimum* rate of interest. The risk he would run would be small perhaps; still there is a risk which many men would esteem fatal. By the constitution of the Credit Foncier, the managers of the company are elected by the shareholders, not by the bondholders. By the constitution of the company, also, for every dollar lent on mortgage, one dollar in bonds may be issued. Consequently, the managers of the Bank are pecuniarily interested to a very small extent, compared with the bondholders. It is not their own money that they loan, but the money of other people. While according to them, then, the utmost conscientiousness in the discharge of their duties, we cannot believe that they will give that minute investigation to each security tendered, which they would give, did they occupy the position of the ordinary money-lender. The plea that the bondholder has the whole of the securities to fall back upon, does not meet the difficulty; for a number of fallible parts cannot make an infallible whole. We all know how easy men find it to dispose of funds which do not belong to them. Writing on a subject akin to this, Adam Smith said:—"The directors of such companies being rather the managers of other people's money than their own, it cannot well be expected that they shall watch over it with the same anxious vigilance with which the partners in a private co-partnery frequently watch over their own. Like the steward of a rich man, they are apt to consider attention to minor matters as not for their master's honor; and very easily give themselves a dispensation for having it. Negligence and profusion must therefore always prevail in the management of such a company."

Speaking of the Ayr Land Bank, established in 1769—which had some features in common with that of the Credit Foncier—the same writer says:—“A bank which lends money perhaps to five hundred different people, the greater part of whom its directors can know very little about, is not more likely to be judicious in the choice of its debtors, than a private person who lends out money to a few persons whom he knows, and in whose sober and frugal conduct he has good reason to confide.” We do not offer these as fatal objections to the Credit Foncier system. All we contend is that there are grounds for taking exception to the security offered. The argument that if the owners of money had the loaning of it, they would endeavour to extract from the farmer the highest possible rate of interest, and thus defeat the object for which the Credit Foncier is established, does not make its security one iota the more valuable.

We have next to examine the principal upon which the sinking fund is established; and as it is *the* essential feature of the Credit Foncier—the one which takes precedence of all others—we will explain its working at some length. In countries where banks of landed credit exist, the annual payment which the borrower makes is termed the “annuity.” It consists of three parts: first, of the interest, which is supposed to be at the same rate as that which the bank pays upon the bonds; secondly, of the expenses of management, generally estimated at one per cent.; and thirdly, of an amount for the sinking fund. With the two first-mentioned parts, the Credit Foncier meets the interest upon its bonds, and defrays all the charges necessitated by the maintenance of a large establishment. The third portion is placed to the credit of the borrower, as so much paid towards the extinction of the debt he has contracted. Moreover, and herein it is that the great triumph is achieved: this payment to the sinking fund is invested at compound interest; and in order that it shall grow the more rapidly, it is divided into two portions, payable in advance every six months. Now it will be seen, that by so much as the sinking fund is increased, by so much is the amount remaining due decreased; and the *rate* of interest being the same throughout the time agreed upon, the portion of the bi-annual payment needed to meet the interest, is periodically lessened, leaving the portion to be applied to the sinking fund simultaneously greater. And thus it is contended, the whole debt may be cleared off, with far greater ease, than if a borrower paid to a common usurer an annual interest, and at the end of the term, had to re-pay, in a “lump” sum, the money loaned to him. In order to make this matter as plain as possible, we will avail ourselves of the figures furnished by M. Gerdolle, Chief Accountant of the Credit Foncier of France, as given by Mr. Macaulay, premising that the expenses of the management are there estimated not at \$1.00 per cent., but at 60c., 68 mills.

"A landed proprietor borrows from the Credit Foncier, the sum of \$100, to be re-paid by annuities in fifty years. The loan is made at the fixed rate of \$5.45 per annum, thus divided: interest, \$4.25; cost of management, 60c., 88 mills; sinking fund, 59c., 12 mills. This small sum of 59c., 12 mills, being capitalised each six months, will produce in interest, at the end of the first year, 63 mills—or in all, 59c., 75 mills. This sum produces in interest, at the end of the second year, 2c., 55m., which added to the sum of 59c., 75m. paid by the borrower, gives a sinking fund of 62c., 30m. Add this sum to that of 59c., 75m., which represents the sinking fund of the first year, and we will find, at the end of the second year, a sinking fund (paid in) of \$1.22c., 05m.; so that on the loan of \$100, the balance remaining due is \$98.77c., 93m. At the end of ten years, the sinking fund will have reached \$7.27c., 26m.; at the end of forty years, \$60.89c., 31m.; and finally, at the end of fifty years, it will have reached \$100; consequently the capital is paid in full, and the debtor is free."

We will now inquire into the soundness of this system. That it is plausible we confess; but for many years, the greatest political economists have ceased to place faith in it.

The object the farmer has in borrowing, is to improve his land. By this improvement, he hopes to be able to obtain a return upon the sum he has borrowed, larger than the interest he has to pay. And out of the return thus earned, he estimates that he will not only be able to repay the principal, but that he will have "something over," for his own share. It is to obtain this "something over," this profit, that he borrowed. It matters not, so far as the fact of its existence is concerned, whether it be in his pocket in the shape of gold, or in his farm in any shape which goes to the increase of his capital stock. If he has it, he is a gainer on the transaction; if he has it not, he is a loser by so much as he is deficient.

Now, according to the Credit Foncier system, he ought, when he borrowed the money, to have reasoned thus:—"First I will pay my interest; then I will take a portion of the money I have borrowed, which I will invest outside my farm, and leave to grow by the inherent virtue of compound interest; and thus at the end of the term, I shall have a sum set on one side sufficient to repay the principal." Having come to this conclusion, we will suppose he communicates his determination to a friend, and the following colloquy ensues:—

"FRIEND.—'What did you borrow money at all for?'

"FARMER.—'I borrowed that I might make improvements on my farm, and increase my profits.'

"FRIEND.—'Will the sum you propose to set aside, be invested in

something more profitable than if—like the remainder of the money you have borrowed—you invested it in farm improvements? ”

The farmer may reply: “No! I hope to make greater profits by the balance which I invest on my farm, than the money I invest elsewhere will make.”

FRIEND.—“Well, then, I would advise you to keep the sum you propose to invest in the sinking fund, and employ it upon your farm; for the difference between the profit you would get for it there, and the profit you will make upon it, if you invest it upon your farm, will be a dead loss to you.”

Or suppose, on the other hand, in reply to the second question put to him, the farmer answers: “Yes! The sum I invest in the sinking fund will make a greater profit than that which I shall use upon my land.”

The friend would naturally ask: “If that be so, why not take the whole sum you have borrowed, instead of a part, and invest it on your compound interest theory, for according to your own showing, that being done, it will bring you a greater profit than if you spent it upon your land?” This conclusion, we think, is self-evident. If, by the authority of the legislature, the Credit Foncier could confine the growth of capital to its own coffers, then its advocates might justly claim for their sinking fund a marvellous virtue. But the farmer who adds to his capital the profit he each year makes upon it, increases that capital just as quickly as if it were placed in the care of the directors of the land bank.

A comparison unfavorable to the common method of borrowing money, is drawn after this fashion:—The farmer who makes a loan with the Credit Foncier of \$10,000, payable in twenty years, at an annuity of \$807.23c. (*i. e.*, 4½ per cent., with the contribution to the sinking fund and the expenses of management added), repays only \$16,144. Whereas if he borrow from the usurer, he has to pay an annual interest of \$425 for twenty years, which at the end of that time amounts to \$8,500—giving, when added to the capital sum, a total of \$18,500—a difference in favour of the Credit Foncier of \$2,356. And furthermore, from the sum of \$16,144 repaid to the Bank, it is claimed, might fairly be deducted the profit the farmer must have realized by the employment of the capital for so long a period of time. But the borrower from the Credit Foncier does not enjoy the use of the whole capital for the period named: he parts with a portion of it each time he makes a payment to the sinking fund; and upon the money so invested, he is a loser to the extent of the difference between the amount it actually yields, and the amount it would have yielded had he invested it in improvements upon his farm. It is not the borrower from the Credit Foncier who can

deduct from the sum he repays to the bank ; he must add to it to the extent of the loss he has sustained by the alienation of his capital. But it is the man who deals with the common usurer who must deduct from the amount he repays, the profit he has derived by the retention of the whole of the sum he borrowed, for the whole period for which he borrowed it.

We see, then, from the arguments we have offered, that the Bank of Credit Foncier is not established upon a thoroughly sound, economical basis. The questions forthwith are raised—can the state interfere in its favour ? and if so, how far can that interference be beneficially carried ? Are there no forces legislation can bring to counteract those which exist by virtue of natural laws.

The advocates of the Credit Foncier, feeling the difficulties that exist, at once propose the guarantee of the state. That given, and the fears of capitalists would be altogether removed, the bonds of the Credit Foncier would at once be placed in the highest rank ; and consequently but small annual interest upon them would be required. In other words, the state is requested to take the risk from the shoulders of the bondholders, and to place it upon those of the country. The argument is, that by so doing, the struggling farmer will be enabled to avail himself of the use of money at a low rate of interest, which he will apply to the improvement of his land, and thus largely add to the national wealth and prosperity. In France this argument has prevailed ; and the example is set up for the imitation of other people. But it is a matter of doubt, whether in any country where self-government exists, so powerful an instrument should be placed in the hands of those whom the people temporarily elevate to office. In nothing has the genius of Napoleon the Third been made more manifest, than in the manner in which he has drawn all power to himself. While on the one hand, he has done more than any ruler who has preceded him, to benefit materially the people at large, he has spread over the whole country a closely-woven net, which has placed a large portion of the property of the nation entirely in his hands. Every thing centres in him. No institution is free from his control. The banks, the railways, the municipal organizations, the vast institutions of the Credit Mobilier, and of the Credit Foncier, are his creatures, capable of being used by him to carry out his purposes ; dependent upon him for their very existence ; certain to collapse the moment they are visited with his anger. It is easily seen that a man, desirous of instituting such a system as this, would readily avail himself of any instrument placed within his reach,—if not for the good of the country, at least for the enlargement of his own power. Although it would strengthen our argument much to show how this has been done by the Emperor

Napoleon in many instances, the limits of our paper confine us to the Credit Foncier.*

The guarantee of the State being demanded for the Credit Foncier, the State necessarily demands a guarantee in return. It is therefore proposed to place in the national safe the mortgages in the possession of the company; in other words, to transfer to the government those securities which capitalists deem insufficient. Can the offer be accepted? How is the government to know whether these mortgages are negotiated upon the basis set forth in the published prospectus or not? What warrant has it for believing that the directors, with the guarantee of the nation at their back, while they themselves are interested pecuniarily to a small amount only, will not enter upon a course of reckless and ruinous transactions? Clearly, the mere deposit of the mortgages will not be sufficient; and therefore it is, that when M. Dumas, the Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, submitted, in 1850, his bill to the Legislative Assembly, he made use of these words:—"The State should exercise a *general supervision*, and should protect every branch of labour, and the general pecuniary interests of the people. Its *control*, however, is indispensable in the case of Credit Foncier institutions; but to give the Government the *management* of them, would be to impose too much responsibility upon that body." In what is this control to exist? How far is it to extend? It is, it appears, something more than "general supervision;" something less than actual "management." It would, we think, be difficult to give a theoretical definition of the word. Practically, it means in France, that the Emperor may interfere, when his own interests or those of the nation require it; but of the necessity, he must be the judge. This, we think, is a wise conclusion. The guarantee of the State once given to the Bank, the public faith once pledged, it cannot be withdrawn. No matter how badly the managers may conduct themselves—no matter though it be seen they are incurring great debts which they will never be able to repay—they have the government guarantee, so that none who buy their bonds can be losers. What would the simple power of supervision; the mere right of protesting avail? It would be utterly worthless. Nothing short of full controlling power can ever be accepted by a wise government in exchange for its pledge of the national faith.

There is another reason for coming to this conclusion. We will suppose, for instance, that the uncontrolled bank managers have a "misunderstanding" with the representatives of the government, at a time when the latter are about issuing proposals for a loan. The Credit Foncier, in order to coerce the State, places upon the market a great quantity of its

* For further information upon this subject, the reader is referred to able articles which lately appeared in the *National* and *Westminster Reviews*.

bonds, and proceeds to force a sale. A brisk competition would immediately ensue, or else the government would consider it better to yield to the wishes of the Bank, rather than incur inevitable loss by braving its hostility. This is not altogether a suppositious case. In 1855, the French Government and the Credit Mobilier both sought loans at the same time (the latter for 120,000,000 francs); but the State having the control of the institution, immediately caused it to withdraw from the Bourse.

It is impossible to estimate the value of the Credit Foncier of France, as a commercial speculation; since it has been in the receipt of adventitious aid, without which it might long ago have been numbered among the things that were.

We will mention two instances. By a decree of the 28th February, 1852, the municipalities and the departments were ordered to invest, each to a certain amount, in the bonds of the Bank. And on the 10th December of the same year, the Emperor caused a donation to be made to it of 10,000,000 francs. There is little doubt, if similar assistance were given to an institution of the kind in Canada, that the shareholders would be able to loan money at a very low rate. The advisability of doing so, it is beyond our province to discuss.

Among many other privileges conferred upon the Credit Foncier in France, it has been placed in a position superior to that of the common money-lender, in that extraordinary facilities for the collection and the protection of its debts have been accorded to it. We will give a short synopsis of some of the principal among these.

In the event of a borrower from the Bank being in arrears, a very summary process is provided, by which the Credit Foncier may sequester the property mortgaged, and apply the revenue to the discharge of the debt; taking precedence of all other creditors save those to whom wages are due. Or if, after the failure to pay one annuity, the Credit Foncier should think more energetic measures necessary, it may give one month's notice, and sell the land—still retaining its position as a preference creditor. These provisions are perhaps tolerable; but the law has been carried much further. The mortgagor is bound to inform the bank of any deterioration in the value of his property, and of everything relating to his right of possession, which may affect the security of the bank, under penalty of sequestration or expropriation, at the pleasure of the mortgagee. Moreover the capital would be exigible, in the event of it being discovered that any misrepresentation or dissimulation had been practised at the time of contracting the loan. All disputes are to be referred to the civil tribunal of the district, and disposed of in a summary manner. From its decision there is no appeal.

Here we have one of the methods by which Louis Napoleon secures

that unanimous public opinion, of which his friends never cease their praises. It is a charming system! The Credit Foncier holds mortgages amounting to some hundreds of millions of francs. Its debtors are spread over the length and breadth of France. Each one among them is bound to give notice, among a multitude of other conditions by which he holds his loan, of *anything* which occurs to deteriorate the value of his property, under the penalty of expropriation. How can the mortgagor tell, if he dares to disobey the hint given by the *maire*, to vote for the government candidate, that the Credit Foncier will not suddenly discover that something has occurred to lessen the value of his farm, and at once subject him to the penalties in such cases made and provided? If the judges were independent, he might hope that the law would protect him, despite the large significance of the terms by which he is bound. But as the judges are removable at the pleasure of the Emperor, and are not in the habit of acting in opposition to his desires, there is but one alternative. Either *Jacques Bonhomme* must collect his farm labourers, and all whom he can influence, and take them to the poll, to vote for the government candidate, or be turned out of house and home. Rarely, we may be sure, does he hesitate long; very seldom does political heresy compel the Bank to have recourse to the *procédure spéciale d'expropriation*. It would be strange if it did. The debtors to the Credit Foncier are all sound Napoleonists!

But setting aside the political argument, and taking it for granted that the privileges enjoyed by the bank are used only for the purpose of giving value to its securities, it would appear but right that some of these privileges should be extended to the ordinary money-lender. If the facilities given to the Credit Foncier to ascertain the value of properties which it is proposed to mortgage; if the rapid and inexpensive methods by which judgment against a defaulter may be obtained; if its position as a preference creditor enables it to lend and to borrow at a minimum rate of interest—why should not the same privileges be accorded to all capitalists who loan money on land? Let us put the argument in another light. It certainly would not be advisable to place additional difficulties in the way of the money-lender collecting his debts—thereby increasing his risks, and consequently his charges, for the use of money, in order to enable the Credit Foncier to make loans at a less rate than he. If this proposition be true, the converse is equally true, that it is not desirable to maintain difficulties which increase to the individual capitalist his risks, and to repeal them in favour of the Credit Foncier exclusively. M. Vernes, deputy-governor of the Bank of France, says:—"It is not necessary to create a Credit Foncier—it exists; it is only necessary to free it from the embarrassments which surround it, and which curb its free operations." The large body of isolated capitalists who loan their money on mortgages, is the Credit

Poncier referred to. "Remove the embarrassments which surround them"—the difficulty of investigating titles, of obtaining judgment, of collecting debts; and one of the main arguments urged in favour of the establishing of a central, all-absorbing, all-powerful Credit Foncier bank, falls to the ground.

In some countries, banks of landed credit have been allowed to issue notes based upon the mortgages they hold. As this, however, is an exceptional feature, we do not feel called upon to examine it in the present paper.

The two contending schools of protection and free trade, will regard the faults and evils of the Credit Foncier system from an entirely different point of view. The one which believes it to be the duty of the government to make up for the lack of individual enterprise among its subjects by means of State aid, and to interfere generally in the concerns of commerce, will see in the simple fact, that by means of the Credit Foncier, as established upon the continent of Europe, money is made available, at a low rate of interest; full compensation for any political evil, for any increase of the imperial authority, for any decrease of the popular power to which it may lead. On the other hand, those who, upon principle, oppose any attempt of government to interfere with or to restrict the full and free operations of the laws of commerce, and who would leave everything appertaining thereto, to free trade and individual enterprise, will see in the centralising tendencies of this State bank of Credit Foncier, an evil far counterbalancing any good it can possibly effect.

HOLIDAY MUSINGS OF A WORKER.

BY MRS. HOLIWELL.

NO. 1.—THE POETRY OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

THIS is a sceptical age,—in mundane things as in heavenly, nothing is taken for granted, or received without inquiry. Like the old pagan Coifi, who in the time of the Saxon Redwall, rode full tilt against the false gods of his fathers, and hurled a sacrilegious lance within the holy precincts of the fane, do we assail with bold, defiant brow, the unquestioning faith of our ancestors; and with profane hands, raze to the ground the goodly edifice of ancient credulity. There is no superstition so sanctified by antiquity; no prejudice so hallowed by time-honoured adherence; no custom so venerable by long observance;

whose just claims to respect, the analytical, curious, doubting mind of the nineteenth century does not test and examine. There is no subject too sacred for argument; no being too exalted for criticism; meekness and reverence are old-fashioned qualities, thrust aside to make way for more exalted virtues (?). It is delightful when this sceptical spirit attacks and annihilates abuses that we individually desire to see attacked and annihilated (and where is the man who does not foster some pet grievance, religious, social or political?); but when not content with demolishing what we consider an evil, it ridicules and overturns our long-cherished prejudices; praiseworthy reformation becomes revolutionary, and we shrink with horror from its unholy touch. There are many minds constructed on such thoroughly conservative principles, that every innovation is a pain; and frequently the aged experience a severe trial in observing the onward march of irreverence and discovery. They dislike novelties of all kinds; and will persevere in the good old ways, even when convinced of the superiority of the new,—sadly feeling it is time for them to go, since every thing is changed, and they are not permitted to retain a relic of the sainted past. Their grandchildren puzzle them with unanswerable questions; demonstrate by argument the impossibility of facts piously believed in upwards of half a century, or discuss with *nonchalance* subjects long since buried, in some secret chamber of the heart, as too high and sublime to be approached by the finite intellect of man. Radicalism in thought must follow ages of reasoning in leading strings, just as arbitrary power finds its firmest adherents in the disappointed apostles of liberty. All this pulling down and irreverence are doubtless necessary to dissipate the thick clouds of ignorance, and give intellectual food to the starving million. Perhaps we are living in times when these things are carried to extremes: the beauty and poetry of life appear to be destroyed, the skeleton alone to remain. We are taught to believe nothing but what we can understand; pursue only the practical; cultivate only the useful. True, superstition and prejudice have received their death blow; but devotion and humility have suffered in the conflict, as also that sweet handmaiden of rare souls—Poetry. Where is the beautiful fairy lore and simple faith of the past in elves and brownies? Where the wild songs of Sagas and Skalds? Where the romance of tournament and gallant prince; of persecuted beauty and faithless knight? Passed—passed away down the broad stream of time, like the mythological poetry of the ancients, and the rich allegories of the East. Yet the ethereal essence is not extinct; it needs no peculiar food; is not dependent on circumstance or place; does not exist in Arcadia or Provence only; nor can it be summoned into being by external beauty or favourable surroundings. Poetry is an emanation from within, and

can find house-room everywhere. The eye that can see no poetry in the well-freighted merchantman, sailing out of the busy dock, to scatter civilization and draw distant peoples nearer together by the bond of mutual benefit, would be equally blind to the more romantic beauty of the Indian's canoe, floating on the blue bosom of the St. Lawrence. Poetry adapts herself to the spirit of the age; and although the songs of the troubadour are hushed, the mystic poets of Germany—the cold classic dramatists of France, and the glorious old writers of the Shakespearian school are silent now, poetry yet clothes herself in language congenial and natural to her listeners. Our poets no longer woo nature or action alone—giving us pastoral eclogues or heroic narratives; but being scholars and thinkers, their poetic inspirations share in their philosophy, and partake of their metaphysics. But to love poetry—to be cognizant of her charming and elevating presence—is not always to write it. Here and there only at certain epochs the silent poetry of an age finds tongue in one individual; and with throbbing hearts and humid eyes we hear the echoes of our own thoughts, beautified—transfigured! These are the highest manifestations of poetry: to feel it so profoundly, so overpoweringly, that it must burst forth in words of fire, and to appreciate so keenly, that no turn or figure, no height or depth, of the inspired singer, is lost or misunderstood. Here we have the preacher and the devout worshiper, the master and the pupil; cultivation, intellect, leisure, are implied in these relations; but poetry does not confine herself to so limited a sphere. She is democratic, universal, enlarging and improving minds of fair development and generous culture, and even elevating the thoughts and humanising the sentiments of the ignorant and rude. The laborer hieing homewards, unconsciously soothed by distant music, or the fragrance of flowers—the factory child, gazing with tearful awe into the starlit sky—are not inimical to her influences. We need no learning to experience some of her sweet power. We need no language to reveal our sensations, for they scarcely take the definite form of thought. Down deep in human hearts and brains, lie unwritten poems, lyrics, epics, dramas,—that, like dim revelations of a brighter world, float before dreamy eyes, and beguile the lonely or the idle hour. Who has not met, in his observation of humble life, certain refined and delicate traits of character, of feeling, or of fancy, that have struck him as out of keeping with the rough, uncultured whole? A coarse kitchen maid “can’t abide sad music: it makes her lonesome;” yet she has not heard of Jessica,—“I am never merry when I hear sweet music.” A rude teamster, dwelling in his log shanty, will cut the wood for his wife’s stove, and draw the heavy bucket of water, ere he goes to his daily toil; yet he did not learn his lesson of chivalry from the medi-

eval ages. "Such harmony is in immortal souls;" and although it only shines forth rarely, let us believe with the poet, that it is "the muddy vesture of decay," that prevents the more frequent manifestation of it. A half-naked beggar child throws its bronzed limbs into an attitude of perfect beauty, without ever beholding the graces, or hearing of art.

All this is native poetry, betraying itself in deed or thought; humanising and softening such souls as entertain the gentle guest. If the barren field of ignorance can thus put forth sweet buds of fancy, how much more can the cultivated mind enjoy its blossoms! An eye for the beautiful, an ear for the harmonious, a memory well stored with the riches of the past—make a man a prince. Nature is his heritage; art his birthright. He sees, with a different vision to others; a country walk, a visit to a museum, are not bare facts but embellished with the wealth of his knowledge, and gilded with the glory of his imagination. Nothing so material or so coarse but the poetic spirit can find a side of brightness, or glean a forgotten ear of loveliness, from the contemplation. The earth-gazing farmer sows his seeds, watches their growth, gathers his harvest, and only counts the profit. A higher mind labours as effectually; but in the progress and process of vegetation, he catches glimpses of another world, of the laws divine intelligence has set over creation's works; reads allegories—moral or fanciful—in the changes and phenomena he observes; and in the flush and splendour of nature's beauty, imbibes delicious draughts of enjoyment. For him the corn is not only ripe, but gold-coloured, and dashed with red poppies and blue flowers! For him the fruits of autumn are not only ready to pluck, but the glorious season has painted and decked the woods in gorgeous tints of yellow and purple dyes! For him the birds put on their gayest plumage, and warble their wildest notes! He loses nothing. Eye and ear are ever on the alert to perceive and feel what omnipotence has lavished on his appreciative creature!

A manufacturer may regard his cotton, silk or wool, as so much raw material only, and his employees as so many necessary assistants and agents in his work and success; or he may, with a flash of immortal thought, picture the vast snowy cotton-fields of the South; the swarthy negro, and the tropical sun; the polished, generous planter, and the brutish overseer; the voluptuous beauty of the master's daughter, and the sad dark face of the slave girl. Or he may realize the mulberry grown plains of Marseilles, and the innocent occupation of silk raising, and contrast it with the wild, fierce spirits who, not a century ago, marched from that fair neighbourhood, with liberty and noble aspirations in their hearts, too soon, alas! to be stained with blood and crime,

chanting with enthusiastic and solemn fervor, the hymn of Rouget de Lisle!

Poetry looks beneath coarse face and rugged hands, and seeks an Arkwright, a Hargreaves, a Hutton, among its workmen. The genius of Stephenson, Lombe, Franklin, Wedgewood—honours the fraternity of workers; and the "nobility of labour" inspires respect for its representatives.

Thus with all things, simple realities, common facts are beautified by association; or are types of a fair futurity, hallowed with the riches of foreseeing thought. The tutor shrinks not from his task, however unpromising the soil, if he brings home to his heart that he is training candidates for life's honours. That when an infirm old man he will hear of proud intellects that once fed on his teachings, thrilling with surprise and admiration the rostrum or the bar; and that when quietly sleeping in his narrow grave, great men and good may point out his resting-place, and speak with respectful sadness of one who first shaped their thoughts and awakened their ambition to higher, nobler aims than ordinary mortals.

The commonest sights are suggestive to the cultivated poetic mind. A barefooted boy, pausing thoughtfully with his empty milk-can, recalls the Sheffield sculptor, his beautiful young dreams, his patience, undaunted energy, and final success. Or, who passing a group of ragged urchins, listening to the unscrupulous narrative of some bolder, more inventive spirit, does not remember the youthful Curran holding forth, in Ball's Alley, his boy's heart swelling with triumph at the power of his untaught eloquence; dim forshadowing of the oratory that was to make its voice heard above the angry tempest of rebellion, and the wail of executions, startling long-forgotten feeling in the bosom of the stern judge, and transforming the terror of the prisoner into the proud glow of martyrdom.

The black-robed priest, as he passes to and fro on the busy street, is not simply Père this or Frère that, but a representative of men—great, good, ambitious or criminal—whose lives are blended with the history of the Christian world. If patriotic, he will recall the peaceful villages of La Nouvelle France, the fertile fields, the white cottages of the quiet settlers,—suddenly the sweet silence of the picture is broken by the wild war-whoop of the Iroquois; then follows the savage attack—the slaughter of the *habitans*; and above the groans of dying men, and the shrieks of terrified women, see a Père Daniel, or Breboeuf or Lalemant, inspiring fainting hearts with fortitude; pointing the sufferers' hopes heavenward, promising an immortal crown in exchange for a death of violence; and thus exhorting, thus praying, thus consoling, bearing the children in his arms, he falls at last, pierced with many wounds—an example of the stern courage that can possess a Christian.

Anon, and the dreamer's thoughts wander to the enterprising, adventurous missionaries of those early days—their bold discoveries, their untimely ends. An effort of imagination paints the dark, deep wood, where Père Mesnard left his companion, to go and commune with his God. As the sombre foliage of the pines closes over his retreating figure, he feels it is the covering of the grave. Never again will those benevolent, thoughtful eyes meet the kind glances of his civilised fellows! Never again will his faithful hand be grasped by brothers and by friends! No legend—no stone—tells his fate, or marks his resting-place. His only monument—his cassock and breviary—recognized long afterwards in the possession of the fierce Sioux. The picture brightens! Down the blue Wisconsin floats a rude bark, bearing two brave, noble hearts, fired with the hopes of discovery. Marquette and Joliet handling the oar or adjusting the clumsy sail, bending their quick glances on the wonders of the unknown shore, or averting shipwreck and death by their foresight and activity—might form a worthy theme for poetry, or subject for art. Who cannot realize the proud throbbings of their human breasts when their canoe launched into the turbulent Mississippi, and they knew they were on the track for the great Southern gulf? The wild luxuriance of the vegetation—the crowd of savage nations, appearing in strange fantastic garb on the banks of this rapid, dangerous river, never before ploughed by the keel of a white man's boat—the change of climate as they continue their journey—the increasingly tropical appearance of the trees and flowering shrubs, and the gorgeous plumage of the birds,—“the winged jewels”—the brilliant insects of a southern clime—all combine to form a scene of surpassing fascination. And whence the inspiration? A frère Chrétien walking at the head of the orphans, or Father McDermot going to visit the sick.

We stand within a little white-washed country church: the singing is discordant; the congregation Beotian, in the stolid expression of their countenances; to crown the dull picture, the minister may be commonplace, and guilty of a vile accent. There is small food for a poetic and fanciful spirit; but barren, indeed, must be the soil, where no charm of retrospection or association can be found. Memory, handmaiden-like, recalls old tales of persecution, when such a body of worshippers must have met in mountain or morass; when danger converted the most ordinary individual into a hero, and drew forth the highest qualities of which he was capable. Stories of the Puritans, who defended an innovation of their strict simplicity with their lives; of the Scottish Covenanters, the murdered pastor, and the scattered flock! The rough voices of the village choir, seem like the echo of those pious hymns chanted by men already wreathed with the martyr's crown, singing on board “Jesus’

ship," in times long ago. The inharmonious tones of the preacher—his scant and whitened hair—awake the memory of a Robinson or a Knox, or of men less known to fame, perhaps, but whose piety was so earnest, that life—the best, most precious of God's gifts—was freely yielded up in its defence. Imagination thus let loose, as it were, in the regions of the past, revels over other saintly recollections, and hears the godly strains of prisoners, singing like Paul and Silas, in their dungeons, or over their cruel toil in foreign galleys, or the fiercely-shouted psalms of Cromwell's Ironsides marching to the battle-field.

There is another poetry in the starry sky than sentiment or astronomy can see. The face of nature is ever linked in a reflective mind with manifestations of humanity. Nature is the book: man the interpreter; and thus in contemplating one, we review the lives and destinies of those associated with the peculiar object of our thoughts. The whole panorama of the ancient world unfolds itself to our dreamy gaze, as we behold the glories of the sky at night. The wise Chaldean, from his lofty temple, with heart and brain—with passions and aspirations like our own—peering ambitiously into the deep ether, wrestling for knowledge from Deity, to fathom the enigma of these unknown and incomprehensible worlds. The pure Persian bending his knee, in adoration of the great mother, the moon; or the fierce Phœnician, worshipping her as Astarte,

"Queen of heaven, with crescent horns,
"To whose bright image, nightly by the moon,
"Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs."

What a galaxy of glorious names pass before us as we travel in thought through many centuries. Thales losing himself in wild theories; an ancient mariner on the starry sea, without compass or rudder, guessing at truth. Galileo, immured in the dungeons of the inquisition, and through his prison bars, plucking vast knowledge from his narrow heaven, and his royal mind. With stealthy step and cunning mien, pass in review the astrologers of later days, and the laborious and successful astronomical students of our own and the last generation. Few can understand in detail, the objects of these great men. We can only surmise their difficulties, or faintly realize their triumphs; but we can heartily sympathise, and entirely enter into the aspirations of sublime souls seeking after truth; the strong efforts of powerful minds to unravel the mysteries of nature, scaling the very heavens, or delving into the deepest recesses of earth, to unlock the secrets of those natural laws that the Infinite has set over his works.

The yearning of the human heart for peace—the aspirings of the human mind for knowledge—hopes onward and upward, we have in common with all. So vast is the field open for study, for analyses, for

conjecture,—that the greatest genius, after a life-time of mental toil, can experience, in no greater degree, the triumph of mastering or solving the intricacies of science, than the rude mechanic who, pausing momentarily in his treadmill of labour, wonders if the end and aim of human life is to work iron or spin cotton? Sir William Hamilton says, finely, on this subject: “The highest reach of human science is the scientific recognition of human ignorance. ‘*Qui nescit ignorare, ignorat scire.*’ This learned ignorance is the rational conviction by the human mind of its inability to transcend certain limits; it is the knowledge of ourselves—the science of man. This is accomplished by a demonstration of the disproportion between what is to be known, and our faculties of knowing—the disproportion, to wit, between the infinite and the finite. In fact, the recognition of human ignorance, is not only the one highest, but the one true, knowledge; and its first fruit is humility.”

Poetry, with her ample sympathies and extensive scope of thought, enables her votaries to form a tolerably correct estimate of the joys and griefs, the hopes, and fears and yearnings of life, not their own. There is no condition so exalted the poetic dreamer cannot fill. No sorrow so poignant he cannot comprehend its anguish. There is no ambition beyond his ken; no fortitude or love exceeding his belief. The meanest things have their beauty; the most trifling their use. The wild flower, the laughing child, the stray bar of melody—are all links in his being, uniting him to other and higher things.

To enjoy this pure spirit, is to find—

———“Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks,
“Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

And to such a disciple of true poetry, may be addressed the answer of Annius, to the philosophising Duke:

“Happy is your Grace,
“That can translate the stubbornness of fortune,
“Into so quiet and so sweet a style!”

THE EMIGRANTS.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

I.

The youthful Spring, in beauty glowing,
Had sped from Southern climes away;
And life and joy around her throwing,
Held thro' the Western woods her way.

And she had teased old Winter so,
 With many a jeering smile and taunt,
 That gathering up his robes of snow,
 Around his form, so frail and gaunt,
 He hobbled off with angry scowl,
 And cursed her with his parting growl.
 But little recked the blythsome maid,
 Of what he did, or what he said ;
 But laughed ; and bade him hie him forth,
 To his wild kingdom of the North ;
 And find a fit and frozen throne,
 Upon some iceberg's glittering dome.

II.

And now the woods are all her own,
 And joyously her pranks she plays ;
 Her laugh is heard in every tone
 Of the soft wind, that gently strays
 Where countless boughs of countless trees,
 Make harp-strings for its harmonies.
 The light that's gleaming far and nigh,
 Is streaming from her gladsome eye ;
 And many a wreath she deftly weaves,
 Of sweet wild flowers and bursting leaves
 With which she crowns her forehead fair,
 With such a smiling grace, I ween,
 And yet with such a regal air,
 As well befits the Forest Queen !

III.

She reigns unquestioned 'midst the woods ;
 Her's is an undivided throne ;
 Few voices wake their solitudes,
 Save the sweet whisperings of her own.
 Unless, perchance, some Indian strays
 Thro' their wide-stretching, pathless maze ;
 And when his rifle shot outrings,
 Wakes Echo from her slumberings.
 But for such sounds no trace is there
 To tell of human want or care ;
 For 't is alone the voice of Spring,
 That murmureth forth from every thing.

IV.

You hear it in the merry brook,
 That, free'd from Winter's icy chain,
 Goes babbling through its leafy nook,
 On its long journey to the main.
 In very sooth, it seems to be
 As full of mirth and noisy glee
 As childhood, when on hope's own wing,
 It sets out on a journeying.
 And tho' the West's a songless land,
 Yet there is heard, on every hand,
 The pleasing sound of simple notes,
 Breathed from a thousand feathered throats.
 The lake leaps up with tones of glee—
 Rejoicing in its liberty,
 Like captive with his chain new riven—
 Rev'ling amidst the light of heaven.
 The rippling waves rush up the shore,
 To kiss the young leaves bending o'er,
 With such hot haste as marks the greeting
 Of lovers, after absence meeting.

V.

Another year! the Spring has come.
 Hark! how the partridge beats his drum;*
 And the woodpecker's noisy stroke,
 Resounds from some decaying oak—
 So loud and sudden as to cause
 A stranger to look up and pause.
 And there was many a stranger there,
 Since Spring last graced her flowery throne,
 Amidst those woodlands wide and fair,
 And rightly called them all her own.
 Waving her sceptre o'er them all—
 Flowers, forest, lake and waterfall!

VI.

When Spring forsook these regions last,
 And Summer's self was growing old,
 • Hundreds of men came trooping fast,
 And towards them like a tide they rolled.

* The Canadian partridge, or pheasant, in the Spring, places himself upon some fallen tree, and beats his sides with his wings, producing the peculiar sound called "drumming."

And then they scattered here and there :
 Each chose the spot he thought most fair ;
 And soon it seemed as tho' the wood
 Had swallowed that vast multitude,
 As rivers, flowing to the sea,
 Are lost in its immensity.

VII.

They came from England's ancient shore,
 That isle of glory 'midst the sea !
 Whose honored name is evermore
 The countersign of liberty !
 They came—of every craft and age,
 Of lowly birth and high degree ;
 Men skilled to scan the learned page,
 And rude, unlettered peasantry.
 And they had come a war to wage,
 Against the forests of the West ;
 Hoping their weary pilgrimage
 Would lead them to a place of rest.
 And there were many 'midst the band,
 That came to that wild forest land,
 As little fit, as fit could be,
 For life beneath the greenwood tree ;
 Or for the hardships wild and rude,
 They met with, 'midst its solitude.

VIII.

Yet light fell o'er its darkest scenes,
 From gentle woman's beaming eyes !
 As here and there a bright star gleams,
 'Midst the wild clouds of troubled skies.
 Hope in the sinking heart would spring,
 When cheered by her sweet minist'ring ;
 And care she almost could beguile
 Even into joy, with her glad smile.
 And as the rainbow's hues are brightest,
 The darker lowers the thunder cloud ;
 And as the virgin snow looks whitest,
 When cast upon some sable shroud.
 E'en so in trial's darkest night,
 Her blessed brow was aye most bright ;

Even when the strong were giving way,
 She in her weakness proved their stay.
 Like as the ivy's tendrils, twined
 In beauty o'er some ancient wall,
 Help in their feebleness to bind,
 And keep it from its threatened fall.

IX.

But care and disappointment yet
 Had scarcely time to play their part ;
 Romance could not her dreams forget ;
 Hope had a throne in every heart.
 Hands all unused to toil before,
 Now boasted many a blister-sore ;
 A conqu'ror scarce more proud than he
 Who first cut down some mighty tree !
 Altho' a woodman would have laughed,
 To see them as they plied his craft !
 By deep wood dell, by tangled brake,
 By fair hill side and limpid lake,
 The white man's axe was opening fast,
 A pathway for the rushing blast ;
 Which until then had scarcely power,
 To shake the feeblest woodland flower.
 The former tenants of the woods,
 Fled to still deeper solitudes.
 The Indian looked with mournful gaze,
 And called to mind those by-gone days,
 When all around him was his own :
 And tho' his pride forbade the groan,
 That echoed through his quivering breast,
 To pass those lips so closely pressed ;
 Yet, oh ! in mercy deem it not
 An easy thing, to leave each spot
 Fruitful in thoughts of other years—
 Familiar since he was a boy ;
 Hallowed by all his holiest tears,
 And brightened by his deepest joy.

X.

A beauteous lake was gleaming bright,
 'Midst those dark woods, all hoar with age ;

Like day, within the arms of night,
Or youth begirt by many a sage.
Upon its still and wooded shore,
Within a small and tranquil bay,
Not much above a bow shot o'er,
A newly opened clearing lay.
'Twas here old Chester pitched his tent,
And round was many a beauty blent—
Of wood and water, stream and sky—
To soothe the ear or please the eye,
'Twas here his stalwart sons first plied
The woodman's axe, and earliest tried
Their might against the ancient trees,
Amidst whose boughs the wailing breeze,
Sung wild and dirge-like melodies.

XI.

Of gentle birth—of ancient race—
His noon of life in arms was passed ;
His form and features wore the grace,
That birth and battle o'er them cast.
And though he now was growing old,
His bearing still was high and bold ;
And none were better graced than he,
In arts of gentle courtesy !
But dark misfortune's withering blight,
Had quenched his hearthstone's happy light ;
And forced him, in his failing days,
To distant scenes and novel ways.
But his was still a soldier's heart—
And bravely did he play his part ;
Tho' there were times, when none were by,
That a hot tear would dim his eye,
To think of wife, sons, daughters, all
Lone exiles from his father's hall.

(To be continued.)

FLOWERS, AND THEIR MORAL TEACHING.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA."

"Flowers! wherefore do ye bloom?
We strew the pathway to the tomb!"—MONTGOMERY.

THE love of flowers is the first dawning of that higher inward life that is the gift of God to man.

The first perception of the BEAUTIFUL may be traced by the observing mother, to the pleasure that lightens up the eyes of the infant in her arms, when she first presents to its admiring gaze the bunch of brightly-coloured flowers, with which she strives to attract its attention,

How eagerly the tiny hands are stretched forth to grasp the treasure! What joy beams in the young face. It has caught a glimpse, as it were, from heaven, of its Maker!

Children always love flowers; and are they not the first of nature's books placed in the mother's hands for the teaching of the infants whom God has committed to her trust? Meet emblems, too, of his life, who cometh up, and is cut down like a flower.

Mothers of Canada! cherish and encourage among your little ones this early and natural love of the fairest of God's fair works! Nothing tends more towards refining the minds of children, and keeping them from gross tendencies, than a lively and practical interest in the culture of flowers, and an intimate knowledge of the names, habits and uses of the familiar plants that they meet with in their daily walks.

This is an enduring source of pleasure, and of increasing useful knowledge to the young, and it is open to the simplest capacity. If mothers will only teach from the book of nature, children will always learn readily and eagerly.

Mothers! this is one of the easiest of all helps towards imparting religious knowledge to your young children—leading them through the excellence of God's works from earth to heaven!

Our blessed Redeemer taught his disciples by such simple illustrations as this:—"Behold the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Beautiful example! eloquence most touching, because so simple and so true!

The love of God's works is an enduring source of pleasure. Even increasing age does not lessen it—for when the eye grows dim, and can no longer contemplate the glories of the world outwardly, the mind, which has long been stored with its riches, can turn inwardly to them, and feast upon that which it had gleaned in brighter days. Mem-

ory—that inward painter of the soul—presents to the mental vision the flowers that never fade.

Other and more wordly amusements, weary and become irksome to us in age, and we care little for those things that charmed us in youth; but the sight of an old familiar flower—the daisy or the primrose of the meadow where we played when children—will fill our hearts with tender emotions, often unlocking the fountain of tears in those that are grey-headed, weary and worn, in this hard world's strife!

I remember hearing one of my sisters relate, that when she was staying in London, she was one day walking with the children of a friend, and their Swiss *bonne* (nurse,) in the garden at Tavistock Square.

Among the border-flowers was a plant of the yellow globe *ranunculus*, a native of the Alpine valleys. Melanie suddenly flung herself on the turf beside it, and passionately kissed the flowers, exclaiming, in her foreign patois:—" *Ah! flore de ma contrie,*" and her face was bathed in tears when she raised her head.

The sight of the simple blossom had stirred the heart of the Swiss *bonne* to its very depths—bringing back to her mind, in all their freshness, home, kindred and friends! Such pathos lay in the silken folds of a simple flower!

Before Botany was studied as a science, the names given to plants were devised from some distinguishing quality, or were named after some holy person or familiar object. Of the two last classes, we have such illustrations as Sweet Cicely, Sweet Basil, Lady's Tresses, Lady's Bedstraw, Marygold, Rose-Mary—(these last in honor of the Virgin Mary;) Aaron's Golden Rod, Solomon's Seal, Jacob's Ladder. Our own beloved Rose is said to have owed its origin to fair Rosamond, the fair, frail paramour of our second Henry; though it is equally probable that the lady was named after the flower—*Rosa-munda*—Rose of the World!

Of flowers named from their qualities, among others we find such fanciful ones as Heart's-ease, Love-in-a-mist, Love-lies-bleeding. Then we have Heal-all, Goat's-beard, Wall-flower, Stitch-wort, Meadow-sweet, Ground Ivy—all these were famed for some rare virtue, real or imaginary, and still are held in repute by the poor in remote country-places in England.

Any one who is so fortunate as to be the owner of that rare old tome, Gerrard's Herbal, can learn the simple, and some of the more learned names of many common wild flowers, with their derivations. Many of these old familiar names have crossed the Atlantic, and have become household words in the ears of the children of the emigrant. So we have our Columbine, our Anemone, Butter-cup, Violet, Colt's-foot, Chick-weed, Forget-me-not, and many others equally familiar—though in many instances, we would hardly recognize these floral-name children, so different are they from the originals after which they have been called.

Canada, too, has her herbalists and simplers, especially among the old U. E. Loyalists and their families, who knew how to extract virtues from the wild plants of the forest, the fields and swamps. It is true, that they have few written recipes, but are often possessed of much sanitary knowledge: many of their remedies have been gleaned from the Indians, and they can give a name for almost all the herbs of the field—experience has stood to these simple folk in the stead of books, and learned physicians.

Shakespeare says: "What's in a name?" but do not the old names, as Schiller says, "bring back the old memories?" Does not the name of VIOLET call up sweet images of bowery lanes and grassy banks, sheltered by overarching hazels, woodbine and wild-rose? Primrose—

"The rathe primrose that forsaken dies,"

awakens long-sleeping images of rural sports among hawthorn glades and green knolls, starred over with that sweet, pale spring flower! It is the cottage child's flower, even as much as the daisy and the cowslip.

How one feels inclined to envy those persons who see the March and April flowers of England for the first time, and who first hear the full chorus of her wild song-birds in some sweet country place! It is worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see the flowers and hear the music of the birds, at a season when all here is cold and dreary—when our flowers lie buried beneath a pall of snow, and our birds are silent. But I have wandered from my subject—seduced into digression by old memories which cling to me, and will, I think, while life lasts; though I am now old, and like the flowers—passing away!

I was about to shew how many of the harsh-sounding, unmusical names, among our botanical nomenclature, have been derived from just the same cause as the devotional names of our old herbalists already instanced.

The father of modern Botany, the great and good Linnæus, indulged himself by immortalizing many of his favourite friends and revered associates, by naming flowers in honour of them. Thus the *Kalmia*, one of the choicest ornaments among American shrubs, one species of which is, I think, a native of our Canadian swamps, was named for Professor Kalm, his beloved pupil.

Linnæus also gave the name *Cinchona* to a valuable genus, including the Peruvian Bark, in honor of a Spanish lady (the Countess Cinchon, wife of a Spanish viceroy)—who suffering severely from intermittent fever, tested the skill of the Indian herbalists in the use of this valuable febrifuge. She afterwards recommended its healing qualities to the attention of the physicians of Spain. The Jesuits adopted it—from thence also came the name of "Jesuit's Bark."

Linnaeus chose as an emblem of himself, that lovely little flower, the *Linnæa borealis*, which he described as a little northern plant, flowering early; depressed, abject, and long overlooked. It was gathered by him in Lycksele, on the 20th May, 1732, in West Bothnia." It is a native of the great northern forests; "but it may," says the author from whom I now quote,* "be easily overlooked—because it grows only where the woods are thickest, and its delicate twin blossoms are almost hidden among moss, and interwoven with ivy. Their scent resembles the smell of the meadow sweet, and is so strong during the night as to discover the plant at a considerable distance.

"When the great Botanist received his patent of nobility, he adopted this flower as a part of his crest. The helmet which surmounts the arms of the family being adorned with a sprig of the Linnæa."

The flower, though so simple, has now a classical renown, being so intimately associated with the name of Linnaeus. This delicate trailing plant is widely spread over the colder portions of the temperate, and extends its geographical range within the frozen zone. In frozen Lapland, and inhospitable Labrador, it flourishes as cheerfully as in our own pine forests. Here in Canada, its haunts are among rocky, mossy woods, near lakes and rivers. Among the rocky islands of the rapid Otonabee, it flings its graceful garlands over rugged stones and mossy-twisted roots. Its flowering season is with us in June; and its sweet twin bells of shaded pink may be found even through July and August, in deep shady spots. A more elegant head wreath could scarcely be found than the long slender branches of the Linnæa, garnished with its fairy bells.

This elegant plant for the summer, and the still more becoming *Mitchella repens*, or partridge berry, with its glossy leaves and bright scarlet fruit for Autumn, are frequently worn by the young ladies of our northern townships, as ornaments for their hair, and trimmings for their white muslin dresses, at evening parties, or picnic balls—nor can they devise a more tasteful and becoming costume, not the less lovely, because so simple.

Before I dismiss Linnaeus, I will recall the anecdote, known indeed to all botanists, but possibly new to a few of my readers. It is interesting, as it shews the fervor and simplicity of this enthusiastic naturalist's mind.

It is said, that when he paid his first visit to England, on beholding the golden blossoms of the furze whins, or gorse as it is generally called, he flung himself down on the heath, and kissed the ground whereon it grew, with exclamations of rapture in his native Swedish—so great was his admiration of this sweet, honey-scented flower, rude and rugged

* "Brightwell's Romantic Incidents in the Lives of Naturalists and Travellers."

though its prickly defences be. He tried in vain to induce the plant to grow in Sweden, but it resisted all his efforts to acclimatize it in that country, though it grows and flourishes on the bleakest sea-side heaths in Suffolk and other portions of England, where it is made available for fences, and supersedes the less hardy white-thorn. In March and April, these golden-blossomed hedges fill the breezy air with a rich perfume, gladden the eye of the traveller, and afford delicious honey for the hives of the cottage-garden. About the third or fourth year they become rugged, and they are then cut down, and bound into faggots, which are sold for oven wood, or used by the farmers for filling in the cattle sheds, and fencing in farm-yards. When used for this latter purpose, the whins are cut when green; and very warm and cosy the yards look when neatly fenced in with these bushes.

The climate of Canada does not suit the gorse. The writer once succeeded in raising a few plants from seed, and very healthy they appeared to be, till the setting in of the severe winter frosts, which killed them all.

The gorse belongs to the numerous and valuable Nat. order Leguminosæ, or Pulse family, of which we have many representatives in Canada, some of which are very ornamental, and others might be rendered valuable by cultivation.

There are teachings that lie within the book of Nature that exceed the wisdom of the most learned philosophers; and the simplest may glean therefrom knowledge so excellent, that it elevates the soul—fitting it the more readily for enjoying the presence of the great Creator, in that fair garden of the Lord, where the flowers are immortal, and fade not away!

SKETCHES OF INDIAN LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.

SALMON-SPEARING IN LABRADOR BY TORCHLIGHT.

ALL tribes of Indians from the Red River of the North to the Atlantic coast of Labrador, draw a considerable share of their support from lakes and rivers, by means of the fish-spear; the "negog" of the Montagnais of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. But spearing any kind of fish during the daytime, is a tame and monotonous occupation compared with the irrepressible excitement which attends spearing salmon by torchlight with Indians who understand their work. It unfolds the real character of the Indian race in its most striking peculiarities; it displays untutored man in the full strength of his natural gifts; expresses his capabilities

for intense enjoyment, and shows how he may be roused to exert for hours together the utmost activity of body and the greatest presence of mind.

See how gently they step into their canoe in the gloom of the evening, just passing into night! They whisper to one another, although there is no fear of the sound of their voices disturbing the prey of which they are in search. Watch the one in the bow trying the flexible clasp-*ing* tines of his "negog" or salmon-spear; springing them backward to see if they have lost their elasticity, or if they can be trusted to hold a powerful fish in their grasp; now he straightens the long and slender shaft and lays it tenderly under the bars of the canoe within reach of his hand. He next examines the rolls of birch-bark which he will use for torches, and fastens a cleft stick to the bow of his canoe, in which he will insert one extremity of the flaming roll. Turning round to ask his companion if he has "fire;" he receives a low grunt in reply, which is followed by a subdued howl! howl! and both grasping their paddles, away the canoe glides towards the foot of the rapids, to a well known shallow, or close to the tumbling waters of a cataract where the fish are known to lie.

The torch is lit, and the spearman relinquishing his paddle stands in the bow of the canoe, glancing eagerly from side to side. Suddenly he pushes his spear in a slanting direction, and quickly draws it back, lifting a salmon into the canoe; a second push and another victim. Now he attaches a thin line of sinew to his spear and twines it round his arm. Swiftly he darts his weapon; it is whirled away with a sudden jerk, and trembles in the stream; he gently but steadily draws it towards him with the line of sinew, and grasping it when within reach, lifts his quarry into the canoe. Look over the side of the little craft! the salmon are coming to the light, they gaze for a moment and glide away like spectres into the black waters; some of them swim round the canoe, and come to look again and again, pausing but for a moment to speculate upon its brightness, and the next lie quivering in the agonies of death.

Both Indians at the same moment see a fish of unusual size approach the light, gaze without stopping and quickly move off, hover about at some little distance, suspicious and distrustful, but still attracted by the glittering lure. Gently and noiselessly the canoe is urged towards him by the Indian in the stern, no words pass between him and his companion; both saw the fish at the same moment and both know that they will take him. But look at the Indian with the spear! look at his face illumined by the red flare of the burning torch! his mouth is half open with suspense, but he does not breathe through it; his dilated eyes are flashing intent; he stands so motionless, with uplifted spear ready to strike, that he looks like a statue of bronze. But there is life in that

expanding and contracting nostril, life in the two thin streams of vapor which puff from his nostrils into the keen night air; and is there not sudden and vigorous life in that swift dart of the spear, those parting lips closing together in unison with the fling of his arm? is there not intelligent life in that momentary light which flashes from his eyes, red like the gleams which they reflect, and in that smile, triumphant and assured, which he throws at his companion, as without uttering a word or sound he lifts with both hands the heavy fish straight from the water, holds it struggling over the canoe, and shakes it from his spear? Is this the languid, drowsy savage which you have often seen slouching through the day, indolent and listless, a sluggard and a drone?

They go to the foot of the cataract; the largest fish lie there in little eddies close to the rocks, waiting for an opportunity to take their leap up the tumbling waters, to sheltered parts above where they may rest in their difficult ascent. Now is the full measure of the Indian's skill required; the broken water at the edge of the main rapid at the foot of the cataract rocks the canoe, and would seem to destroy the spearer's aim; the water is deep and he must throw his weapon, he cannot push it as in the shallows or in a quiet stream. The Indian who is steering and paddling must beware of strong eddies, of whirlpools, of getting under the cataract, or of sidling into the rapid below. He must have his eyes on the canoe, the water and the salmon, and his hand ready at any moment to edge off from danger, and never give way to momentary excitement, even when the spear is thrown, and a heavy fish struck,—the rocks, the impetuous torrent, the tumbling waters at his bow, the flickering light not always to be relied on, must be watched, for a slight change in an eddy may swamp the fragile craft, or break it on a rock.

There is indescribable excitement in the dancing motion of a tiny birch-bark canoe at the foot of a cataract, by the red light of a torch, during a night without a moon. You see before you a wall of water, red, green and white tumbling incessantly at your feet; on either hand you gaze on a wall of rock, rising so high as to be lost in the gloom and apparently blending with the sky. You look behind, and there is a foaming torrent rushing into the blackness of night, sweeping past the eddy in which your birch craft is lightly dancing to the loud music of a waterfall. No sound but its never ceasing din can reach you; no near object meets your eye which does not reflect a red glare and assume an unaccustomed character which the warm and cheery colour imparts. Suddenly the torch falls and is instantly extinguished in the rushing waters; absolute darkness envelopes you, the white foam, the changing green of the falling water, the red reflected light of the broken waves, all become uniformly and absolutely black. Nothing whatever is discernable to the eye, but perhaps another sense tells of swift undulating

motion, a rolling ride over stormy waves, with lessening roar. Your eyes gradually recover their power of vision, and you find yourself either swaying up and down in the same eddy, or far away from the fall, on the main channel of the river, secure against whirlpools and rocks, with the Indians quietly paddling the canoe and about to turn again to resume their savage sport. The moment the light fell into the water, an event which often occurs with birch-bark torches, the Indian at the stern decided whether to remain in the eddy, or to enter the rapid and descend it until his power of vision was restored. This is a contingency for which all salmon spearmen in such situations must be prepared. Indecision might prove fatal, for if the eddy were safe in absolute darkness for a quarter of a minute, it would be wise to remain, if there is danger of being sucked under the fall, it would be well to seek refuge from a sudden deluge, or from rocks and whirlpools in the swift but tumultuous rapid. This can only occur on a large river, and at the foot of a fall. Water in rapid motion is a terrible power, and none know how to take advantage of its humors better than the wild Indian salmon-spearer, who avoids its dangers with matchless skill and self-possession, and who seeks the excitement it offers as if it were the mainspring of his life, or the aim of his existence.

GIVEN AND TAKEN.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

THE snow-flakes were softly falling
Down on the landscape white,
When the violet eyes of my first born
Opened to the light;
And I thought as I pressed him to me
With loving, rapturous thrill,
He was pure and fair as the snow-flakes
That lay on the landscape still.

I smiled when they spoke of the dreary
Length of the winter's night,
Of the days so short and gloomy,
The sun's cold cheerless light—
I listened, but in their murmurs,
Nor word nor thought took part,

For the smiles of my gentle darling,
Brought light to my home and heart.

Oh, quickly the joyous spring-time
Came back to our ice-bound earth,
Filling fields and woods with sun-shine,
And hearts with hope and mirth,
But still on earth's dawning beauty,
Rested a gloomy shade,
For our tiny household idol
Began to droop and fade.

Shuddering, I felt that the frailest
Flower in the old woods dim,
Had perchance a surer and longer
Lease of life than him :—
In the flush of summer's beauty,
On a sunny, golden day,
When flowers gemmed dells and wood-lands,
My blossom passed away.

How I chafed at the brilliant sun-shine
Flooding my lonely room,
How I turned from the sight of nature
So full of life and bloom.
How I longed for past wintry hours
With snow-flakes falling fast,
And the little form of my nursling
In my loving arms clasped.

They put up each tiny garment
In an attic chamber high,
His coral—his empty cradle—
That they might not meet my eye ;
And his name was never uttered,
What e'er each heart might feel,
For they wished that the wound in my bosom
Might have time to close and heal.

It has done so, thanks to that Power
That has been my earthly stay,
And should you talk of my darling,
I could listen now all day,

For I know each passing minute
Brings me nearer life's last shore,
And nearer that cloudless kingdom
Where we both shall meet once more.

THE POST OFFICE AND THE RAILWAY.

THE right of domain over its public highways, is one which has been asserted and exercised by every country, whether its roads have been constructed by private and corporate enterprise, or by the State. Upon the turnpikes and canals of England, the mail-coach and the mail-packet pay no toll to the proprietors, though passengers as well as mails are carried; and, in many instances, this exemption of the whole vehicle secures the free conveyance of the mails. Whether such exemption be regarded as the consideration paid for a monopoly, as the purchase money of the franchise, or as a royalty or suzerainty due by the corporation to the rights of the public, as represented by the Crown—so clearly is it in accordance with the common law of England, that when it first became necessary to legislate for the conveyance of mails by railway, in 1838, the committee of the House of Commons recommended that power should be given to the Post Office to run their own engines over the railways, with a limited passenger train, without payment of toll. Upon turnpikes and canals, the carrying business was in the hands of the public, and regulated by wholesome competition; and it was expected that the same principle could be applied to railways. The early enactments, therefore, provided for the admission of the public as carriers upon them, subject to specific regulations. The Post Office also claimed its special train, and the right to carry a limited number of passengers with the mails, free of toll, as on the coaches and packets. When, however, it was seen that the railway was a machine which must be worked as a whole, the Post Office consented to treat with the companies as carriers only—but not as proprietors—to pay the cost of transport of the mails, with a fair profit thereon; but resisted anything like toll for the use of the new highway. The Post Office contended that the monopoly which the railways had acquired, had not been obtained with the consent of the legislature, but in spite of it—by the unforeseen practical working of the system. But another and more serious question arose. The companies must regulate their passenger trains at hours to suit the traffic of each line: the Post Office wished to start the mails at hours to suit the whole public of the Kingdom—as well as the localities. Moreover, the Post

Office wanted the power to change these hours at will, according to the seasons, the opening and extension of new routes, &c. ; and to regulate the speed and stoppages on all the routes. These postal luxuries raised the question of interference with the general traffic of the railway. They involved the question of running night trains when and where no passengers wanted to go ; and of keeping open, all night, railways which, but for the mail trains, would be closed all night. Moreover, an alteration of an hour or two in the starting of a passenger train, to accommodate the mails, might derange the traffic of the whole line to a serious extent.

In 1838, before any legislation was had, and when the idea of determining the payment by arbitration was first suggested, an experimental one was entered into with the London and Birmingham Company, represented by Robert Stephenson. Col. Harness, R.E., A.D.C. to the Queen, acted on behalf of the Post Office. Col. (then Major) Harness proposed to apply the principle upon which the Post Office was paying for their mails on the roads, to give a fair commercial profit to the Company as carriers ; but not to pay for the use of the road further than it was clear that the Post Office put the Company to actual expense. Stephenson assented to this principle, and an award was mutually agreed upon, of 7½d. per mile run, for the use of a whole carriage. The Railway Mail Act was thereupon introduced—but Sir James Graham representing the railways, proposed (for the purpose of doing away with the principle admitted by Stephenson) a clause, directing the arbitrators to include the value of the railway, in making their decision. Mr. Labouchere, who had charge of the Post Office Bill, threatened that if this were insisted upon, he would move a clause proposing the contrary principle. The consequence was, the Bill does not determine the principle on which the Post Office payments are to be calculated.

This Act, which the preamble states, is to provide for the conveyance of mails by railways “at a reasonable rate of charge to the public,” gives the Postmaster-General absolute control over every railway in the Kingdom, with power to regulate the hour of starting, the speed and stoppages of every train carrying a mail-bag, and to demand a special train at will. Twenty-eight days’ written notice must first be served on the Company, specifying the kind of accommodation needed ; and the same for every change required ; and the value of such service, on each occasion, if not agreed upon, is left to arbitrators, one chosen by each party ; and in case of disagreement between these, the whole question of compensation is left to an umpire chosen by them. Under this system there is no majority agreement of a court of arbitration ; but the umpire is the jury, and the two arbitrators the advocates of their respective views—the decision in most cases bearing no relation to the figures of

either of them. Another peculiarity is, that whereas the two arbitrators are selected for their special knowledge of the subject, the umpire, in most cases, is selected solely for his supposed impartiality, and is, on that account, disconnected with and ignorant of the subjects on which he gives judgment. The working of this arbitration system is shewn by the evidence taken by a committee of the House in 1854. Major Harness said "the whole effort of the railway arbitrator, with very few exceptions, was to get the highest possible price he could: and to do this, he claimed for every train which carried a mail—no matter how profitable its passenger traffic might be—the whole cost of the train, at the average of all their trains, light and heavy, with a profit thereon, the same as if it had been run exclusively for the Post Office. His experience was, that the umpire should not be named by the arbitrators: and his successor (as Post Office arbitrator), Major Williams, endorsed this opinion. In one case, the Post Office arbitrator valued the service at 1s. 8d. per mile; the railway nominee claimed 12s. 10d.: the umpire awarded 3s. In another instance, 2s. 3d. was the Post Office estimate; 9s. that of the railway; and 3s. 6d. the award of the umpire. Rowland Hill shewed that the Post Office had been offered exclusive trains at 2s. 6d. per mile; that the cost on one line had been increased by an award from £9,115 per annum to £27,659, although there were the same number of ordinary trains running as before. He had been a railway manager, and knew the price the company were getting (3s. per mile) was double the total cost of the train, passengers and all. He was a shareholder in that company, and knew the cost of locomotion had only been 6d. per mile; and allowing 1s. for other expenses, there was still a margin. On that train, he said, the company were making 200 per cent. profit from the Post Office alone, besides all the earnings from passengers and parcels. On the South Devon Railway, he had had two awards following each other quickly for the same service—one at 2s., the other at 3s. 6d. per mile. In cases where the service would only justify a certain moderate payment, and nothing beyond, he was deterred from putting a railway under notice. He was three years negotiating with the Edinburgh and Hawick Company; and after getting the service performed by a mail-cart, at half the rate demanded by the railway, the latter accepted a double service for one-third less than the rate they asked for a single one. He said the Post Office would be glad to be put upon a par with the public, and pay the same rates as paid by the latter for the same service; for, as a rule, the Post Office paid for its bags higher than parcel rates, while he knew that persons sending newspapers *daily*, on the London and North-Western Railway, paid only half the usual parcel rates. The high rates paid to railway companies, he found to stand in the way of public accommodation, as the cost of the conveyance of the mails by railway was far greater than by other means."

The difficulty was, that the Act of 1838 drew no distinction between a single bag or supplementary mail sent by a regular train, and the night mail from London with its tons of newspapers, its sorting carriage, &c. Both were to be valued by arbitration: and thus a mail which did not yield 6d. per mile, would open the door for the railways to urge upon the bewildered umpire their peculiar figures for the cost of each train, and the return required to pay a fair interest on the investment. Not daring to risk an arbitration by putting a train under notice, and yet unwilling to deprive the public of the accommodation, the Postmaster-General at last despatched one of his guards as a 2nd class passenger, with mail bags as his luggage, tendering the extra baggage rate for over weight. Horrified at the prospect, the railways resisted, but were beaten by the common law decision; and to set the matter at rest, an Act passed in 1847 compelled them to receive and deliver bags as parcels. A great point was thus gained, and Liverpool and Manchester received, under that decision, an accommodation mail by an ordinary train, at £700 a year—for which the railways had previously demanded £6000 a year! The Post Office—wishing, however, to send the bags in charge of their own messengers—found that though the guard could travel as a passenger, he could not throw out his bags and take in others at intermediate stations—for the railways refused to let the Post Office messengers on their platforms for this purpose, until a Committee of the House of Commons, in 1854, reported in favor of compelling them to do so.

Rowland Hill told the committee, as his opinion after sixteen years' experience of arbitration, that "the Legislature should fix the rate of payment—even at some risk of fixing a rate which might be found occasionally excessive or inconvenient." To prove that the awards were unwarrantable, he shewed that where there was competition the day mail had been voluntarily taken on one line at 4d., and on another at 2d. per mile—by their ordinary trains. He admitted that when the Post Office prescribed hours and speed they should pay for the restriction; and in cases where a night train had been demanded, a night police had to be brought on, and other expenses incurred, which would not otherwise be required on some lines, particularly in Ireland.

The Postmaster-General, Viscount Canning, informed the committee that "the system of arbitration had not worked satisfactorily to the Government, the Post Office, or the public—mainly as to the uncertainty which it throws on every suggested improvement in which railways are concerned." He would prefer a fixed rate if possible. In cases where the circumstances were almost similar, the awards were far from being so; and where they varied, the decision of the umpire was out of all proportion to the circumstances. Allowance should be made for the constancy of the service; and he instanced season ticket-holders as pay-

ing but a fraction of the regular fares. The umpire should not be a jurymen : he may feel a deficiency in the evidence without knowing what to call for to supply it ; or matters may be left out, in the evidence placed before him, which ought to be taken into consideration—and he may be unable to hit the blot, and call for the wanting evidence. Finally, he said, “my objections are solely to the principle of arbitration, as carrying with it a great semblance of fairness and of satisfactory arrangement, and not proving to be so in fact.”

On the part of the Railways, five general managers appeared before the Committee, all of whom agreed that “arbitration was the right principle for settling the sum” to be paid by the Post Office, and they were unanimous in their opposition to fixed rates and permanent umpires. They charged the Postmaster-General with altering the service merely to obtain a new reference, in the hope of getting the amount reduced by a new umpire—a charge which was not only repudiated but conclusively disproved by Rowland Hill. Then they complained of the delays during the struggle with respect to the nomination of the umpire ; sometimes years elapsed before they agreed, during all which time they were compelled to perform the service, and got no pay, thus losing interest ; for the Post Office never paid “on account :” if it had done so, Rowland Hill remarked, awards, instead of four would be forty years in hand. The General Manager of the Great Western said he had known twelve or fourteen meetings and forty or fifty names proposed, without the arbitrators being able to agree upon an umpire : he proposed to compel them to agree within a reasonable time.

The General Manager of the London and North-Western stated that there were on his line ninety-nine mail trains daily, only twenty-two of which were “under notice,” and therefore subject to arbitration. These trains gave an annual mileage of 494,575 miles, while the seventy-seven carrying bags at a few pence per mile had an annual mileage of 958,106. By this means the average was reduced to eight pence per mile ; the seventy-seven trains—having double the mileage of the twenty-two under notice,—cost less than one-fifth of the latter.

But the great complaint of the Railways was that the Post Office had robbed them of their parcel traffic. Rowland Hill, who was responsible for the penny post, shewed that it was established in 1839, when very few railways were in existence ; that the parcels sent by post consisted mainly of small articles at a penny or two pence each, which would not otherwise be sent at all ; that as the railways did not, like the Post Office, reach every town and hamlet, the latter, as the more perfect distributing machine, would always take the single parcels ; that the railways had no monopoly of the parcel traffic ; and lastly, that the awards had been so influenced by this consideration, that the Companies were getting from

the Post Office far more for the carriage of the parcels, in the mails, than they would have received from the public. He also proved that the railway parcel traffic had diminished by a decision of the courts, and not by the competition of the Post Office. As the parcel system became developed, carriers collected parcels for the different towns in which they had agencies, and packed them in one, sending them at single rates; but the Companies tore them open and charged their rate on each. Brought into Court they contended they had a right to charge by value, and this could only be ascertained by examination, but the law said they could only take the weights, and not the contents of parcels into consideration, and so the packing went on.

The General Manager of the London and North-Western, Mark Huish, vigorously defended the award complained of by Rowland Hill (the case where the amount was increased from £9,115 to £27,659), and declared that "if it had any fault at all, it was much less than should have been given under the circumstances." As his reasons embrace the whole case of the railways, we give his summing up before the umpire. "Seeing that by the deliberate decisions of Parliament, the Post Office is not entitled to any privilege whatever over private individuals, so far as pecuniary considerations are concerned; that the duty is now performed at greatly increased speed; that the original payment was totally inadequate; that all recent awards between the Post Office and the Railway Companies have given a large increase; that the Post Office has entered in a vigorous competition with the railways for the carriage of small parcels, by means of the very low rates which they have been able to obtain, and lastly, that the working expenses of the company were vastly increased by the rise in wages and materials of every description, I can have little doubt that the sum I have named,—viz., 4s. 6d. per mile—may be justified on every principle of fairness and equity. The Marquis of Blandford," he added, "gave me 2s. 6d. per mile." Captain Huish apologized for an award of 5s. per mile made to an Irish railway, which though the highest paid, was one of the slowest in the kingdom, by explaining that it was kept open from five in the evening till nine the next morning, for Post Office purposes; and that although the Irish lines as a whole ran very slowly, the remuneration paid them depended "upon the expenses of keeping open all night railways which would otherwise be closed all night." The Manager of the Bristol and Exeter line also stated that the greater part of the expense on his line at night was occasioned by the mails; but for them the stations would not then be worked.

The Committee, in reporting, do not express any direct censure of the system, but quote the evidence of Lord Canning, Postmaster-General. "It is difficult to argue against the justice of the system of arbitration; but in practice it certainly, in my opinion, has tended to great uncertainty

in the amounts which the Post Office have to pay. I attribute it to the fact that umpires, selected by the arbitrators, do not bring to their decision a sufficient amount of knowledge and experience of the matters on which they are consulted." The Committee made the remarkable statement that "there had rarely been an instance of agreement between the arbitrators named by the Post Office and the Railway Companies as to the principles on which compensation should be awarded;" and they recommended that the umpire should be named by one of the Judges, if after a certain time the arbitrators did not agree. They say the umpires should in all cases be fully qualified by general knowledge and experience; and, without proposing principles on which compensation should be based, they admitted that the penny post had so far encroached upon the parcel traffic as to justify "the departure from practice, in charging Her Majesty's mail with toll." They recommended a system of fines for failures in performing a service so highly paid for; that mail guards travelling as second class passengers should be empowered to exchange bags with Post Office servants at stations, and that Railway Companies should be compelled to deliver Post Office bags, sent as parcels, to Post Office servants. On the question of compensation they said there was no difficulty in fixing the price when mails are carried by ordinary passenger trains; but that the trains put under notice raised the question of "tolls" and "interference," which caused the disagreement. The weight of the night mail from the inland office, London, in 1854, averaged 14 tons 7 cwt. 3 qrs. 19 lbs. daily, of which newspapers formed 76 per cent., letters 13 per cent., bags 9 per cent., and book packets 2 per cent. In conclusion the Committee, in which the Railway interest was not without friends, so far adopted the Post Office view as to recommend that "a commission of two or more experienced engineers should be appointed expressly to consider whether a tonnage toll or mileage rate, to include every charge, could not be fixed for Post Office service, which though not exactly suited to each particular case might be generally fair to all parties."

With this report Parliamentary action ended. The Railway Companies warned by the result of this investigation ceased to meddle with the Post Office guards and bags by ordinary trains, for fear they might kill the goose that laid the golden eggs in the "noticed" trains; and the Post Office having power to keep down the average mileage rate, by sending mails by ordinary trains, and so to confine the "noticed" trains to the important mails, was willing to risk the ordeal of arbitration on these.

The extension of the Railway system also brought about competition, and the tenders of competing lines could not be without its influence on the umpires. And lastly, the consideration that the railways in England pay a government duty of five per cent. on their nett passenger receipts—by which the Companies pay back the greater portion of their mail

moneys, no doubt induced both Parliament and the Post Office to treat them with extra liberality.

The umpire was generally selected from the nobility, as less likely to be influenced by either the Post Office or the Railways; or rather, as the only class on whom the arbitrators could agree. Some of these, however, were connected with railways, and most of them knew nothing either of Post Office requirements, or of railway traffic; and when the Post Office arbitrator ascertained, from dearly bought experience, that certain names were invariably associated with excessive awards, he threw these out and naturally enough struggled for fair play. The Railway arbitrator was as pertinacious to obtain, as the other was to avoid, his man, and hence the delays complained of. In fact, this power of resistance was all the check the Post Office had—for there was no appeal from the decision of the umpire—and it behoved it to exercise it with firmness and circumspection. The Post Office arbitrators were officers of the Royal Engineers, and they asserted that their estimates were liberal. The railway arbitrator, however went before the umpire claiming several times the amount as the surest means of getting half what he asked. The Post Office arbitrator represented a department which was authorized and expected to pay the full value of the service rendered; and he dare not offer less than this without proving to Parliament and the country his unfitness for his position. Nor could he compromise himself by attempting to “feel” a proposed umpire. On the other side, a zealous manager, whose success with his employers depended on the amount he could procure,—or a needy corporation,—were under no such restraints; and the result in England has been that which has obtained in every other country where the government deals with a private corporation, or a municipal corporation with an individual; the delegate of the many defends his trust with one hand tied. The importance attached to the selection of the umpire is shewn in the history of the abortive arbitration entered into last year with the Grand Trunk Railway. That company, as stated by Mr. Baring, claimed an umpire in England, and when this was refused, their commissioner made a special trip across the Atlantic for further powers, before he could consent to the nominee of the Canadian Government.

The cost of mail conveyance by railway in England ranges from 3s. 8½d. per mile, down to one farthing per mile run: the average rate for 1861 was 6½d., which shews a steady decrease, as it was 8½d. in 1857, and 10d., as stated by Rowland Hill, in 1854. This decrease is in the face of an enormous increase of mail matter. In 1861, 593,000,000 of letters and 38,000,000 of book packages passed through the British Post Office. The mileage of mail trains in 1849 was 4,000,000; in 1857, 8,000,000; and in 1861, 11,000,000; for England and Wales. The book packets have increased 50 per cent. since 1857.

The mileage of mail trains, the rates, Government duty, and other taxes paid by railways in the United Kingdom, in 1861, were as under :

	<i>Number of miles per week day.</i>	<i>Average charge per mile.</i>	<i>Maximum.</i>	<i>Minimum.</i>	<i>Government Duty.</i>	<i>Rates and Taxes.</i>
		<i>d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>£</i>	<i>£</i>
England	33,041	6½	3 8½	½	335,444	451,782
Ireland	4,180	11½	4 1	½	32,067
Scotland	6,602	7½	4 0	½	27,207	61,370
United Kingdom	43,823	7½	4 1	½	362,751	545,219

In the United States, the railways are under the control of the State governments, while the postal service is managed by the Federal power. The position of the general government, therefore, as compared with other countries, is in this respect a very weak one—no attempt having been made to assume control, by any civil law, over corporations which hold their privileges from the State governments. In 1838 (the year in which England first legislated upon the subject of railway mail conveyance), Congress simply declared the railways to be post routes, and authorized the Postmaster-General to send the mails by them, “provided he can have it done on reasonable terms—and not paying therefor, in any instance, more than twenty-five per cent. over and above what similar transportation would cost in post coaches.” The next year, a maximum rate of \$300 per mile per annum was fixed, for any amount of mail service, but still restricting payments to a maximum of twenty-five per cent. over the cost of coach service, under similar circumstances. In 1845, another Act was passed, “to secure an equal and just rate of payment according to the service performed”—which directed the Postmaster-General to divide the railways into three classes, according to the size of the mails; the speed at which they were carried; and the importance of the service; and authorized him to contract with them, provided the first class received no more than the maximum which had been already established by the laws of 1838 and 1839; the second class no more than \$100 per mile; and the third class no more than \$50 per mile. If he could not contract on these terms, he was authorized to separate the letter mail, and forward it by horse express, and the residue by vehicles. But if one-half the service on any railway were performed in the night, he might pay for that twenty-five per cent. over the classified rates; and finally, if there were more than two mails daily each way, he could allow what was just and reasonable for the extra service.

Where Congress granted lands in aid of railways, as in the case of the Chicago and Mobile road in 1850, it declared that, in consideration thereof, the road "should be free of toll or other charge to U. S. troops and property;" and that the mails should be carried upon it "on such terms as Congress shall fix."

The nature of the service performed by the United States railways—as defined in the printed forms of contract used—is as follows:—

1. That the mails (including British, Canada, and other foreign mails) shall be conveyed in a secure and safe manner, free from wet or other injury, in a separate and convenient car, or apartment of a car, suitably fitted up, furnished, warmed and lighted, under the direction and to the satisfaction of the Post Office Department, at the expense of the contractor, for the assorting and safe-keeping of the mails, and for the exclusive use of the Department and its mail agent, if the Department shall employ such agent; and such agent is to be conveyed free of charge. When there is no agent of the Department, the Railroad Company shall designate a suitable person on each train, to be sworn in, to receive and take charge of the mails, and of way-bills accompanying and describing them, and duly deliver the same. And the mail shall be taken from and delivered into the Post Offices at the ends of the route; and also from and into intermediate Offices, provided the latter are not over one-quarter of a mile from a dépôt or station.

2. That if the Company shall run a regular train of passenger cars more frequently than is required by the contract to carry the mails, the same increased frequency shall be given to the mails, and without increase of compensation; and the like as to increased speed of the mail trains, when desired by the Postmaster-General.

3. That the Company shall convey, free of charge, all mail-bags and Post Office blanks; and also all accredited special agents of the Department, on exhibition of their credentials.

In every case of any failure to perform the trip, not beyond their control, there is forfeiture of the pay for the trip; and the loss of a connection, if avoidable, involves a double penalty. Neglect to take or deliver a mail, or allowing one to become wet or injured, are subject to fine. And lastly—the Company are made "answerable for the adequacy of the means of transportation; for the faithfulness, ability and diligence of its agents; and for the safety, due receipt and delivery, as aforesaid, of the mails."

There are 320 railway routes on which the mail is transported, having a total length of 21,330 miles, with an annual mail mileage of 22,777,219 miles—for which the sum of \$2,498,115 is paid—about eleven cents per mile run. The greater number, length and mileage, are in the second and third classes—the average rate for which is 8½ cents per mile run.

These classes embrace 232 routes, having a total length of 13,195 miles, and an annual mileage of 11,609,170, which costs \$998,730.

In the reports published in connection with the Grand Trunk Postal Subsidy discussion, much stress has been laid on the price paid the New York Central for mail transportation; and there is a good deal of discrepancy in the statements made by such high authorities as the Government Commissioners of inquiry, in 1861—our Postmaster-General and Mr. Brydges, in 1862. The former made the average rate of the whole amount received for 1860, \$172.24 per mile of road. The Hon. Mr. Foley states it correctly, as far as it goes, at \$51,600, for 298 miles of railway—a fraction over \$173 per mile per annum. Mr. Brydges says the Company receives an aggregate of \$91,550, which is at the rate of \$307 21c. per mile. It is true, he says, that for “a portion of the distance they have a duplicate line; but these double lines do not average twelve miles apart; they accommodate the same district of country—and for all practical purposes, the amount paid is for a line of 298 miles in length.”

The New York Central receives now \$94,650 per annum, for a length of railway (including one leased line) of 659 miles of main line and branches, or an annual average rate of \$143 50c. per mile of road. There are on this road 243 miles of double track; and the payment, therefore—though for a line of country 298 miles between its termini at Buffalo and Albany—is really for a line of single track of over 900 miles in length—about \$105 per mile of single track. The length of sidings, in addition to the double track, is 120 miles, which brings up the total length of track to 1,023 miles—a greater length than that possessed by the Grand Trunk in Canada. This Company has also more locomotives and cars than are on the whole Grand Trunk, both in Canada and the United States.

If the Grand Trunk were in the United States, the portion between Quebec and Toronto would receive \$100 per mile, and all the rest \$50. This would give \$68,500 per annum, for which side service would be required. We pay the Company \$60,000, besides \$18,000 to other parties, for the side service.

The cost of side service on Grand Trunk (\$20 per mile) must be added to the \$70; and at \$90 per mile per annum, the mail mileage rate for this road would be 8½ cents, as compared with the 8¼ cents on the N. Y. Central. The Central, carrying vastly more of mail matter, receives a less rate per mile run.

The real question, however, for comparison, is the service performed by the two roads respectively. Mr. Watkins, at the meeting held in London last August, stated the Grand Trunk weekly mileage of mail trains in Canada, to be 17,000 miles—or 884,000 miles per annum. The

mileage of the New York Central, as will be seen from the statement below, is 1,170,940 miles. It will be observed in this table that the highest rates are paid on second rate sections. The old stage route was the longest, and the highest rates are continued on it—by a process known to Congress as “constructive mileage.”

Sections.	Length in miles.	Am't rec'd per mile annually.	Trips per week.	Annual payment.	Annual mileage.	Cost per mile run. in cents.
Albany to Buffalo.....	218	\$200	25	\$43,600.00	566,800	7.69
	80	100	25	8,000.00	208,000	3.84
Troy to Schenectady.....	23	75	12	1,650.00	27,456	6.00
Syracuse to Rochester, via Auburn	104	200	12	20,800.00	129,792	16.02
Canandaigua to N. Falls }	50 }	62.89	12 }	6,100.00	91,628	6.65
	47 }		6 }			
Rochester to Niagara Falls.	76	150	12	11,400.00	94,848	12.02
Batavia to Attica.....	11	50	6	550.00	6,864	8.01
Buffalo to Lockport.....	23	50	12	1,100.00	27,456	4.01
“ to Lewiston.....	29	50	6	1,450.00	18,096	8.01
	659			\$94,650.00	1,170,940	8.08

In addition to the mileage run, the bulk of the mails, and the speed at which they are carried, are elements of comparison. We have no statistics of the weight or bulk of the mails carried on the Grand Trunk. The English mails carried by special train do not disturb the general average, as they have been paid for at very profitable rates, varying from 30cts. to \$2.00 per mile. But we believe neither the bulk nor the weight of our ordinary mails has reached the capacity afforded by the one-third of the car devoted to Post Office purposes. The westward mail on the New York Central averages $5\frac{1}{2}$ tons, and the eastward one $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons, daily. This amount of mail matter could only be disposed of by frequent trains, and as a matter of fact, it is nearly equally distributed between the four trains which run each way daily, three of which are express trains at 30 miles the hour including stops—the other at 21 miles. On the Grand Trunk we have no express trains proper—but one passenger train at 20 miles, and one mixed one at $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles the hour, on the principal sections; and one mixed one only at the two extremes of the road.

Mr. Brydges states \$100 per mile to be the lowest *rate* fixed by Congress in the classification of the railways,—though he adds that he believes “a few small branch lines have been paid at rather less than \$100 per mile.” We have already seen that by the act of 1845, Congress fixed \$50 per mile as the maximum rate of the lowest *class*; and there are 127 routes

having a total length of 4,605 miles paid at and below that figure,—one as low as \$10. Thirteen of these roads carry the mail twice each way daily, as is done on the most important sections of the Grand Trunk. The number of routes paid at rates under \$100 per mile is 179, having a length of 7,526 miles—36 of which carry two mails daily each way. The maximum rate, with 25 per cent. added for night service, is paid only to the New York and New Haven, a double track line, which running only three mail trains daily, receives \$375 per mile—nearly double that paid to the New York Central for four trains and a greater amount of mail matter. This anomaly—which is similar to our own practice in paying the same rate per mile per annum below Quebec, that we do above Montreal—is accounted for by the United States Postmaster General who says that “some corporations when the public treasury was full succeeded in obtaining too much from the treasury.” This may be a delicate way of hinting that when a Postmaster General had the power to sign a contract for a term of years, binding the general Government to pay anywhere between \$10 and \$375 per mile—he might not always be proof against the solicitations of a political broker employed by the corporation to get the best terms he could.

That the system now existing in the United States is by no means satisfactory is proved by the following pregnant extracts from the last report of the Postmaster General at Washington :

“I renew the recommendations of my report of last year for the establishment of some system to enable the department to procure contracts on fair terms with railroad companies for mail service. Many cases have risen since then to illustrate the necessity of further legislation to prevent the serious prejudice to public interests, likely to occur if these corporations are left as at present entirely unrestrained by law. Some of these corporations when the public treasury was full, succeeded in obtaining too much from the treasury ; and even now, when the resources of the country are so severely taxed to preserve the Government, there are, I regret to say, some companies threatening to throw off the mail, unless terms even more onerous than any heretofore exacted from the Government, by any other company, are agreed to by the department. The effects of yielding to such exactions on the part of the few has been to raise the terms required by all ; for the more liberal justly say—whilst they agree that the terms allowed are too high—they cannot compete with rival lines unless they demand and receive the same rates for carrying the mails. * * It has been suggested that in lieu of the classification by which compensation is now fixed, reference should be had to the actual cost of transportation ; and I am disposed to think arrangements could be more satisfactorily made on such a basis than in the present system. I think it probable it would be generally acceptable, and that a compensa-

sion to cover the actual cost of transporting the mails, would be satisfactory to the railways; for the considerations which preclude the Government from desiring revenue from the mails, ought to operate even more directly on the railroad interest, to preclude it from attempting to burden a machinery which, in so many ways, creates its business. All increase and acceleration of mails promotes the transfer of persons and property, for which these roads were constructed, and of which the transportation of the mails is but an incident."

The cost of mail transportation by coaches in the United States averages 24 cents per mile, while in England, Ireland and Scotland it only averages about one-fifth, and in Canada (before the Railway era) about one-fourth this amount. The mail contracts in the United States have long been the perquisites of the party successful in the Presidential election; and often were the only means by which the Federal patronage could be made to reach certain districts. The fact that the early rates for railway mail service were fixed with reference to the cost by coaches, and 25 per cent. was allowed to be added for the additional speed, may explain how that Government has been gradually led into an outlay which is now found to be intolerable.

In Canada no legislation was had bearing on the question of mail transportation, before the Union, for the reason that our Post Office was then in Imperial hands. In chartering the early Railway Companies, Lower Canada regulated the tolls—but the Upper Province left these to the discretion of the proprietors: the same principles were applied, respectively, to the railways chartered in each section after the Union, until 1846, when the first legislative reference to mail transportation was made. Although the transfer of the Post Office from the Imperial to Colonial control did not take place until 1851, the Legislature, in view of it, inserted a clause in the Great Western, and Montreal and Kingston Acts of 1846, compelling these railways to carry mails, troops, munitions of war, police, &c., on terms to be fixed by the Governor in Council, in case of disagreement; but the Companies procured a qualification to the effect that they should not be required "to start any train at any other time than their ordinary time of starting the same." In 1849 when the first guarantee Act was passed, another general railway act of the same date repealed this qualification, in the case of any railway subject by its charter or amended act to the provisions of any future railway act: and the General Railway Act of 1851 put all railways, thereafter to be made, under the obligation to carry mails, military and militia, artillery, ammunition, provisions and stores, policemen and constables in Her Majesty's Service, "with the whole resources of the company,—at all times when thereunto required by the Postmaster-General, the Commander of the Forces," &c., the terms to be fixed by the Governor in Council. By the

same act the Railways were empowered "to regulate the time and manner of transporting goods and passengers, and fix the tolls thereon;" the latter subject to the approval of the Governor in Council. The companies are subject to action for any refusal or neglect to forward goods and passengers; but the Railway act does not fix the minimum speed or frequency of trains. The Grand Trunk Act, however, obliges that Company to run at least one train every day having third class carriages taking passengers at one penny per mile. The Canadian Postmaster-General has the power, though we have not learned that it has ever been exercised, to fix the hours for the departure of mail trains; but he cannot regulate the speed or stoppages. The United States Post Office has not this power, nor does it seek it; but it seeks the other and more important power possessed by Canada, that of compelling the Companies to carry the mails, not on their own terms, but those on which goods and passengers are carried in all countries—under the same conditions of speed and accommodation afforded. In practice we have wisely followed the American system of sending our mails by the ordinary trains, and have thus avoided the excessive demands which have been made upon the English Post Office Department—while we possess what neither of the other governments have—the very necessary power of confining the compensation to what is just and reasonable.

In 1840, the average cost of mail conveyance by daily coach, was six cents per mile run on the main routes: in 1852, just before the railway era, it was five cents per mile travelled. The cost by steamboat varied as opposition or monopoly existed. In 1852 a mail was taken by Mr. Holton's through line from Montreal to Hamilton, for ten dollars per trip—about two and a half cents per mile. Reasonable as this appears, it doubtless paid the steamer better than any other freight carried.

In 1853, upon the opening of the Grand Trunk between Montreal and Portland, the first extended railway mail service began, and on application from the Government the Company offered to transport mails by all their ordinary trains, including the conveyance of a mail conductor, for \$110 per mile, per annum. In 1854 the Company ran through trains to Portland in $11\frac{1}{2}$ hours—and in 1855 the express trains between Montreal and Quebec, made the distance, 168 miles, in five hours. On the opening of the line from Montreal to Toronto, day and night express trains were established,—in addition to local passenger trains. The Company, up to a recent period, had no idea of mixed trains, and contemplated the usual combined baggage and mail car with all their passenger ones. The tender of 1853 therefore involved at least three mail trains each way daily, with a conductor for each. No action was taken by the Government until the increase of the railway mileage became important and its effect could be seen, the Companies in the

meantime receiving what the Government tendered on account. In 1858 an order in Council fixed the price of \$30 per mile per annum for each day train, and \$40 for each night train carrying a mail, over every railway without reference to the weight or bulk of mails. In 1853 the Company made an offer which the Government would not take the responsibility of accepting—as binding them for any fixed period—but paid nevertheless at the rates demanded. In 1858 the Government fixed a rate which the Company in their then position as prospective applicants for further aid, (which they received in 1860) did not protest against—most probably because it was unnecessary, for their accounts shew that down to the end of 1860 they were paid at the old rate, notwithstanding the order in Council of 1858.

In 1860 this Company became bankrupt, and a Committee of Bond and Shareholders virtually took its affairs out of the hands of its former managers, and made their first report in December of that year. In this they suggested that “one of the easiest and fairest means of obtaining present financial relief for the company, would be the capitalization by the Province of the annual amount to which the Company was entitled, for postal service”—the extreme inadequacy of the payment for which by the Canadian Government, they drew attention to. They said that “the great object to be accomplished was the raising of two or two and a half millions sterling—and that the Company had a right to look to Canada [for the third or fourth time] for aid,” on the ground of our moral responsibility. Mr. Newmarch, the moving spirit in the matter, and understood to speak the views of the Messrs. Baring, declared at the public meeting which followed, that “at this crisis of our fate we have a fair right to look for assistance to the Canadian Government. Now there is a mode of affording assistance, and that is by increasing the postal subsidy. So strongly has the Company felt the inadequacy of this payment, that up to this time they have only accepted the money on account. If it should appear that we can substantiate a claim of £85,000 or £95,000 sterling per annum, (\$420,000 to \$470,000) there will be some considerable arrears to draw from the Government of Canada, on account of the subsidy.”

In the second report of the above committee, in July, 1861, they recommended that “the Canadian Government be applied to, to advance to the Grand Trunk Company, in Province bonds, bearing five per cent. interest, payable in London—a sum of one and a half millions sterling, as the payment for twenty-five or thirty years, of the total amounts for postal and military subsidy—reasonable provision being made for limiting the extent of the service to be required by the Province.” This would be about six times the amount now fixed by law; and the Committee admitted that they might be charged with “reckon-

ing on a degree of liberality, on the part of Canada, of very improbable occurrence."

It will be remembered, that at the last session, our Legislature refused to capitalize a postal subsidy; but authorized the Company to issue bonds secured on all monies derived from postal or military services. An arbitration was then in progress to fix the amount—but a change of government broke it up, and the news reached England only a short time before the Grand Trunk meeting in August last, and after Mr. Watkin's report, announcing the fact that the arbitration was in progress, had been issued. Much feeling was exhibited at that meeting, in consequence of this miscarriage of the arbitration scheme. Mr. Baring acknowledged that "the Arrangement Act was in reality based on an increased award by arbitration;" while Mr. Wilson charged our Government with a gross breach of faith, and said that for "Canadian" they should read "jobber." Mr. Newmarch "hoped a place of penitence might yet be reserved for the Canadian Government. He was sorry, not for the Company, but for Canada. The stick was now in the Company's hands—no longer in those of the Canadian Legislature. They might depend on it, that occupying, as their railway did, the back-bone of the Province, and being the only possible line of communication, the time was not far distant, when the Province of Canada would be suitors to them, and not they to the Province. The judgment creditors [among whom are the financial agents of the Province] held £700,000 sterling of collaterals for advances, the release of which was contingent on the postal arbitration; but he could not now ask them to surrender." Mr. Watkin, in his report, explained that though "he had failed to get the Province bonds in capitalization of a postal subsidy, he had altogether avoided governmental control, and the power of temporary seizure, which would no doubt have been insisted on to secure the performance of a postal contract." At the meeting, he said "so long as the repudiation of a solemn contract, legal or illegal, still honourably made, shall mark the parliamentary history of a country with which we should wish to be on terms of affection, neither you nor any other body of shareholders will ever send out another shilling." If they failed in obtaining "adequate remuneration," he told them they "must come together and strengthen the hands of the directors in taking those measures which must be successful in case you are compelled to resist grievous injustice." At the meeting of October following, Mr. Hartridge said "he expected little from the justice of the Canadian Government. The Company was not bound to serve the Government; and he would like to know the position of Canada, if they refused to carry on the postal service."

Canada now pays annually over \$900,000—or more than \$1,000

per annum upon every mile of the Grand Trunk within her borders—by way of interest, and in a few years more will have to meet a principal sum of fifteen millions of dollars, as her contribution to this Company; and there cannot be the slightest doubt, that if our Legislature had stipulated the free conveyance of the mails, in consideration of this gift, it would have been assented to as reasonable. This advantage of the company's necessities was not taken; and, as a consequence, all our contributions have been credited to the moral responsibility side of the account. What the precise valuation of the moral responsibility of a colony of our age, area, and population, should be, we have no means of determining upon this side of the Atlantic: but it would seem that a commission, for the final adjudication of this matter—if that be possible—should precede any further negotiations on account of postal services with our Trunk line, by arbitration or otherwise.

We have neither the resources of England, nor those of the United States, and cannot be expected to pay as well; but neither of those governments have incurred indebtedness, to aid railways, as we have done. Proportionally, we have been more liberal than either: we do not exact the special trains, nor the speed, as in England; nor do we hold the companies responsible for the mails, and make them perform the side service, as in the United States.

In Mr. Brydges' reply to the Postmaster-General, we have an indication of the ground which will be taken by his Company in entering upon an arbitration. He devotes at least one-fourth of his letter to the moral responsibility aspect, which clearly has no relation to the commercial value of the service; and then he proceeds to the latter, after this fashion:—"The fares of the forty Post Office clerks travelling on the Grand Trunk, calculated at rates paid by ordinary travellers, would amount to more than half the rate of seventy dollars per mile. The Post Office cars, if used for the ordinary passenger business, would accommodate at least sixteen passengers, whose fares, at the regular rates between Montreal and Toronto, would produce, in that district alone, upwards of \$100,000 per annum, or at the rate of more than \$300 per mile of railway, per annum." The same calculation might be made with respect to the baggage compartment, and that for the express; both of which are in the same car with the mails; the first producing nothing—and the second though as large, and also carrying a non-paying passenger and a greater weight, does not yield the Company as much as the one occupied by the mails.

There are several ways in which the service may be valued—but mileage or tonnage calculations seem superfluous in the face of the rates which the Companies have themselves fixed for the express service.

The relative receipts for Mail and Express service on the undermentioned roads in 1860, were :

	Length in miles.	Receipts from mails.	Receipts from Express.	Mail rate per mile per annum.	Express, per mile per ann.
Grand Trunk.....	1,090	\$110,339	\$27,596	\$101	\$25
Great Western.....	345	40,369	23,295	117	67
New York Central ...	659	95,765	62,735	145	93

On the Grand Trunk the express mileage is only half the mail mileage, where there are two passenger trains daily. On the Great Western it is less than the mail mileage;* but on the New York Central they are equal on the main route—and so great is the bulk and weight that in some trains several cars are required for the express, while no additional ones are needed for the mails.

As to the service itself, it appears that we have in certain districts two sorting cars daily, while only one is used on more important routes in the United States, and that this is because both trains do not stop at all stations. If two sorting cars are to double the value of the highest rate demanded, it will be necessary to serve the smaller stations by side service from the larger ones : for small places have no greater claims to increase the Post Office outlay because they happen to be near a main line, than the larger places more distant from it which are not so favored—merely because the railway commenced a speed and frequency of trains which it has been unable to continue.

There is an important distinction between an arbitration to meet the requirements of the Grand Trunk Company and that which is obtainable in England,—which makes our position, strange to say, worse than that admittedly bad one. The amount fixed will be the basis for an issue of bonds : if excessive it cannot virtually be set aside—as is done in England when a change of service abolishes the existing award—because it is not within the limits of probability that our Postmaster-General will assume the responsibility of changing the hours and regulating the working of mail trains, as is done in England : moreover, a reduction would destroy the bond basis and aggravate our moral responsibility. If hours of starting and stopping are prescribed, the Company can make out a case for the whole cost of the train, on the ground of “interference;” and Mr. Brydges warns us that the average earnings of passenger trains do not amount to 75 cents per mile run, while the cost is very nearly \$1 per mile.

The principles on which payment ought to be made, should be asserted by the Legislature. Mr. Carlwell’s committee of the House of Com-

* This line has foreign as well as Canadian services.

mons in 1853, laid down the principle that the railway should receive no more than the public would be required to pay for the same service.

Rowland Hill, from whom, says Capt. Huish—the railway manager opposed to him—“every thing which emanates is characterized by sound, practical common sense,” went further, and insisted that Parliament should not only fix the principles, but the rate itself. Under any circumstances a maximum rate should be fixed by the Legislature for the different classes of service, as Congress had done. Without this it will be in the power of an umpire to bind the Province to an annual tribute to the Railway interest—over and above the commercial value of the service—sufficient to subsidize a line of ocean steamers: for the main objection to arbitration upon the English plan is that the Government and Legislature delegate the whole question of the amount to be paid—to one person over whose appointment they have no control. It is true that the Post Office arbitrator has a voice in naming the umpire, but he cannot object to the railway nominee except for cause, which cause cannot be demonstrated until the mischief is done. The first umpire will virtually settle the whole question.

INSECT LIFE IN CANADA—MARCH AND APRIL.

BY THE REV. CHARLES J. S. BETHUNE, M. A.

INSECTS in Canada are looked upon in general as objects only of detestation and abhorrence, to be trodden under foot and crushed upon every opportunity. It is true, indeed, that the injuries they inflict upon the agriculturist and the gardener are almost infinite in number and degree, and thus to some extent justify the treatment they receive, but at the same time it must not be forgotten—as, unfortunately, it too often is—that they likewise confer upon us a large number of benefits, which are not duly appreciated, because not fully known or acknowledged. Moreover, the pleasure to be derived from contemplating the beauty of their appearance, and investigating their various habits and all the interesting details of their natural history, though by no means inconsiderable, is, for the most part, not thought of for a moment in this utilitarian age, and especially in this new country where work and money-making are too generally the order of the day. To attract attention they must be exhibited as noxious or beneficial,—as inflicting injury upon our property, or as affording means for obtaining wealth: in the former light they are but too well known, as many an anxious farmer can abundantly testify; but

in the latter they are little regarded. While we look upon them, then, in both these aspects, let us endeavour at the same time to derive some gratification from the observation of them in all their life and beauty, as they busily pursue their varied avocations, or bask in short-lived pleasure beneath the sunny sky.

After a long, dreary winter, when Nature has for months remained enshrouded in her chilly mantle of frost and snow, devoid of animation and sunk in a death-like sleep, how cheering is the return of Spring! How joyous to all is its first mild breath which steals over us as if wafted from the bowers of Paradise! But for the Entomologist it possesses even a greater charm; to him it brings visions of bright morning rambles over fields and meadows now released from their fetters of ice, and soon teeming with insect life in all its wondrous variety,—of hours to be spent in the exploration of some shady grove or woody glen,—of excited chases after some rare butterfly which hovers like “an embodied breeze at play” over the vernal flowers,—or of visits by night to the haunts of the owl moths which, bat-like, dart hither and thither through the gloom. Such are some of the pleasures to which he looks forward as natural accompaniments of returning Spring, and to which he eagerly devotes his leisure hours. The first mild, balmy day in March is sure to find him a-field, peering about anxiously in every warm, sunny spot for signs of returning life and animation in the long torpid insect tribes, and feeling a thrill of pleasure whenever he lights upon some chance specimen that he had not before observed.

But let us join him in his rambles, and observe with our own eyes the waking up of Nature from her long repose. The first insect harbinger of Spring, is generally a tiny little gnat that sports in the sunshine, joining with its fellows in some mystic dance, as if it too rejoiced in its recovered animation. Let us catch one, and see what it is like. At the first glance it reminds us of the Daddy-long-legs, that old friend of our childhood, of which, indeed, it is a liliputian representative; on closer inspection we find that, like all other two winged flies, it is furnished with two curious little organs placed, one on each side, just behind the wings, called *poisers* or *halteres*, and consisting of a short membranous thread terminating in a round or triangular button. When at rest the insect moves these organs with great vivacity, and probably also when flying; their use, however, has never been satisfactorily ascertained, though they are generally thought to be intended for keeping the body steady in flight; it is asserted, indeed, that if one of these be cut off the insect will fly as if one side overbalanced the other, till it falls to the ground; and that if it be deprived of both it will fly very unsteadily, and sometimes be unable to take wing at all. Every one, no doubt, has observed the choral dances of these little creatures at various seasons of the year; they

have been described by many writers on insects, and have not escaped the notice of the poets. Wordsworth, in his "Excursion," forms probably a true conjecture respecting the principle that impels them to join in their airy and ceaseless dance, when he thus alludes to them:—

"Nor wanting here to entertain the thought,
Creatures that in communities exist,
Less, as might seem, for general guardianship
Or through dependence upon mutual aid,
Than by participation of delight,
And a strict love of fellowship combined.
What other spirit can it be that prompts
The gilded summer flies to mix and weave
Their sports together in the solar beam,
Or in the gloom or twilight hum their joy?"

To the same order as these gnats belong those terrible foes to our grain crops, the far-famed Hessian fly, and the wheat midge—both of the family of gall-gnats (*Cecidomyiadae*). These minute insects have been so often described,* and are alas! so well known throughout the length and breadth of our land, that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon them here. It is consoling, however, to find that in this, as in many other cases, Providence has beneficially provided a host of parasites which prey upon these destructive insects in all their stages, and which are computed to destroy at least nine-tenths of all that emerge from the egg in every season. While, then, we cannot but feel humiliated when we find our chief means of support at the mercy of such small and apparently insignificant creatures as these, how great should be our thankfulness that the Almighty, in His wisdom, has created still more minute agents of His will to keep in check the work of destruction, and prevent the fair face of our land from soon becoming a desolate wilderness!

In singular contrast to the gall-producing insects of this order, are those four-winged ones of the order Hymenoptera; while the former are eminently destructive, to the latter we owe one of the most useful products afforded by insects—the gall-nuts, from which ink is made. To quote the words of those well known authors, Kirby and Spence:† "How infinitely are we indebted to these little creatures, which at once enable us to converse with our absent friends and connections, be their distance from us ever so great, and supply the means by which, to use the poet's language, we can

'———— give to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name!'

* For a full description of the ravages of these destructive insects, see the following accounts of them:—

HARRIS. *Insects injurious to Vegetation*.—New Edition, Boston, 1862, page 565.

FAY's *American Entomology*.—New Edition by Le Conte, 1859, vol. ii. p. 4.

FITCH. The Hessian fly, its history, character, habits, etc.—*Transactions of the New York State Agricultural Society*, 1846.

———. Second Report on the Noxious, etc., Insects of the State of New York, 1856, p. 53A.

† *Introduction to Entomology*, seventh edition, p. 181.

enabling the poet, the philosopher, the politician, the moralist, and the divine to embody their thoughts for the amusement, instruction, direction, and reformation of mankind."

If we now go into the woods we may find crawling about on the surface of the snow beneath the pine trees, some gnats of the same family (*Tipulidæ*) as those mentioned above, but—a curious exception to the general rule—utterly destitute of wings. These tiny creatures look more like spiders than gnats; their bodies are short and of a yellowish colour, with the usual poisers notwithstanding that the wings are wanting; the thighs of their hindermost legs present a very odd appearance, being disproportionately thick and bowed, hence their name—the bow-legged gnat (*Chionea valga*). In company with these is sometimes observed, as Mr. Gosse tells us, another apterous insect (*Borus Hyemalis*), resembling a flea in its general aspects, though belonging in reality to a winged family. Occasionally it is found in perfect myriads, blackening the fair surface of the snow; one writer, indeed, relates that he counted no less than 1,296,000 upon a single square yard, and adds that the snow throughout the whole forest appeared to be equally densely populated with them.

These are all the insects we are likely to see until the snow is well off the ground, unless we follow the example of many an ardent Entomologist, and with stiffened limbs and aching back, explore beneath the loose bark and moss of decaying trees for beetles that are snugly stowed away for their long winter sleep. As, however, our object at present is not so much to collect specimens as to observe whatever may be curious in their habits and actions, we will leave the sleepers unmolested, to dream away for a few weeks longer till the sun more fully exerts his power, and gently wakes them up once again to renewed life and activity.

When rude March with his blustering winds and chilly rains, has come and gone, and gentle April steals upon us with her soft showers and bright sunny days, let us sally forth again, and observe the changes in our insect world. See! here comes flitting towards us with outspread pinions a gaily painted butterfly,—that welcome herald of the pleasant days of spring, the Camberwell Beauty (*Vanessa antiopa*). This well known, and, at times, extremely common insect, makes its appearance as early as the middle of March, if the weather be at all propitious, retiring, however, to its winter quarters again, if Jack Frost resumes his sway for a few days, as he so often does, before finally giving place to his gentle successor. Though so common in Canada, this is esteemed a wonderful prize in England (from whence, probably, it was introduced into this country) and the fortunate individual who captures one forthwith chronicles the event that his neighbours may either rejoice with him, or envy his good luck. Like others of the same genus it passes the winter in a torpid state in some sheltered spot. Dr. Harris relates

that he has "found it in mid-winter sticking to the rafters of a barn, and in the crevices of the walls and stone-heaps, huddled together in great numbers with the wings doubled together above the back, and apparently benumbed and lifeless; but it soon recovers its activity on being exposed to warmth." Its wings expand about three inches, and are of a velvety purplish brown above, with a rather broad cream coloured margin, and a row of light blue spots parallel to it; beneath, it is of an almost uniform black colour. The caterpillar which is transformed into this beautiful creature, is an ugly black bristly worm; it may be found in great herds on willows, poplars, and elms in the month of June, and again in August, two broods coming forth in the year. It is rather destructive, as it devours the leaves, and often strips quite bare the branch on which it has taken up its abode. When fully grown it descends the tree and crawls about seeking a safe place in which to pass its chrysalis state. Its favourite spots are projecting boards of fences and buildings, to the under-side of which it suspends itself by its tail, and patiently remains in a death-like torpor, till at length it bursts its cerements and comes forth as a bride out of her chamber, prepared for the enjoyment of a new and more perfect mode of life.

In company with the Camberwell Beauty we sometimes find in early spring a few individuals of kindred species that have also survived the winter. This power of hybernation appears to be confined, among Canadian butterflies, to what may be termed the sub-family *Vanessidi*; it is generally thought that only the females which have not been impregnated, and therefore have not been able to accomplish the great object of their existence—the laying of their eggs, have their term of life thus prolonged beyond the usual period.* This supposition, however, rests as yet upon very insufficient data, and cannot be deemed conclusive until further observations have been recorded.

Around the stump of a recently felled birch or maple tree, where the exuding sap affords them and other insects many a dainty meal, we may observe some specimens of the common Forked Butterfly (*Vanessa Milberti*); see them now hovering in the air, in alarm at our approach, and now again feasting on the sweets so providentially afforded them in the absence of their usual food—the honeyed juices of the summer flowers. This very common butterfly is much smaller than the Camberwell Beauty, though it resembles it to a certain extent in the sombre hue of the ground color of its wings, which on the under side are entirely

*As if to afford an argument against this theory, the writer was presented the other day (March 12th.) with a fine *live* specimen of the beautiful hickory tussock moth (*Halesidota corya*), which had been captured by a lady in Toronto, in a room in her house. This specimen proved to be a *male*, and therefore the singular prolongation of its life cannot be accounted for by such a supposition as that mentioned above.

deep brown. The upper side is set off by a bright orange-red band, parallel to the outer edge of both wings, and terminating in a short fork in front, from which character the insect derives its common name. Its caterpillars live together on the common nettle, the leaves of which they devour, and thus tend to keep in check this unpleasantly irritating plant; nor are they alone in this useful task, for it is related that no less than thirty distinct species of insects feed upon this unattractive herb. But while it is thus beneficially employed, the caterpillars of some closely allied species of butterflies (*Grapta interrogationis*, and *G. comma*,) are no less busily engaged in the work of destruction, feeding upon the leaves of the hop, and, by uniting with myriads of other insects, causing to the growers the annual loss of many thousands of pounds.

Like many other insects this butterfly is burdened with two distinct appellations, having had the misfortune to be named by two naturalists quite independently of each other. Mr. Say, an American, very appropriately called it the Forked Butterfly (*V. furcillata*,) but unfortunately it has since turned out that a French entomologist, who had received some specimens of insects from this Continent, described it first and called it after a friend—*V. Milberti*; so in accordance with the laws of science, by the latter name it must henceforth be distinguished.

But see how joyously it flits about, ever and anon alighting to sip a few drops of its ambrosial food, and then to bask in the warm sunshine, and its "golden pinions ope and close" as if in thorough enjoyment. "Enough," it seems to say, "enough for wretched men to weary themselves about hard dry names for a tiny creature like me; let them squabble and contend, while I enjoy each passing hour, no need for me to waste my little span of life in aught but pleasure and delight; 'tis for them, the vaunted lords of earth, to toil and sweat and strive, while I in happiness make all one long bright holiday." And thus too the poet contrasts our life of trouble, pain, and disappointment with that of the fairy butterfly:—

"Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
See all but man, with unearn'd pleasure gay;
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May;
What youthful bride can equal her array?
Who can, with her, for easy pleasure vie?
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she hath to do beneath the radiant sky."

—Thompson's "Castle of Indolence."

But to turn from these gaily-attired creatures to some less showy members of the insect world—here, on the top of this warm sandy bank we are sure to meet with the purple tiger-beetle (*Cicindela purpurea*,) the first of its class to come forth in the spring. These "insect tigers,"

as they are so justly named, are especially interesting both from the benefits they confer upon us by destroying innumerable numbers of their noxious fellows, and from the singularity of their habits. "Though decorated with brilliant colors, they prey upon the whole insect race; their formidable jaws which cross each other are armed with fearful fangs, showing to what use they are applicable; and the extreme velocity with which they can either run or fly, renders hopeless any attempt to elude their pursuit. Their larvæ, also, are equally tremendous with the imago, having eight eyes (four on each side), seated on a lateral elevation of the head, two above, and two very minute below, which look like those of spiders; and besides their threatening jaws, armed with a strong internal tooth, being furnished with a pair of spines resembling somewhat the sting of a scorpion, which stand erect on the back of the abdomen, and give them a most ferocious aspect."—(Kirby and Spence, page 156.) In the summer season, the perfect insects are always to be seen on roads and pathways exposed to the burning rays of the sun, or on dry sandy banks, where their movements are unimpeded by plants or grass. At the approach of the passer by, they suddenly take wing and fly swiftly for a few yards before him, alighting again as suddenly as they rose, but always with their heads turned in the direction of the advancing danger. The same individual may be started up again and again; but after a few times, when he begins to perceive himself the object of particular pursuit, he craftily eludes further persecution by making a long and circuitous flight back to his original station. In the larva or preliminary stage of existence, they are quite as voracious, if not more so, than when their powers are fully developed; but being unable to move with any degree of rapidity, they are obliged to make up by stratagem what they lack in agility, in order to satisfy the cravings of an appetite sharpened by their rapid growth. Accordingly, their first proceeding is to dig a circular hole in the ground with their feet and jaws, large enough to admit their whole body; but with the aperture at the surface sufficiently small to be closed by the top of the head, and thus to deceive their unwary prey. No sooner, then, does an incautious or unsuspecting insect approach sufficiently near, than it is seized by a sudden effort, and carried off to the inmost recesses of the burrow, there to be leisurely devoured by the ogre-like creature within.

Of this most useful genus of insects, no less than one hundred and seven different species have been found in North America—eight of which are known to inhabit this Province—and probably more remain to be discovered. It is difficult to estimate and feel sufficiently grateful for the benefits these beetles, and other kindred ones, confer upon us; for while we cannot but observe and deplore the havoc

made in our property by their voracious fellows, we do not miss the countless numbers that they destroy, since to our casual investigations they ever appear as numerous as before. Still the fact remains the same, that were it not for these and other insect benefactors, to whom is given the commission of keeping the animals of their own class within bounds, we should be reduced to a most miserable condition; but for them, indeed, as has been well remarked, we should soon be "divested of a covering, unsheltered, except by caves and dungeons, from the inclemency of the seasons; exposed to all the extremities of want and famine; and, in the end, driven with all the larger animals from the face of the earth."

During the month of April, especially towards the latter part of it, many a beetle comes forth to "wheel his droning flight," as he wends his heedless way in search of food or pleasure. Among those to which this expression of the poet is particularly applicable, and which we are likely to find at this season, is the Indian *Cetonia* (*Cetonia inda*). This modest-looking beetle may sometimes be seen on warm days in April, flying about, with a few comrades, over sloping banks on the borders of woods, and in dry open fields. When on the wing it makes a loud humming noise like a bumble-bee, for which it might easily be mistaken, as it whirls along a few inches above the tops of the grass. It is about half an inch long; the head and thorax are dark copper-brown, thickly covered with short yellowish hairs; the wing cases are of a lighter hue, somewhat resembling ivory, and sprinkled with numerous dark spots; beneath, the insect is very hairy, and of a black color. During the summer months it disappears altogether—another brood coming forth in September, when they may be found eating the pollen of various flowers, and feeding upon the sweet sap of the Indian corn, and of willows and locust-trees. Where peaches are successfully grown, it is said that this beetle's love of sweets, leads it to attack the finest fruit, which it begins to devour as soon as ripe, and in a few hours completely destroys. Its grubs are thought to live upon the roots of herbaceous plants and grasses. On the whole, however, this pretty creature can hardly be ranked among our insect foes—its comparative rarity causing the injuries it inflicts to be but slightly felt. But as much cannot be said in favour of other members of the widely-distributed family (*Scarabæidæ*) to which it belongs; the May-beetle, the rose-chafer, and many more well-known insect-ravagers, give an evil character to the tribe, and cause even its innocent members to be generally regarded with feelings anything but kindly or compassionate; but we cannot stay to make their acquaintance now—any further observations of them must be deferred for the month in which they chiefly make their appearance.

Here is another little beetle (*Aphodius fimetarius*), flying hither and thither, as if wishing to draw away our attention from its larger congener. How attractive it looks with its jet-black head and neck, and bright coral-red wing-covers; and yet how disgusting, though useful withal, is its office! It is one of nature's pigmy scavengers, and performs an important part in the economy of the world, and the preservation of our health and comfort. In fresh manure heaps it may always be found, diligently pursuing its horrid avocations, and carefully providing for the well-being of its offspring. But we must pause no longer here; other forms of insect life await a passing notice before we dismiss from our contemplations the early visitants of Spring.

Every one has probably observed, in autumn and spring, an odd-looking caterpillar, crawling about by itself, as if always in search of something which it never finds. It is commonly called the woolly bear, from its being so thickly clothed with stiff short hairs, like the bristles of a brush, and is easily recognized by the peculiar distribution of the colors of its body—tan-red in the middle, and black at each end. When touched, it immediately rolls itself up into a ball, like a miniature hedge-hog; and, from the elasticity of its projecting hairs, becomes difficult to pick up—readily slipping from between the fingers of its captor. It feeds upon the leaves of many common plants, such as the dandelion, burdock, plantain, and others; forming, when full-fed, a dark oval cocoon, chiefly composed of the hairs of its body; from this cocoon emerges, in June or July, the Isabella Tiger-moth (*Spilosoma Isabella*), a pretty dull-yellow insect, with scattered black spots on its wings, a row of similar spots down the middle of its back, and another along each side.

While this moth is only in its caterpillar stage of existence, others have arrived at maturity. Among these may be mentioned the sword-grass moth (*Calocampa vetusta*), as it is called in England, whence it was probably imported into this country. This insect comes tapping at our windows for admittance to the light, even during the chilly nights of April, when one would think so delicate a creature might prefer to remain in some sheltered nook, instead of wandering abroad in the cold damp air.

Other insects—butterflies and moths, beetles and wasps and bees—soon present themselves in quick succession, when Spring has once fairly established her sway; but our limited space forbids us to enlarge upon them here. Future rambles, it may be, are in store for us, in which we hope—perhaps too fondly hope—to be accompanied by those who have borne with us thus far.

REVIEWS.

Prehistoric Man: Researches into the Origin of Civilization in the Old and New Worlds. By Daniel Wilson, LL.D., Professor of History and English Literature in University College, Toronto. 2 Vols., octavo. Macmillan & Co., London. Rollo & Adam, Toronto.

THESE delightful volumes, fair in outward adornment and beautiful in the spirit which pervades them and the language in which that spirit finds expression, will be welcomed and read with peculiar interest by Canadians and Americans. The Red Indian, the misnamed 'noble savage' of this continent, the 'wild forest man' about whom so much has been written, and so little that is true is really known, forms the prominent subject; and it is to him and the mysterious prehistoric remains of man in North America that we shall endeavour to limit this notice. The tenor, we have said, of Dr. Wilson's work is admirable, but his views of the Red Indian Race, and especially of their future, as expressed in the introduction, are very discouraging and even in some instances perplexing; indeed, adverse to the experience which many have hitherto supposed both Canada and the United States have already furnished of their capabilities to rise in the scale of civilization when properly educated and removed from artificial, but too often fatal influences. We are willing to admit that the 'noble savage' in a state of nature is generally a superstitious, revengeful and dirty heathen, indolent, reckless and indiscreet; supremely happy if supplied with plenty of food and smoking weed; not wholly regardless of the future, but satisfied if the present affords enough for his wants. Let this 'forest man' be made practically acquainted with the gentle influences of the Christian religion, and he becomes transformed into a different creature, or let him be educated from early youth, and he no longer remains the careless 'forest man,' thinking himself the equal in his own sphere of the enterprising and civilized whites.

Unlike many other speculative enquirers into the early history of man, Dr. Wilson, in the first pages of his work, points reverentially to the GREAT AUTHOR he has taken as his guide in those enquiries which have occupied a large share of his attention since he first set his foot in Canada, not ten years ago. "The history of civilization," he says, "is, in one sense at least, an enquiry into the developement of society, and the progressive growth of man, in his social condition, towards an ideal perfection of civil life. In the calm, ever-present eye of God, each whole race is a unit. To the individual man

"The drift of the Maker is dark, an Isis hid by the veil!"

And again, "Christianity indeed lifts for us the veil of Isis, tells of the Righter of all the wrongs of ages; the Divine One, to whom man is no scientific abstraction of races, but each individual the offered heir of an inheritance the worth of which will make life's greatest sufferings lighter than forgotten infant-tears. Science cannot supersede the work of the great Consoler; but in searching into those lesser truths with which alone it has to deal, it may grope

and peer hopefully, if still darkly, gladdened by the faith which rests on 'the evidence of things not seen.'

In the introduction to his work the learned author asks whether the 'forest man' "is in his natural condition," and appears to consider the answer doubtful on account of the invasion of his wilderness by the white man. This argument surely could not apply to many tribes described by Sir Alexander Mackenzie (Crees and Chipewyans), or other numerous people which have been but comparatively recently discovered on the Mackenzie, Anderson and Yucon rivers, the interior of Labrador, and the interior of British Columbia and Russian America. The habits of life, the superstitions, the social customs of these different people are similar in all important particulars to those of the wood and prairie Indians remote from civilization, yet who have long had intercourse with the whites.

"The Indian does not believe in the superiority of the white man. The difference between them is only such as he discerns between the social, constructive beaver and the solitary, cunning fox. The Great Spirit implanted in each his peculiar faculties; why should the one covet the nature of the other? Hence one of the great elements of the *unhopeful* Indian future."—(Introduction page 7). This passage will be read with surprise by many. It appears to be opposed to the hopes of most of those who have taken an active interest in the Red Man. However, the future of the Indian race is not individually *unhopeful*. As a distinct race they may pass from the earth, but perhaps a remnant will remain. The neat little houses, gardens and small farms of 500 Ojibways and Crees at the Indian Settlement on Red River, show what they can do when properly educated.

In a note at the foot of page 113, Vol. III. of the Canadian Journal of Science, of which the author of "Prehistoric Man" was at the time editor, reference is made to Francis Assikinack, a warrior of the Odahwabs, and author of a paper on "the Legends and Traditions of the Odahwabs," in which the progress made by Assikinack in Upper Canada College is advanced as a reason why "so creditable and satisfactory a result of an experiment which at first seemed so hopeless, ought surely to encourage its repetition, and that on a much more extended scale."

Nor must we forget Keeshick, an Ojibway, who was also educated at Upper Canada College, and who greatly assisted the Rev. Dr. O'Meara in translating some of the Gospels; nor Powlas, a full-blooded Mohawk, who was one of the best arithmeticians at the Provincial Normal School; nor the Rev. Henry Budd and his son, both full-blooded Ojibways, and now missionary clergymen of the Church of England; nor the Rev. Peter Jacobs, ordained by the Bishop of Toronto, &c., &c. Many Indians have shown great aptitude for different trades, and the real reason why whole tribes have not progressed, but on the contrary have dwindled away at the approach of the white man, is more owing to early training, early associations, and the Fur Trade—that bane of Indian progress—than to a mental incapacity which would render their future *unhopeful* in contact with a civilized race.

The Bishop of Rupert's Land says that with Indian children it is difficult to go beyond reading, writing and arithmetic, but this experience was obtained under unfavourable circumstances, such as the instruction being given by

those who were deficient tutors at the best : unskilful novices in the difficult art of communicating knowledge, especially to forest or prairie children, surrounded by all those exciting associations which life in the free prairies and woods possess for the young, whether white or red, forest born or cradled in the lap of luxury.

It is the opinion of many, says Lieut. G. K. Warren, that the Dakotas or Sioux are increasing in numbers, rather than diminishing, *except* where they mingle with the settlements on the frontier. Even now the Sioux number 24,000 in 3,000 lodges, and can bring 4,800 warriors into the field. Small pox has been their enemy ; even so late as 1856-7, not less than 3,000 Indians died in the western prairies from this scourge alone. All the Sioux are now vaccinated under instructions from the United States Government.

The Indian has been, and still is, sorely dealt with in North America ; he was first known as a hunter, he was kept by the Fur Traders as a hunter, for two hundred years he has served the whites, and all the advantages of civilization which might interfere with his occupation as a hunter have been studiously screened from his view. Some of the prairie Crees have expressed the strongest desire that their children should be educated in the white man's cunning. They do not wish for any change themselves, but they look so far into the future as to comprehend the condition to which their descendants will be reduced if the wave of civilization rolls on.

Dr. Wilson commences his work with a chapter on "THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW." "Words," he says, "can not convey to the old dweller amid Europe's thousand-fold associations and inherited ideas, the strange sense of freedom that stirs the blood in the New World's clearings, where there is nothing to efface, to undo, to desecrate." The primeval occupation of man is supposed to have been that of learning to talk. Adam was alone in the garden of Eden and was without need of speech for the interchange of thought. The origin of language is suggested to be a natural one, not a divine gift to the first man, at least so we understand the author, although in this, as in other instances, no decided opinion is given, but the reader is left to form his own conclusion from the data laid before him. The 19th verse of the 2nd chapter of Genesis is cited as the first evidence of the existence and use of human speech ; yet many will be inclined to regard the 16th verse of more importance, and decidedly in favour of the divine origin of speech. "And the Lord commanded the man, saying, Of every tree in the garden thou mayst freely eat, but of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it ; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Thousands will accept this declaration of the Almighty to Adam, implying the divine origin of speech, to one who will be persuaded by the numerous illustrations the author presents of this primeval occupation in framing a language. Passing over the chapters entitled "THE PRIMEVAL TRANSITION : INSTINCT" and "THE PROMETHIAN INSTINCT : FIRE" we proceed to one more intelligibly connected with 'Primeval man,' namely, "THE MARITIME INSTINCT : THE CANOE." Nothing can be more elegant than a well made birch-bark canoe, and of all the varieties of this necessary means of transportation in America, the delicate and symmetrical canoe of the Nasquapee of the Labrador Peninsular is by far the most beautiful. The Indians of North

America appear to have adopted or used from the earliest times most of the varieties mentioned by Dr. Wilson as characteristic of different races in various parts of the world. The birch-bark canoe is by far the most common, but the spruce-bark canoe, as well as the ordinary "dug out," were used by the Indians with whom Sir Alexander Mackenzie first came in contact in his explorations. The "Ball boat" made by stretching buffalo hide over a framework of willow wands has been and is still used by the Prairie Indians of the Saskatchewan and Missouri Basin, and completes the analogy between the canoe of the ancient Briton and the production of the Red man's "maritime instincts." We were surprised to find it mentioned as a curious fact that "throughout the American continent, seemingly so dependent on maritime colonization for its settlement by man, the use of sails as a means of propelling vessels through the water appears to have been almost unknown, and indeed, so far as North America is specially considered, was entirely unknown to the native Indians." If this be a real 'fact', the Indians are apt inventors, for we remember seeing a fleet of canoes, in the far North-West, each containing a Swampy Cree family, raise a *birch-bark* sail six feet by three in dimensions, as a turn of the river made a strong wind fair, using for a mast the paddle with which they had been propelling their delicate craft against a rapid current. The birch-bark sails were a 'length' of the covering of the birch-bark tents, and are always used as sails in modern times when Indians are changing their camp ground and the wind is fair. When hunting, a birch-bark sail is never used, as it would frighten the game.

The chapter on the "TECHNOLOGICAL INSTINCT: TOOLS" contains a very interesting account of the Iroquois or Mohawks, "a people whose conquests extended from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and from Tennessee to the St. Lawrence," and, we may add, to the head waters of the Ashwanipi on the table land of the Labrador Peninsula four hundred miles below Quebec, where their battles with the Montagnais are still spoken of in half suppressed voice. The Iroquois preserved for nearly two centuries a nearly unbroken front to European encroachment, but when civilized and uncivilized races come in contact, the invariable tendency is towards the degradation and final extinction of the less advanced race, and thus we may interpret the 'unhopeful' future of American Indians. Polish sympathizers will be horror struck by the extension of this doctrine to the Serfs of that unhappy country, who, as well as those of Russia, are said to be "now in the condition of the Saxon unfree long prior to the conquest. It may well be doubted if it either ameliorates his present condition, or accelerates his healthful progress, that he has to work out his elevation alongside the advanced nationalities of Europe's nineteenth century. France, amid all her æsthetic civilization, is, in point of political progress, scarcely in advance of the England of the seventeenth century; and more than one false step in her past history is traceable to her effort to assume the greater maturity of England without passing through England's preliminary training." (Page 229).

The ancient miners of Lake Superior are still a great mystery. The relics of their combined labours cover a wide area on the South Shore, and not only has Isle Royale revealed ancient works, but on the North Shore deserted trenches, with copper and stone implements, have been found in several places. "Since

the shores of Lake Superior rang with the echoes of the industrious toil wrought by an ancient, but long-extinct population, many centuries must have passed away. Four centuries are indisputably recorded by recent survivors of the forest growing in the trenches dug, and on the mounds raised by these mysterious people." "We are thrown back into dim centuries corresponding to Europe's early mediæval period to which to assign at the very latest those singularly interesting relics of a lost American civilization."

The chapter on the "METALLURGIC ART" is particularly interesting, and at its close we cannot help feeling a strong desire to know more about the ancient miners of Lake Superior. We know of the incipient civilization attained by the Iroquois, and their fate; we see in the grand pine forests of Keweenaw Point a more advanced civilization than the Iroquois ever knew, but without the slightest trace of the people who have left these astonishing remains of primeval art and industry, near the centre of the North American continent.

But if the ancient miners of Lake Superior are mysterious, what shall we say of the mound builders who have left their gigantic memorials scattered in countless thousands over the interior of the American continent. Some of these mounds are of vast dimensions, that of Miamisburg, Ohio, is 68 feet high, and 852 feet in circumference at its base; the truncated pyramid of Cahokia, Illinois, rears its level summit 90 feet, and is 2000 feet in circumference. The exploration of these earth mounds has entirely set at rest doubts respecting their artificial origin; "they are the monumental structures erected to preserve the memory of the honored dead in ages utterly forgotten, and by a race of which they preserve apparently the sole remaining vestiges." Throughout the State of Ohio alone, the mounds or earthworks are estimated at between eleven and twelve thousand. They extend from the great lakes to Mexico, and west of the Mississippi; but we must receive with caution the statement that they have been found in Nebraska territory extending towards the Rocky Mountains; for it has been conclusively proved that a vast number of these supposed mounds in the valley of the Missouri are nothing but *Sand Dunes*.* The arid and inhospitable character of Nebraska Territory, east of the 98th degree of long., is itself enough to show that it could never have been occupied by a numerous people who practised agriculture, such as would be required by those who erected the large number of the supposed mounds which have been discovered by many passing travellers. The ancient monuments of the Mississippi valley are divided into two classes, enclosures and mounds. An antiquity exceeding one thousand years is ascribed to some of these mysterious and marvellous remains. In some of these strongholds, to which the enclosures belonged, artificial reservoirs of water were formed. The ancient forts in Ohio are of surprising magnitude, walls twenty feet high and extending in the aggregate four miles, are evidences of immense labour and skill. In the Scioto valley the main defences of a stronghold and the uniform octangular outwork embraces an area of 127 acres, even a stream has been turned from its course to admit of the completed circuit of the water. Relics are numerous in the vast enclosures, coiled serpents carved in stone, pottery, carved fragments of ivory, discoidal stones

* Preliminary report by Lieut. G. K. Warren, U. S. Topographical Engineers.

and numerous fine sculptures of the same material. Three million cubic feet of earth were used in the erection of this ancient memorial of the Mound Builders. The conclusion suggested to careful observers is that all the most important ancient monuments, whatever their magnitude, were built of sun-dried bricks. Many of those of a circular form are *exact* circles, one 1050 feet in diameter; some of the rectangular works are exactly square, and five or six measure 1070 feet a side, a coincidence which must possess some significance. Of the numerous, intelligent, and powerful people who once occupied the valleys of the Mississippi, we know absolutely nothing. Like the ancient miners of Lake Superior they are gone and have only left their works of combined industry behind them, to tell that before the forest which now waves over the Mississippi valley existed they were there, active, energetic, intelligent, and perhaps in a measure civilized. Their Sepulchral mounds, Sacrificial mounds, and Symbolic mounds, are scattered everywhere over the broad Mississippi valley, as far as the northern lakes. They have been fully investigated and described by numerous American writers, and Dr. Wilson's chapters on the subject afford an excellent summary of the results of their researches.

Ancient Mexico and Peru are next graphically described, and many of the "cloud capped towers and gorgeous palaces" of ancient Mexico are stripped of their marbled glories, and reduced to the ordinary level of sun-dried brick. Of Peru, the author makes the following important observation. "But for the more intellectual tribes and nations whose ancient monuments lie to the south of the Rio Grande del Norte, not without intermingling some faint traces of their influences along the more northern regions of the Pacific; and, perhaps, also, even for the strange and mysterious race of the mound-builders, the most probable hive of America's civilized and semi-civilized nations, appears to me to be sought for in the rich plateaus of the Peruvian Cordilleras, where the country rises through every change of climate under the vertical rays of the Equator; and its rocky steeps are bound with exhaustless treasures of metallic ores, in such a condition as to lead man on step by step from the infantile perception of the native metal or a ductile stone, to the matured intelligence of the skilled metallurgist, mingling and fusing the diverse ores into his most convenient and useful alloys."

The first volume closes with a chapter on "THE ARTISTIC INSTINCT: IMITATION." The author had the opportunity of examining some of the relics of the mound-builders which were figured by American artists, and from the exaggerated representations, bold conclusions were drawn by some respecting the identity of the Red Indian race and the mound-builders. But the more accurate delineations of Dr. Wilson upset this view, and although he shows a striking connection between the sculptured representations of the mysterious race and the form of the skull, yet they remain mysterious still.

The Peace Pipe is the peculiar characteristic of the Red Man, and the tobacco plant, a native of America, one of the coveted of his luxuries. Even among the mound-builders, the practice of smoking was very general, if not universal. The traditions and legends connected with the Peace Pipe and the

pipe-stone quarries, are numerous, and among the Sioux give rise to many strange ceremonies they practise at the Red pipe-stone quarry on the Coteau des Prairies.

Of colonization before the discovery of the continent by Columbus—of ante-Columbian traces—the author states “that if any such did precede Columbus in his great discovery, they turned their visit to no permanent account, and have left no memorials of the premature glimpse of the Western Hemisphere.” The chapters on the “THE AMERICAN CRANIAL TYPE” and “ARTIFICIAL CRANIAL DISTORTION” occupy a considerable portion of the second volume. It is satisfactory to have the author’s assurance that the proof that the American man is in any sense separated by essential physical differences from all other nations or races, fails on minute examination.

The fate of the Indian race in America may be summed up in two words, “absorption and extinction.” “If,” says Dr. Wilson, “the survivors can be protected against personal wrong; and, so far as wise policy and a generous statesmanship can accomplish it, the Indian be admitted to an equal share with the intruding colonists, in all the advantages of progressive civilization: then we may look with satisfaction on the close of that long night of the Western World, in which it has given birth to no science or no philosophy, no moral teaching that has endured; and hail the dawn of centuries in which the states and empires of the West are to claim their place in the world’s commonwealth of nations, and bear their part in the accelerated progress of the human race.”

With regard to the first peopling of America, the author considers that idea which best harmonizes with the imperfect evidence adduced, conceives the earliest current of population destined for the New World to have spread through the Islands of the Pacific. This was followed by an Atlantic oceanic migration, by the Canaries, Madeira, and the Azores, to the Antilles, and last of all Behring’s Straits and the North Pacific Islands may have become the highway for a northern migration, although the most obvious traces rather indicate that the migration through Behring’s Straits was from America to the Continent from which its elements were originally derived.

Although these volumes contain a great variety of interesting information respecting the Red Indian of America, yet they cannot be said to embody much that is really new. Dr. Wilson’s opportunities have not yet brought him into actual contact with the “Wild Forest Man.” His travels, he tells us, have not extended beyond Lake Superior, where the Indian has for a hundred years been more or less in contact with the White Man, hence his illustrations of really savage Indian life and arts, are all second hand, and as the authorities he quotes may have been men of widely different observant powers, it is probable that much has yet to be learned respecting this interesting race. In some instances we notice so-called “characteristics,” which are entirely new to us and opposed to some experience in these matters—such for instance as the habit of Indians always exhaling the smoke of tobacco through their nostrils (page 44, vol. ii). The Indians of the Mackenzie River valley understood the art of weaving vessels of watap (the divided roots of the spruce fir,) in Sir Alexander Mackenzie’s time, when first seen by white men. Their vegetable vessels held from two to six gallons, (Journal

of a voyage, &c., 1789.) The practice of smoking does not appear to have been universal (p. 2, vol. ii.) among the Indians, for Sir Alex. McKenzie describes some of the Slave and Dogrib tribes on the river which bears his name, as "not knowing the use of tobacco."

Dr. Wilson's work will no doubt be worthily regarded as a very valuable and extremely interesting summary of facts, traditions and theories, respecting prehistoric man, and particularly of the American Indian, in the infancy of our acquaintance with this mysterious subject; but we must patiently wait for more extended and decisive discoveries before the degree of his former civilization on this Continent can be determined, or how long he has been an occupant of the prairies and forests of America. Recent discoveries show that some of the most notable characteristics of the celebrated Iroquois exist in full force among the Indians of British Columbia, and there yet remains an immense area of British and Russian America, North of British Columbia, and in the direction of that vast river the Yukon, respecting which positively nothing is known, except that it is peopled rather thickly with nomadic tribes, and is rich in fur-bearing and other animals. Numerous prehistoric remains have been recently discovered in Peru, and are noticed in another page of this magazine. Remains of man similar to those found in Denmark and other European countries, which have excited such interest among geologists and archæologists, have been found in the State of Maine. These remains consist of the bones of "man and beast, fish and fowl, in every stage of decomposition," associated with the shells of oysters no longer known to exist upon the coast of Maine. Under such circumstances and with such a vast unexplored field still before him, the enquirer into the condition of prehistoric man in America, may well pause in arriving at conclusions until more facts have been gathered together bearing upon this veiled and mysterious question, and agree with Dr. Wilson, in regarding the different theories which are offered for our consideration, to be as yet "guesses at truth."

Britanno-Roman Inscriptions, with Critical Notes. By the Rev. John McCaul, LL.D., President of University College, Toronto, &c. Toronto: Henry Rowsell. London: Longman & Co., 1863.

As a specimen of Canadian literature, this is certainly a very remarkable volume. It is one which, wherever produced, would do credit to the learning, ingenuity and good taste of its author, and could hardly fail to obtain the high approbation of those who can appreciate such pursuits; but it could scarcely have been expected in the old world, that in the remote capital of Western Canada a scholar would devote his time to correcting by accurate knowledge and acute reasoning the errors of those who would seem to have much better means of examining the particulars requiring to be known than himself, and however high our aspirations may be, it is not exactly in this department that we should expect our countrymen to obtain distinction: Yet our judgment is altogether at fault if this work is not received as a valu-

able contribution to an interesting department of Archaeological study, extending the reputation of its author for curious research, accurate scholarship and judicious criticism and proving that materials and encouragement for such pursuits are not altogether wanting to us, far as we may be removed from the objects themselves of whose worn and partially defaced inscriptions we attempt to penetrate the meaning.

It is possible that many of our readers may not be fully alive to the kind of interest belonging to the study of ancient inscriptions, or to the nature of the difficulties which must be encountered in attempting to explain them. We may therefore be excused for offering a few words on these subjects. We desire, of course, to understand as far as possible the moral and social condition, the customs, habits and sentiments of the more celebrated nations of antiquity, from whom we have in part derived our own civilization, whose literature still informs our minds and cultivates our taste, whose remaining works of art display the grandeur as well as refinement of their ideas, and every particular of whose history, as known from their own records, engages our attention, as increasing our experience of human character as well as interesting our feelings. We are even curious to learn what we can of the condition, opinions and customs of savage nations and in this connection look with interest at specimens of their rude arts which may fall in our way. How much more then must inscribed monuments, giving particulars of former occupants of a country who were eminent in war, in arts, and in cultivation, deserve investigation as being likely to illustrate some things we have read of, or to afford some fresh insight into the condition and habits of a great nation. Whilst examining such objects we have a consciousness of the reality of the records of long distant periods which otherwise we could scarcely attain. We can never forget the feeling with which we ourselves surveyed the impression of a shoe on an antique tile taken from a Roman Sepulchre, which must have been accidentally made before the tile was burned and which seemed to bring up before us the life of a remote age; and if such a trifle as this can produce such an effect, how much more interesting and suggestive would be the disinterred expressions of the religious and domestic sentiments and the business transactions of long departed generations. It is truly wonderful to observe in how many ways knowledge of the past obtained from other sources is confirmed, cleared and realized to our conceptions, and how many particulars which could not have been otherwise obtained are brought to our knowledge by the intelligent study of ancient inscriptions. It needs indeed to be an intelligent study, for were all remaining inscriptions perfect in their condition, what difficulties have to be overcome in correctly expanding the contractions so abundantly found in them; what knowledge of ancient names, of old forms of letters, and archaic or provincial terminations of words; of the names of the numerous pagan deities, of places and tribes, of official titles military and civil, and above all of the contents of other known inscriptions in which something similar may often be found, is required to give even a chance of success, and with all this what cultivated reasoning powers, what patient thought, what quickness in perceiving analogies, find their exercise in such inquiries! But in assuming the completeness of the monuments, we have set aside in very many instances much the largest portion of the actual

difficulties. Broken stones leaving us to deal with fragments, and supply by conjecture what is lost; obliterated or obscure letters, and sometimes perhaps, errors in the original execution from the ignorance or carelessness of the workmen, create difficulties which might often drive the utmost ingenuity and patience to despair. Well may we wonder that so much has been accomplished in the interpretation of ancient inscriptions, and reasonably may we be disposed to view with indulgence the attempts made even when they appear to us to be erroneous.

The subject is one naturally attractive to the scholar though putting his attainments to a severe trial, and although working on a transcript instead of the original may in some respects involve increased uncertainty, it is in other ways a saving of time and trouble, and by a very natural division of labour it often happens that the publisher and the interpreter of an inscription are different persons. Dr. McCaul has performed his part well. His interest being awakened in the Roman inscriptions which have been found in Britain, he applied himself zealously to their study and the result is, that he has corrected various errors, cleared up many obscurities, explained some things which had seemed unintelligible, offered some very ingenious conjectures, where nothing more certain could be obtained, and in many ways afforded valuable aid and guidance to the student. We shall not here attempt to select examples displaying the skill, acuteness and various resources of the author, but we will take one or two almost without selection, illustrating the kind of information derived from these inscriptions which is the foundation of their claims on our attention. Among religious inscriptions we have altars dedicated not only to the well known gods and goddesses of the Roman Mythology, but occasionally to deities otherwise unknown, belonging apparently either to the conquered people, or to the Barbarians who fought as auxiliaries in the Roman armies. Among the gods unfamiliar to the classical student we may give as an example Nodons, Nodens or Nudens, to whom inscriptions are found at a Roman villa, the remains of which were discovered at Lydney in Gloucestershire. Respecting the origin of this name nothing satisfactory has been elicited, but the identity of the deity in his symbols and his functions with *Æsculapius* seems pretty well made out, his statues found at the same place having the dog, cock and rod entwined with serpents, and representatives of limbs having been met with, which were no doubt offerings of those who had been cured. Two legible votive tablets to the god may be supposed to have been offered on recovery from disease. There is another inscription dedicated to him and making mention of his temple, remains of which are believed to have been found at Lydney, but the meaning of this is so obscure, that we confess even our author's ingenuity has failed to give us any satisfaction. It relates to a ring, possibly, as Dr. McCaul conjectures, the subject of a wager between *Silvianus* and *Senecianus* and there is a manifest reference to the power of this god over health, but the circumstances referred to remain altogether doubtful. It is a very remarkable fact, (pointed out by Dr. McCaul,) that an ancient gold ring found in another county, bears the name of *Senecianus*, and may be the one referred to, though we seem to derive no help from such a supposition in explaining the inscribed tablet.

But besides meeting with deities either new to us or appearing under a new

name, we sometimes find new names apparently originating with the conquered nations attached to the most familiar gods of Roman Mythology. There is an altar found at Ribchester in Lancashire the inscription upon which, as given in Gough's Camden, is justly characterised by Dr. Bruce when he says of it: "Never perhaps was so unmeaning a concatenation of letters submitted to the gaze of a bewildered antiquary," but which by the united labours of several learned men, and not least of Dr. McCaul, as given in the volume before us, is shown to be the dedication of the altar conjointly to Apollo and Diana, to the former by a body of Sarmatian cavalry, to the latter by a soldier of the VIth Legion, and it will be perceived that to the name Apollo is added his British designation as it is believed to be. Dr. McCaul's interpretation of the restored inscription is as follows: "To the holy god, (called) Apollo (by the Romans), Maponus (by the Britons) for the health of our Lord (the emperor) the detachment of Sarmatian cavalry (stationed) at Bremetennacum: To the Ores'ean Diana Antoninus (a soldier) of the sixth Legion (styled) the Victorious, a native of Melitene (erected this altar)."

Of the practice here noticed of identifying Barbarian deities with Roman by uniting the names other instances occur. One of the features in the religion of the Romans which to our view most strangely shows their facility in admitting deities and the ideas they entertained respecting them, is their worship of their emperors as expressed in such inscriptions as these: "To the deities of the Augusti, (the emperors—there being in that time more than one) the fourth cohort of Gaulish cavalry placed this" and "To the deities of the Augusti and to the genius of the second legion called Augustan, in honour of the whole divine family (Imperial family) the prosperous Julian Isca," i. e. Isca Silurum, a British Roman town, the remains of which have yielded a rich crop of antiquities to the modern investigator, (dedicates this). The latter is an imperfect and very obscure inscription restored with great probability by Dr. McCaul's labours. The first, however, admits of no doubt.

Illustrations of Roman military arrangements and customs are amongst the most numerous and interesting results of the British inscriptions as might be expected under the circumstances. There are stones recording the work done by certain bodies of soldiers, as on the Roman wall—there are others marking, according to our author's ingenious explanation, the number of feet to be occupied in the camp by a particular *centuria* or company as "The Company of Candidus, 24 feet." Again we have memorials of the restoration of buildings, as soldier's quarters, public granaries, &c. In illustration of information derived from inscriptions confirmatory of history, we may refer to those which show where certain Legions and auxiliary forces were stationed, and even afford some evidences as to the time they continued in the same quarters. A remarkable case of this kind is thus introduced by Dr. McCaul, § 7, p. 12:—"From a well-known passage in the *Agricola* of Tacitus, c. 35 [36], we learn that among the Roman auxiliaries serving in Britain in A. D. 84, were two cohorts of Tungrians. The numbers of these cohorts are not stated, but the inscriptions which have been found warrant the belief that they were the first and second. The continuance of the first in the island, is attested by many memorials, and was long ago known to Archaeologists, but

no traces of the second were discovered until a comparatively late period." This had led to the conclusion that they must have left the island. More recent discoveries, however, have shown that the 2nd cohort of Tungrians was quartered at Castlesteads in Cumberland, and at Birrens in Dumfriesshire, at the first of which places, their presence is proved as late as A. D. 241. And in addition to these discoveries, which admit of no doubt, our author shows that two longer known, but imperfect, inscriptions, which had been supposed to refer to the first cohort, really belong to the second. Thus not only is the statement of Tacitus confirmed as to a minute particular by independent evidence, proving him to deserve our confidence, but we are enabled to trace the position of a particular corps of Roman auxiliaries for about one hundred and fifty years. A curious class of inscriptions consists of stamps on pigs of lead. These have been carefully considered by Dr. McCaul, and he has been successful in greatly improving their interpretation. As a matter of course, a very large proportion of the inscriptions is sepulchral, and a very great number of these commemorate soldiers or their families. They contain many things curious to the antiquary, and their mode of expressing feelings which are common to all mankind in circumstances in which all are successively placed, engages the attention of every reader. Many of the monuments are in a condition which seems to set at defiance the skill of the interpreter, yet their meaning has been explained so plausibly, to say the least, that we readily accept it as nearly certain. There are many excellent contributions of this kind in Dr. McCaul's work. Sometimes his suggestions seem so obviously right that we wonder how they could have been overlooked by his predecessors. In other cases an effect is produced by means which seem so difficult to employ that our wonder is only that light is at last cast on what seemed so impenetrably obscure—instances of both kinds equally bearing testimony to the merit of the author. An ingenious and highly probable but difficult restoration is that of the monument to Caius Julius Calenus. As corrected and expanded by Dr. McCaul, it is read :

DIIS MANIB[VS]
Q[AI]I IVLI[I] GAL[ERIA] [sc.tribu]
CALENI LVG[DVNO]
VET[ERANI] EX LEG[IONE] VI
VIC[TRICE] P[IA] F[IDELI] V[IVVS] M[ANDAVIT]
S[VA] P[ROCVNIA] M[ONVMENTVM] F[IERI]

i.e. To the divine shades
of Caius Julius Calenus of the Galerian tribe
a native of Lugdunum, a veteran of the VI Legion
(called) conquering, devoted, faithful.
Whilst living he ordered at his own expence
this monument to be made.

In the following, of which we only need give the translation, we think our author's expansion and interpretation certain :

To the divine shades
 Julius Valius a soldier of the XXth legion (called)
 Valerian, conquering, who was 40 years old, is here deposited
 Attius Flavius his heir
 undertaking this monument.

The following short inscriptions are in different panels, a third being vacant, of one stone dug up a hundred years ago at Wroxeter in Shropshire, the ancient Viroconium—they may probably belong to one family, the vacant panel being left for the husband and father, but from some cause not having been used.

To the divine shades
 Placida 55 years old.
 Her husband of 30 years
 erecting this.

To the divine shades
 Deuccus 15 years
 old—his father
 erecting this.

Among the sepulchral inscriptions are several in which, as is also common in modern times, the words are represented as spoken by the deceased; and to some are added moral and sentimental reflections in verse. There is, if Dr. McCaul's very ingenious restoration may be admitted, a curious example of both these particulars in an inscribed stone lately found at Wroxeter, in Shropshire, commemorating a soldier of the XIVth Legion. It is thus restored:

[TITVS FLA]MINIVS T[ITI filius] POL[L]IA[tribu]
 [ANN]ORVM XXXV STIP[ENDIORVM] XXII MIL[ES] LEG[IONIS]
 [XIIII] GEM[INAE] MILITAVI AQ[VILIFER] NVNC[HIC] S[VVM]
 [PER]LEGITE ET FELICES VITA PLVS MIN[VS] JVTA
 OMNIBVS AEQVA LEGE ITER EST AD TAENARA DITIS
 VIVITE DVM [STYGIVS] VITAE DAT T[EM]PVVS HONES[TE]

Which may be thus translated:

I Titus Flaminius, son of Titus, of the Pollian tribe,
 45 years old, of 22 year's service, a soldier of the 14th double Legion
 served as eagle bearer; now I am here.

Read this also to your profit, your life being more or less benefitted,
 [since] all without distinction must travel the road to the realms of Pluto.
 Live, whilst the Stygian God allows the time for life, virtuously.

This is an example of a sepulchral inscription in the first person and with a moral sentiment added in verse; and as to its general nature, we see no reason for doubt, but it would be doing injustice to Dr. McCaul to quote it as an instance of perfectly successful restoration, since, though exceedingly ingenious and plausible, the latter part of the inscription was too far gone for very satisfactory treatment, and the author himself whilst giving us his conjectural idea of it, hardly allows to some part of it higher pretensions than as expressing something like what must have been found on the stone. We thank him for giving us his attempt. His volume affords abundant instances where, from very imperfect materials, he has produced an interpretation which must almost be deemed certain.

One of the most remarkable discoveries made by Dr. McCaul is that of the

inscription on the celebrated Rudge cup at present in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland. He has pointed out that the names form a hexameter and thus has cleared away all the difficulties which have perplexed antiquarians as to the order in which the towns were named.

All the interpretations of inscriptions which we have noticed, would be much better estimated, if we could here state the condition in which they are found in books, the errors respecting them of very able men, and the reasons which justify the improved readings and expansions, but many we hope, will refer to the book itself and those who cannot do so will be pleased to know the nature of its contents and the credit which it justly confers on our distinguished countryman. When the substance of a portion of this work was communicated by its author to the Canadian Institute, it afforded a high treat to the members of that society—and in its improved and more complete form, it may be recommended with confidence to a wider circle of readers.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLIES.*

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.—JANUARY, 1868.

The third article in this Review is a bona fide defence of Bishop Colenso's Book on "*The Pentateuch and the book of Joshua*." The author considers that the value of the Bishop's work is not lessened because it is the first of a series to which the Christian world is to be treated, involving amongst other 'difficulties' the general doctrine of Miracle; and he considers that the book must win for itself a candid perusal from all but the "bigoted and narrow-minded." He evidently belongs to the Colenso school, and is quite ready to go much further than the arithmetical and Theistic Bishop. He thinks that it is reasonable to suppose that the effects of such criticism must reach the New Testament; "it also must, when the time comes, be subjected to the same treatment as the Old Testament; the dates and authorship of its several books will be sifted in an intelligible way; the authenticity of its historical portions will be brought to the test." He hopes also, this critic does, that there will ultimately be courage enough in the people of England to acknowledge it. In reviewing the consequences to which doubts respecting the authenticity of other parts of Scripture, and to received Christian doctrine must lead,—such as the robbing of believers of their trust and confidence in the Bible, their best and only comfort in the trials of life and the prospects of death, that without the Bible there will be no virtue, no courage, no kindness among men in this world, and no hope in the world to come—he points with the little triumph and consolation his argument can yield him, to—what? To many generations of many tribes who have had no Bible, and who have manifested courage and goodness. They shall be judged according to the light which is given to them, but how many will be found willing in the hour of death to rest their hopes

* The American reprints of the British Quarterlies, together with *Blackwood's Magazine*, can be procured from Messrs. Rolfe and Adam, Toronto.

of forgiveness and mercy on the poor apology for disbelief with which the writer of the review of Colenso's book endeavours to quiet his own soul. He appears to take all the statements of the Bishop as wholly truthful, and not to be gainsaid or resisted, gainsaying and resisting meanwhile, the hallowed Word of God, which he vainly endeavours to undermine.

'*Les Misérables*, by Victor Hugo,' is characterized as a remarkable work. Its great fault consists in its enormous and wearisome digressions. It is described as a "book of marvellous power, keen insight into human nature, bitter sarcasm, tender and touching pathos and one of the great literary monuments of this century." Its chief characters are, a good Bishop, two happily drawn female members of the Bishop's household, a convict, a pretty country girl, a police officer, a military officer wounded at Waterloo, an infant who grows up to be a man, who plays a great part in *Les Misérables*, and a bride.

'*The Microscope and its Revelations*' The Palæontologist and the Microscopist have gained two rich and popular provinces for the Biologist within the last half century. The dead treasures rescued by the Palæontologist are surpassed in value by the living wonders crowding the invisible world of space which everywhere surrounds the Microscopist. The different forms of Microscope are of essential importance to the student in this delightful branch of scientific investigation. Simple Microscopes, Compound Microscopes, and Binocular Microscopes are all employed to advantage in special departments. The care of the eyes, so necessary in these investigations, is reduced to the simple rule of not continuing to observe any longer than can be done without fatigue. The beginner should learn to use either eye indifferently and acquire the habit of keeping open the unemployed eye. The power of visual endurance is usually in relation to the vigour of the general system. Among the curious and instructive revelations of the Microscope is the probability that the singular little Red-Snow plant is nothing more than a transitive phase in the development of the "Gonidiæ," or green buds of Lichens. The Pollen-grains and seeds of most accessible plants present exquisite objects for investigation. The

ating reversal course of the blood in the circulation of the Tunicata is of great interest to the Physiologist. The length of time intervening between the changes in the blood current does not appear to be constant. Sometimes an interval of from five to fifteen minutes and even as much as half an hour elapses before the change takes place. The Microscope has lent its assistance to Palæontology. Some fragments of bone were found some years since in a chalk pit which were considered by no less authority than Prof. Owen to have formed part of the wing bones of a long winged bird allied to the Albatross. Others thought it more probable that these bones belonged to a large species of the extinct *Pterodactylus*, a flying lizard. An appeal was made to the Microscope which decided in favour of the extinct lizard; a decision subsequently confirmed by the discovery of undoubted *Pterodactyle* bones in the same and other chalk quarries. Much has been done by the use of inferior instruments, and now that superior instruments can be procured at comparatively small cost, the wide field for investigation open to the Microscope promises most attractive and important results. The rapid sale of Dr. Carpenter's book on this subject attests the value which the British public now give to the '*Microscope and its Revelations*.'

'*Indian Annexations. Treatment of native Princes.*' British rule has been cruelly associated with misrule in India. Bribery, corruption, force, and intrigue, have vastly increased of late years the dominion of Britain in the east. Oude produced a rebellion, proving the truth of Jean Paul Richter's saying, that 'experience is an excellent school, but the school fees are rather heavy.' Our system in India is compared by the natives to a screw, slow in its motion, never violent or sudden, but always screwing them down to the very earth.

'*Greece and the Greeks,*' is the title of a long and favourable review of Frederika Bremer's new work.

'*M. Rattazzi and his administration,*' paints in powerful language the rascally rise and unlamented fall of this daring schemer. 'The painful offspring of unscrupulous and dirty plotting, his ministry dragged itself for some months crawlingly along, through a course strewn with broken promises, foul snares, glaringly cruel treacheries, and a series of the most deliberate attempts at vitiating, by noxious infusions, the infant health of the liberties of Italy; his administration fell, overtaken by just vengeance, as universal as it has been well founded and worthily expressed.'

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.—JANUARY, 1863.

'*India and Lord Dalhousie.*' Lord Dalhousie took a personal and eager part in the prosecution of public works in India. In the Punjab great lines of road were surveyed and undertaken. In the same province the Baree Doab Canal was designed and vigorously prosecuted. The entire length of the canal with its branches is 450 miles. The Ganges canal is a gigantic work; its main stream was opened for the double purpose of navigation and irrigation in 1854. It is 520 miles long; it is fivefold longer for the purpose of irrigation, than all the celebrated canals of Lombardy united; as regards navigation it nearly equals the aggregate length of the four greatest navigable canals in France; it greatly exceeds all the first class canals in Holland put together, and is greater by nearly one-third than the greatest navigation canal in America. The lines of the Electric Telegraph already extend over 3000 miles. The Postage system is cheap and uniform; strange to say, in India a single letter is carried from Peshawur on the borders of Afghanistan to the southernmost village of Cape Comorin for three farthings. A Capital of £43,000,000 sterling for the construction of Railways now receives a guarantee of 5 per cent. from the Government—a heavy draw, it is true, but the benefits are becoming every day more vast, more fruitful and more secure. Governor's General of India who really do work as Lord Dalhousie did, labour with intense activity. In future ages Lord Dalhousie's administration will be counted with the greatest, and the name of its chief ranked among the noblest benefactors of the Indian people.

'*Gold Fields and Gold Mines.*' The immense increase which has taken place in the production of gold, has been fruitful of great advantages. Millions of human beings, for whom there was but the workhouse, or a hopeless future, have escaped to happy homes in distant and previously unexplored solitudes. The wide spread dependencies of the British Crown have brought the chief gold fields of the world under her rule. Gold is now found in New

South Wales, Victoria, British Columbia, Nova Scotia, New Zealand, Canada, and in the Basin of Lake Winnipeg on the east flank of the Rocky Mountains. The laws affecting the distribution of gold are of immense interest. The most usual original position of the metal is in quartz-ore vein-stones that traverse altered Silurian Slates, chiefly Lower Silurian, and frequently near their junction with eruptive rocks. The Laurentian and Huronian system contain no gold as far as ascertained. There exists apparently a great gold bearing mountainous fracture encircling the globe, and roughly marked by the shores of the Pacific ocean. The Pacific is, and has been for ages, slowly sinking, and the line of fracture which marks this separation of so large a part of the earth's crust, is distinguished by a line of volcanoes, numbering seven-eighths of those known to exist. Along this line of fracture, which thus encircles the Pacific, gold is found to a very great extent. From Chili to Russian America, the gold miner is now at work. Gold is found also on the spurs of the main line of fracture, and indeed, the whole of the Victorian goldfields are in a spur penetrating 300 miles from the principal range.

Under the title of '*The Campaign of 1815*,' M. Thier's history of the Consulate and the Empire is reviewed. M. Thier's account of the battle of Waterloo is described as a caricature of absurdity. The value of the entire work is grievously impaired by the evidence which it bears of a want of accuracy.

'*Les Miserables*.' Victor Hugo's writings are here described as screaming discords both of form and matter. Black is laid upon white,—great things are opposed to small—beauty to hideousness—excessive sanctity to excessive crime—pompous terms are applied to trivial things—and homely expressions to the most lofty ideas. It is the influence he exercises as a social and political teacher, the wide circulation attained for his *pernicious* book, that imposes upon the reviewer the necessity of judging him.

'*Public Affairs*.' The confidence imposed by the British Government in the British people, a confidence never before shown by a government in an equal degree, is attested by placing arms without restriction in the hands of 100,000 volunteers, and teaching them to use them. The colonies are considered to be in every way entitled to the naval protection of Britain, without any cost to themselves, but in the event of the colonies refusing to tax themselves for the maintenance of troops, it is suggested that they should be gradually withdrawn. In the face of the American war the revenue has increased by £2,393,578, and the general result is one of rapidly increasing prosperity. Even fresh cotton mills are being built to take advantage of the first return of the cotton trade, and many cotton towns have shown a great disinclination to resort to emigration or other means of reducing the population, because they think that they will ere long again, want "all their hands." The present administration is represented to have held in the face of great difficulties, a high, independent and prudent course. Lord Russell has thrown prudence and skill into foreign questions, and contributed in the highest degree to support the present cabinet. There are now no longer five great European powers. There are but two, France and England. There is no longer any relation of equality, or even of party, between the actual power

of the Western and of the Eastern Monarchies. Prince Alfred has public duties to fulfil in England from which there would be great unwillingness to release him, but if he afterwards should be led to quit his native country, it is not Greece but the American provinces of the empire which would become the natural and appropriate seat of his government. Paris may be the Metropolis of Europe, but London is the Metropolis of the world.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY.

'Peru,' the mythical Peru, forms the subject of the first article. The ancient empire contained 30,000,000 souls, and the country was cultivated in a manner of which China now affords the only example. There was an earlier civilization in Peru than that which is supposed to have been introduced by the Incas. Strange to say, near Lake Titicaca, 12,846 feet above the sea, the ruins of vast edifices attest the existence of a people far advanced in arts; and this ancient civilization had its seat in a region so elevated, that the soil is now almost constantly frozen. It is suggested that a subsequent upheaval of the country has changed its climatic condition. Here is work for the geologist, and work, too, which may throw a flood of light upon the age of the immense monolithic doorways, masses of hewn stone, colossal male and female figures, which remain to us as witnesses of a people passed away, 135 feet above Lake Titicaca. Nor is the geology of Peru less interesting than the remains of its former inhabitants. Sorata, 24,812 feet high, is fossiliferous to its very summit. The forests of Peru are of marvellous luxuriance, but trade and commerce are sadly on the wane. The Province of Tarapaca alone, contains nitrate of soda that will supply the world for centuries. In the desert of Atacama, there is an open cemetery, in which the bodies are left above ground, and owing to the desiccating influence of the winds, they become naturally embalmed. Six hundred men, women and children, all in a perfect state of preservation, sit arranged in a semicircle, gazing on vacancy, in one of those wonderful cemeteries. How long they have been there none can tell. By the side of each body is a jar of maize and cooking utensils. Tombs are sad enough, and catacombs are awe-inspiring, but what scene can equal six hundred human forms, for many centuries dead, sitting in the open air, untouched by the destroyer Time, and staring into the clear, rainless sky! Every one has heard of the guano of Peru, of the Alpacas, of the silver and gold which aroused the cupidity of the Spaniards—of the volcanoes, rising from 17,000 to 20,000 feet—and more recently, of that wonderful slow upheaval of the land, which has probably made the remote civilization bordering on Lake Titicaca an instance of change in climate, retarding instead of accelerating human progress.

From Peru we pass to '*Russia*,' a country full of doubt and difficulty. The grandest reform, in the relation of the governed and the governing, took place on the 3rd of March, 1861, when 23,000,000 serfs were emancipated; but as two years were given the proprietors and peasants to make arrangements respecting the cottages and gardens of the former serfs, the result of the experiment will not be known until the present month. The serf is free, but until he receives from the landed proprietor the means of living

and a home, he is a free pauper. Little progress has been made in adjusting the difficulties which beset the settlement of the amount of land each liberated serf shall have—and there is trouble ahead. The reformers of Russia appear to be frightened at the ghost of despotism, and the present outbreak in Poland may increase their indecision. The future of Russia is still under a cloud. The serfs are brutally ignorant, and the peasant is in doubt respecting the results of his emancipation.

The article on the '*Life of John Wilson*' (Christopher North) must be read *in extenso*. The critic thinks his poetry can never take a foremost place among English classics. His prose tales had their day. His criticism is considered to that of an impulsive rather than a judicial mind; but as a "Rhapsodist" he soars above writers of his class in any age. As a teacher of moral philosophy, he proves himself to have been a man of enormous power, and he never seems to have wielded that power except for the good of others.

The '*New Testament*' is an elaborate and learned disquisition on the accuracy and precision of the original. It presents excellent arguments why every educated gentleman ought to be able to read that portion of the Bible in language selected by Providence for the commemoration of His last Revelation to man. Translation must be clouded with many shades of human imperfection. Our English version, admirable and generally correct as it is, is not infallible. Nevertheless, the writer thinks that we are not yet ripe for any new authorized text. The summary is this:—That, beautiful and admirable as our own authorised version is, it does not, and could not, approach to the accuracy and precision of the original; that the original must be studied by all who would really appreciate and profit to the fullest extent by the written word of Revelation; that this study must be carried on in faith in the distinctness, the correctness, the definiteness, of the language of Scripture; that as yet we are not ripe for any new authorised text; that every student of Scripture may add something by careful observation to the materials for hereafter attempting such a solemn work, under authority of "the constituted Witness and Keeper of Holy Writ;" that the more faithfully, and honestly, and impartially we examine the Written Word as the work of a Divine Creator, the more marvellously will the scrutiny bring forth treasures which will confirm the plain and simple truth, which has been preserved to us as the inheritance of Christians; and the more that truth is thus developed and traced out in Scripture, the more our unhappy divisions will melt away; and all earnest, honest, humble and thoughtful minds will cling to one standard of belief—one definite and positive body of Divine truth—in defiance of all the audacities of that presumptuous and most miserable scepticism, whose beginning is conceit—its curse ignorance—its fruit misery, and its end death.

THE BRITISH MONTHLIES.*

BLACKWOOD.—JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

This eldest of the monthlies is always attractive and sterling.

'*A Monti's Visit to the Confederate Headquarters*,' conveys a favourable impression of the stuff of which the Confederate army is composed. Such men are not to be beaten by "mobs of Irish and German mercenaries." The heart and soul of the South is in the war; and there appears to be a unanimous opinion in the South, that nothing but foreign mediation can ever end the war.

'*Caxtoniana*' is a series of essays on Life, Literature and Manners, and has already reached Part XII.

'*Progress in China*,' points to a unity of action between the people, officials, and rulers, in their relations with the foreigner. There is a disposition shown to take advantage of European inventions and knowledge. Steam vessels have been purchased; officers and men, from Western Europe, are now engaged in teaching the Chinese to handle them. China is, in fact, progressing, and a new and most important era is about to dawn upon this self-sufficient and arrogant race, and English influence will be supreme.

'*Mr. Thomas Trollope's Italian Novels*,' are criticised, illustrated and praised; they have a merit apart from works of fiction; they give an insight into Italian life, and more especially into the temper and character of the lower stratum of society, and the manner in which the religious teaching of the Italian priesthood affects the morality of the people.

'*A Sketch from Babylon*,' continued through two numbers, is a well-told story, not uncommon in London life. A vulgar wife of a rich city banker, is desirous of shining in society, and marrying her daughters to titled names. A foreign Count is a successful lover. He is, however, found out to be an impostor. His associate, a *soi-disant* Hungarian Countess, who escaped from Haynau, perhaps unfortunately, and took to the millinery business in London, receives both sympathy and employment from the highest nobility—makes money by pandering to the foolish and vulgar mother. The daughter finally marries the man who exposes the Count, and pays the bills incurred by the mother. It turns out that the young lady was willing to sacrifice herself to serve her mother, who has plunged herself deeply into debt. Instead of becoming a sad though willing sacrifice, under which, however, her heart would have broken, she is won by the man she really loves, and who has saved her from the foreign "Count."

'*Lady Morgan's Memoirs*' will be uninteresting to many; for although they are severely handled by the writer of the criticism, as well as their versatile author, there is too much self-conceit, vanity and worldliness about Lady Morgan, for people to sympathise with her. The authoress was formerly a

* THE BRITISH MONTHLIES, including *Blackwood* (American reprint), *Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, *The St. James's Magazine*, *Good Words*, *London Society*, *The Churchman's Magazine*, *The Exchange*, &c., &c., can be procured each month at Messrs. Rolfe and Adams, Toronto.

Miss Owenson. She wrote the "Wild Irish Girl," and some other romances, which excited interest at the time. When staying with Lord and Lady Abercorn, they formed a plan for her happiness, by marrying her, at the age of thirty-six, to Dr. Morgan, a dull, piggish, and most conceited individual. The Morgans persuaded the Lord Lieutenant to confer the honour of Knighthood on the Doctor, and such was the origin of Lady Morgan's title. Her works cannot be accepted as illustrative of the domestic life to which women of society are accustomed in the reign of Victoria.

'*Our New Doctor*' is a capital description of the little scandals, little troubles, and littleness generally, of the society of many an English and American country village or town. "The new Doctor" boldly pursues his own course, and disgusts the young ladies of Mudford, by marrying a delightful girl to whom he was engaged before he came to the village with the suggestive name. He makes electrical and chemical experiments, and throws the neighbourhood into consternation, and the wise-acres and old maids into confusion. He leaves them with his bride and twin brother, who is exactly like "the new Doctor," and the cause of many ridiculous mistakes, in rather a "mixed" state.

'*Politics at Home and Abroad*' is, of course, very much tinctured with the political bias of Blackwood's contributors. Earl Russell is perpetually playing fantastic tricks. Lord Palmerston holds him in leading strings. Mr. Gladstone, notwithstanding his two million pounds surplus, is, with characteristic restlessness, going to do something with the Bank of England; and generally, the Conservative party is awaiting the pleasurable responsibility of office soon to be thrust upon them, and likely to last for a very long term indeed.

TO THE READERS OF THE BRITISH AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

THE notices of BRITISH, AMERICAN, and CANADIAN Monthlies, and other Periodicals, will be continued in the June number, and, in future, regularly every month. They will include, BRITISH—*Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, *St. James' Magazine*, *Good Words*, *London Society*, *Exchange*, *Churchman's Magazine*, &c. AMERICAN—*North American Review*, *American Journal of Science*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper*, &c., &c. CANADIAN—*The Canadian Journal*, *The Canadian Naturalist*, *The Proceedings of the Botanical Society of Kingston*, *The Transactions of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec*, *Canadian Parliamentary Documents*, &c., &c.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1863.

THE CITED CURATE.

BY MISS MURRAY.

CHAPTER I.

READER! have you ever visited the county of Wicklow, the fairest of all the fair counties in Ireland's green isle? There lie scenes which artists have painted and poets sung; there young wedded lovers resort to spend that month sweet as "the honey of Hybla;" there the votaries of the rod and gun congregate, slaughtering the gallant grouse among his heathy mountains, or luring the speckled trout from his silvery stream; and there one who belongs to neither of the aforesaid classes, but is simply a lover of nature for her own sweet sake, may find her in some of the wildest and softest phases she ever assumes. In that lovely region, valleys of Arcadian richness, scattered with gigantic timber, watered by full rivers, adorned by stately mansions, and flourishing, thriving villages, are enclosed by gentle and fertile hills, beyond which are hidden fairy dells, where flower and shrub, crag and moss, half-hide the sparkling little streams that leap among them,—narrowing into deep wild glens, traversed by mountain torrents, and glorious in the mingled beauty and grandeur of water, rock, and wood,—

"The oak, the ash, and the bonnie ivy tree!"

or widening into lonely moorlands, where the golden furze and purple heath make gorgeous the summer day; where the hum of the bee and the chirp of the grasshopper are heard, and innumerable larks soar over head, carolling their joyous lyrics above their mossy nests. Farther again rise frowning granite-browed mountains, heathy coverts for game, and hiding in their recesses many a secret glen, sterile and savage, yet in spite of its lonely austerity wearing on its bosom some deep, glassy lough, like a gem; or, perhaps, sheltering the grey ruins of some

monkish retreat, covered with strange, antique carvings, and legendary devices, wrought in the days when Ierne was a sacred Isle!

All these charms have long been familiar to me; for not only being an ardent lover of nature, but also something of a sportsman, though cockney-bred, there is not a nook or corner of my favourite country's mountain scenery I have not explored. But there is one spot—though perhaps inferior in beauty to many better known places—which possesses for me a stronger interest than all the rest, for it was the scene of some occurrences which can never be effaced from my memory.

Just where the mountains fall down into stretches of moorland, barren but for heath and furze, there stands a picturesque little church, above the doorway of which a stone tablet is placed, bearing the following inscription:—

"This house was erected to the honour of God by
Sir Percy Denzil. A. D. 1700."

There was not another building in sight—not a tree grew near; a few tombstones lying within the low wall of the graveyard, were the only signs of man's habitation; and the barren hills rising beyond,—

"Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell!"

gave an isolated aspect to the place. Only in one spot was any change of scene to be descried, and that was where the moor suddenly dipped down into a lower region of copsewood, interspersed with rough pasture, on which small, hardy sheep fed. In that direction, glimpses of soft woodlands and cultivated fields could be caught; there, on clear days, some blue thread of smoke, ascending into the bright sky, could be dimly seen; and thence after rain would come the sound of the swollen river, and mingle its murmurs with the reverie of any lonely loiterer on the moor!

Proceeding towards that fairer and more fertile region, you descend into a richly-cultivated valley, through which the river just mentioned wound its full rapid current, fed by the mountain streams; and following its course a little way, you come to a venerable old one-arched bridge, muffled with ivy. Beside the bridge stood a pleasant little inn, possessing a pretty old-fashioned garden overhanging the river. At the opposite side was the post office, and at no great distance, a new Roman Catholic chapel. A little farther on was the "ford"—a narrow wooden foot-bridge, shadowed by some old ash trees; then came the old mill, with its big black water-wheel, its smooth mill-dam, and its stepping-stones, and a few scattered houses stretching up the hillside, were called a village. In the very heart of the valley lay the handsome domain of Sir Francis Denzil, its magnificent trees hiding the house—a fine antique

pile of grey stone—and all around, lovely green leaves, sunny banks, and shadowy dingles, blended in the richest luxuriance of sylvan beauty.

The lord of this fair domain (a descendant of that Sir Percy Denzil who had built the church on the moor) visited it but seldom. He was said to be a vain, extravagant man, residing chiefly in England, and endeavouring to rival in style those of thrice his income; never visiting Ireland but when retrenchment had become absolutely necessary, and then execrating for their poverty and crimes the country and people, whose character and prospects he had not in one single instance attempted to improve. His eldest son was an officer in the Guards, and a young man of fashion about town; his second had been compelled to enter the church sorely against his will; and though he was rector of the parish in which his father's estate lay, and possessed another church preferment in England, he contrived to evade the duties of both, and to spend the most of his time on the continent. There was only one daughter—much younger than her brothers—the child of a second marriage. Her mother was dead.

One autumn I had been enjoying a week's shooting among the mountains, and coming down to the little inn at the "Ford," one Saturday evening, weary with wandering through bogs and briers, I resolved to take up my quarters for the ensuing day at that pleasant haven of rest. Refreshed by a sound sleep, and a good breakfast, I began the next morning to speculate on the manner in which I was to pass the day. I had no books with me, and it was not likely that the good people of the inn could furnish me with any; my limbs were in no mood for wandering far in search of the picturesque, yet vapid idleness was always intolerable to my nature. Suddenly I recollected the lonely church on the moor. It was within an easy walk. I had passed it the preceding night in the gloaming, feeling somewhat impressed at the time with the dreary solitude of the spot, and its unrivalled attractions for ghosts and ghostseers. "Why should I not go there?" thought I. "No one can deny that it will be a suitable manner of spending Sunday morning; and then my artistic tastes may be satisfied by the sight of some mountain faces and mountain costumes as interesting as the garb and features of the land." True, I had no dress but my shooting attire, but it was well enough for a country church, and a peasant congregation. With this reflection, I rang the bell, and the landlady herself appearing in her Sunday black silk gown, and white rockspun shawl, nearly ready for church, I enquired when the service commenced. She was a kind, motherly soul, not above attending to the comfort of her guests, or gossiping with them, if they were so inclined; so after answering my question, she began to expatiate on the merits of the preacher I was to hear at Ard-cross (for so was the church on the moor called), a new curate who, it

seemed, had lately come to the parish. If my hostess was to be credited, his learning, eloquence and piety were not to be equalled in all Ireland; he had the handsomest face and figure she had ever seen in her life; and she assured me, with all an Irishwoman's respect for ancient descent, that he came of one of the oldest families in the kingdom. The neighbouring churches, she affirmed, had all been deserted for his, and the gentry came "miles upon miles" to listen to this wonderful young orator. This last piece of intelligence brought my thoughts back again to the somewhat slang appearance a velveteen shooting-jacket would exhibit in church; but I consoled myself that I had no acquaintances within a morning's drive of the place; and with a glance at the glass, to assure myself that in spite of my dress I did not look exactly like a gamekeeper, I set forth.

CHAPTER II.

I have not yet forgotten the beauty of that morning. It was late in September, but not a leaf had yet fallen, and the woods were radiant with their autumnal splendour; the sky was a lovely blue, flecked with silvery-white clouds, soft and shining as masses of glossy floss silk; the air was clear as crystal, yet balmy as June; and the river, very full, but not turbid, flowed, now deep and calm, now more shallow and rapid, over its stony bed, rushing and gurgling with a pleasant sound. The tired horses were resting in the fields; the big mill-wheel was still and silent; every thing around seemed full of peace. Late as the season was, the meadows and pasture were emerald green, except where ripe fields of grain and potatoes surrounded some cabin perched on the upland, or sheltered in the valley. The pure fresh atmosphere raised my spirits, always ready to sympathise with nature's moods, and I strode gaily along, enjoying the ripe, but not yet mournful, beauty of the year, the river's flow, and the tolling of the church bell,—a peculiarly sweet and full-toned one,—whose echoes came solemnly down the vale from the mountain solitudes among which it lay, making rich music to my ear. Ere long I climbed the heights, and entered upon the moor where the grey church rose so still and lone. The lights and shadows resting on the hills were exquisite; and my blood, bounding in a joyous flow with youth, and health, and exercise, made me in a mood to be delighted with every thing. Even the blue harebells and the fairy rings over which I trode, were as rich in magic charm to me as if I had been where Shakspeare was when he dreamt his *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

When I entered the church, I found that it was yet very early. But few of the congregation had yet assembled, and these were all of a very humble class. Peasant girls, in grey frieze cloaks, and coarse straw bonnets, beneath which the lace borders of their Sunday caps, trimmed with

bright-coloured ribbons, surrounded faces innocent, shy, and mirthful; and men in dark blue tail coats with brass buttons, and *corduroys*; tall, athletic, and good-looking. A row of charity school children occupied the aisle. The clerk was in his place—a spare old man, sharp-featured, consequential, and prim; but the clergyman's desk was still vacant. The roof and walls of the church were ornamented with a profusion of stucco-work, winged seraphs, and cherubs' heads; the pews were of oak, long and narrow, except one large one near the door, hung with crimson velvet, which I afterwards found belonged to the Denzil family. The pulpit and reading-desk were also hung with crimson velvet. Beside the chancel door, a highly-wrought marble font was conspicuously placed; and near the altar was a small monument also of white marble, on which a lovely female figure was sculptured, kneeling with upturned face, while an angel, bending down, held suspended over her head a crown of glory. The inscription told that this monument was dedicated to the memory of Sir Francis Denzil's second wife, who had died a year after her marriage, aged nineteen. After examining the church for a while, my attention again wandered to the congregation; and this time I caught sight of a face that I had not noticed before. It was a young girl's face, shaded by one of those common cottage bonnets, but so lovely that I almost started when it first flashed upon me. Her complexion was not fair, approaching more nearly to that pale olive tint peculiar to southern climes than we usually meet with in these islands, but it was soft and clear as the petal of a flower; her broad brow, from which her raven hair was drawn back in Madonna folds, had something haughty and grave in its aspect; and her large violet-grey eyes, though deep and tender, had a flash of fire amidst their softness; but it was the fire of enthusiasm and imagination—not of anger or scorn; and on her crimson lips, the concentrated essence of sweetness, purity, and truth, seemed to dwell. Her glance was generally bent on the floor; only at intervals did she raise her eyes, look timidly up the aisle, and then drop them again beneath their dark fringes. So I watched her without fear of her perceiving my admiring gaze, and never noticed the entrance of several stylish people whom I afterwards observed, or even that of the clergyman, till his voice disturbed the day-dream into which I was fast falling. At the first word he spoke, the faint rose-colour on the young girl's cheek flushed a deeper tint, though her eyes seemed more determinedly downcast than ever; but the next moment my attention was diverted from her by the sound of those accents which seemed so strangely familiar. Surely I could not be mistaken in that remarkable voice; no other had I ever heard so calculated to impress the hearers—deep, clear, rich, and silvery. I looked eagerly towards the reading-desk, but a tall lady, in a huge green satin bonnet with ostrich feathers, obstructed my view.

Every word that reached my ear, strengthened my belief that those melodious tones were accents well known and loved, and I was in a fever of anxiety to catch sight of the speaker. At length the congregation knelt; the green satin bonnet sank its lofty crest, and my view of the reading-desk and its occupant was unimpeded. One glance resolved every lingering doubt; it was certainly my old college chum, Eardley Temple, whom I had believed to be in Italy. Now that I could no longer doubt his identity, wonder and conjecture ran wild. Eardley Temple—the witty, the gay, the wild Eardley Temple—transformed into the curate of an obscure country church! How different from the delicate lachrymose conceited youth, the pet of foolish old ladies—the idol of sentimental young ones—my landlady's praises had prepared me to see. When we parted, Eardley had been engaged to accompany a young man of rank abroad; and it was understood, that on their return, his pupils friends were to use their influence to get Eardley into Parliament, where, all who knew him believed, he was certain to distinguish himself. Well might my hostess talk of his learning and eloquence—pearls, I could not help thinking, thrown before swine indeed; well might the petty aristocracy of the neighbourhood flock to listen to one whose flashes of oratory had so often enchanted the under graduates of Cambridge, as well as the wits and men of taste about town; and strangely out of character with the low, narrow foreheads and unintellectual faces around me, his noble head and glance of power seemed to me that morning.

Eardley Temple was now about six and twenty—tall, strong, graceful; his form moulded without a fault. His head and features were as perfectly shaped as a Greek statue; and his large and lofty forehead had that statue-like breadth between the temples so rarely seen, its massive dignity somewhat softened by glossy waves of bright brown hair; his eyes were a dark and brilliant blue, possessing a mingled fire and softness which I have never beheld in any other orbs. In fact he was superlatively handsome; and the power, energy and vigour, the fire, determination and spirit in every word and look, made him, in my eyes, the most perfect representation of an Athenian orator my imagination could conceive.

During the Litany and communion service, he seemed calm and quiet, and his voice, though clear and harmonious as ever, was, I fancied, somewhat subdued and restrained; but when he ascended the pulpit, I saw the daring, ardent spirit rising within him, and asserting its empire over the trammels in which it had been held; it flashed in his eye, it thrilled in his voice, it commanded in his attitude; and as he looked around with a glance, which had in it more of the hero and poet than the priest, I asked myself, "Does he deem himself standing in some tribune, about to

harangue assembled nations, and forget altogether that he is in the house of God, deputed to deliver a message to those whose souls are precious in their Father's sight?"

He took for his text the words of the prophet Ezekiel—"And lo! thou *art* unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument: for they hear thy words, but they do them not." He began by enlarging upon the importance of the message, which the preacher of the Gospel was commissioned to bear; its divine and lovely character, and man's urgent need of the gift; its eminent suitability to human wants and weakness, and the immortal and glorious goal to which it led. Yet vivid and graphic as were his words, strong and well-chosen as were his arguments, I felt that one thing was wanting—the power which sincerity and earnestness alone can give. I knew as certainly as if I had read his secret soul, that on his own ears, the eloquent words he poured forth fell as cold and barren as the words of the text could ever have fallen on those of the stiff-necked nation to whom it was first addressed; but as I listened to the splendid imagery in which they were enveloped, the musical tones in which they were uttered, and the zealous warmth with which he insisted on the most high-wrought Calvinistic dogmas (for just at that time, Calvinism was the most popular form of Christianity in Ireland), I did not wonder that others less accustomed to displays of oratory, and wanting that intimate knowledge of the preacher's character and its manifestations that I possessed, should mistake the fascinations of eloquence and imagination for the influence of fervent piety and Christian zeal. But when he came to the second part of his subject, any mind of ordinary acuteness might have noticed the change; there was all the difference between one making the most of an uncongenial subject, and embellishing with every ornament and aid genius could bestow, and the fervid outpouring of the same gifted mind on its darling theme; the difference between the fountain sparkling through the greenwood at its own sweet will, and turned from its natural channel to fertilize a strange and barren soil. After enlarging on the stronger attraction every earthly good possesses for the volatile nature of man than the heavenly blessing which only is immortal, immutable, all-sufficient—the fervour and constancy with which men pursue the worldly objects that gratify their favourite passions, compared with the neglect and indifference bestowed on the Gospel; he described the career of some mighty and ambitious soul,—ambitious after the fashion of earth's conquerors and rulers, and followed it from its dawn to its close. And now, indeed, I thought I looked upon the very impersonation of impassioned eloquence; now his voice truly kindled, his eye burned, his whole form seemed instinct with power and enthusiasm,

while the living, dazzling words poured on, an irresistible tide. Who that looked upon his haughty brow, his curved, imperious lip, his brilliant, flashing eye, and the proud carriage of his handsome head, and could read such signs, but must have recognised in the preacher himself the largest measure of that superb passion which, seeming to condemn, his eloquence exalted. One or two sentences I must try to recal—not in the speaker's exact words, for that would be impossible, but in such a manner as to make the reader understand a sudden fancy which arose in my mind while he was uttering them.

"Aspiring to reach the topmost pinnacle of glory, will the hero whose mind is nobly tempered, suffer any obstacle that poverty, obscurity, scorn or oppression can cast before him, to check his career; any temptation to seduce his senses, enfeeble his powers, delay his course, and rob him of the power genius and energy command,—the earthly immortality which crowns them? No! not all the bonds tyranny could cast round him, not all the attractions art or nature can offer, not all the rapture love itself can bestow, will be able to stay his course. He breaks their chains, he tramples their meshes, he scorns their barriers, he despises their delights, marching ever onward and upward to the goal of his ambition. What matters it, if in so doing he must sacrifice many soft and lovely feelings which are his, perhaps, not less than other men, but more? What matters it, if in so doing he must rend other hearts as well as his own? The prize is before him, the victory must be won; and he counts not the cost, he endures the toil, he murmurs not at the pain! For the prize for which he strives is that which Cæsar, Cromwell, Napoleon, grasped—the power of leading and controlling men and nations by one mighty intellect, one indomitable will—a power which lasts even after the conqueror has gone to join the ranks of the silent dead, and makes his name still a spell for strongest conjuration!"

And such is the ambition that stirs within your own soul, Eardley Temple! thought I. But can other emotions be struggling with this master passion? For as he had pronounced the words, "Even the rapture love itself can bestow," his glance had turned towards that remote corner of the church where the fair peasant girl sat whose beauty had so struck me. She was watching him with the most eager, rapt, absorbing attention, like one whose whole soul was hanging on his words. His glance was probably involuntary, but there was a strange depth of feeling in its expression, a sudden passionate softness blending with its fire and determination, that I well knew no light emotion could have caused. As to the girl, when she met his gaze her face crimsoned, and she bent her head till it was hidden from my view. The next instant, Eardley had looked away, and I did not see him glance in that direction again.

I scarcely heard the conclusion of the sermon ; I only know that it was in the same style as its commencement, and seemed in my opinion, as utterly incongruous with the passionate burst of eloquence which had interposed between, as an oration of Mirabeau's thrust into the middle of Calvin's sermons.

CHAPTER III.

And now the closing blessing was uttered, and the congregation rose to depart. I was one of the first out, but my rustic beauty was before me, and without staying to exchange a single greeting with any one, she took her way towards the mountains ; her grey cloak hiding her figure as she vanished across the moor, but not concealing the grace of her movements or the elasticity of her step. As I was still watching her retreating figure, indifferent to the country beaux and belles, whom horses, jaunting-cars and even carriages, were bearing away, my shoulders were grasped from behind, and when I turned, my friend's handsome face met my view, bright and speaking, as I had often seen it in days of yore.

"Walter! old fellow, how are you? How did you find me out?"

"Is it really your own self, Eardley, and not your double? I can hardly believe it. What in the name of caprice are you doing here, and why have I never heard from you?"

"Oh, it is a long story, and not very agreeable, and so I reserved it for a *viva voce* communication, for I am meditating a speedy trip to Dublin, where of course I should have seen you. But never mind that now ; we'll talk of it by and bye. The sight of your face in this land of anthropophagy is like a draught of good old wine."

"I am glad you think so," I answered, laughing, "but are such bon camarado comparisons suitable to your new character?"

"New character," he repeated, ironically, as he passed his arm through mine and drew me into a path leading towards a spur of the chain of hills that enclosed the moor, "habits change, opinions vary, creeds alter, but character remains ever the same—and so do I."

"You proclaimed as much in my ears to-day, Eardley."

"Did I? well, it is true. Ambition was the governing principle of my life when you first knew me, and it is so still."

"Yet to bury yourself in this obscure spot seems a strange road to greatness. I shall expect to hear of your going as a missionary to the Esquimaux, next."

"On my word, it would be better than the life I lead now. There would be the dog-trains to carry one over the snow, and seals and walruses to hunt, and other excitements of the same kind, but here —. Can you imagine anything more stultifying than babbling homilies to the gaping rustics, fox-hunting squires, pudding-making dames, and their

hopeful sons and daughters, you saw here to-day ; holding evening lectures at their houses ; presiding over Dorcas' societies, and doling out meal and potatoes to the beggars by the stone ? Don't you think such occupations highly calculated to call forth the energies of an aspiring mind, and prepare it to

'Fill the speaking trump of future Fame !'

"Why, then, have you undertaken them ?" I asked.

"I had no choice. I was compelled either to do as I have done, or go usher in a school, and I suppose you will allow that out of two evils I chose the least."

"There may be two opinions about that, perhaps," I said.

"Oh ! I know what you mean, but I am only doing like all the rest of the world, except a few unfortunate enthusiasts, giving up impracticable ideals, and accepting facts."

By this time we had entered a gorge among the hills, where green holly bush and yellow broom nodded from every crag with foxglove and fern intermixed, rivulets leaped in tiny cascades across our path, and the red berries of the mountain-ash dipped in the sparkling current. At the moment I was going to reply to my companion's last speech, the bark of a dog attracted my attention, and looking up to the spot whence the sound proceeded, I saw a little rough brown terrier followed by a man whose rather odd appearance I thought I recognised, springing over rock and bush, and coming from that side of the glen nearest the valley I had left that morning. As dog and man drew near, I saw I was not mistaken. The man was Freney Macnamara, or Freney Mac, as he was popularly called ; one of those merry, reckless, hair-brained, good-for-nothing fellows so common in Ireland. When I say good-for-nothing, I mean nothing that could essentially benefit himself or his friends, for in another sense he was good for a great deal. He was unequalled in his own county and those adjoining for his swiftness of foot, and strength of wind, often following the Kildare fox hounds for a whole day ; he could ride the wildest horse, break the most unmanageable colt, train pointers, setters and greyhounds in the most approved style ; always knew where a covey of partridge, a brace of grouse, a hare or a snipe could be found ; could tell some wild legend about every old ruin ; sing old ballads, of which love's truth or falsehood was always the argument, sweetly enough, the young maidens averred, "to charm the birds off the bushes," and tell tales of fairies, or highwaymen, which ever suited your taste, "better than those in the story books ;" his skill at hurling, wrestling, and wielding a shillelagh was matchless ; his mirth and good humour inexhaustible ; and his kindness and courtesy to old and young, gentle and simple, not the least of his good qualities. Perhaps, like some other

geniuses, Freney thought the possession of so many rare gifts and extraordinary talents entitled him to an exemption from any kind of usefulness or steady industry ; in such labour as the whim of the moment prompted, no one could expend more energy of mind and body, and "for love," as he called it, that is, to assist some friend in the midst of a busy harvest, or some "lone widow that could n't afford to hire a man, the crature ;" he would often work from dawn till dark with unflagging zeal. No great wonder then that he was the most popular man in the county, and that no dance, wake or wedding was held complete without the presence of Freney Mac. He was almost as great a favourite with the gentry as with those of his own class ; his skill in dogs, horses, fishing, hunting, and all kinds of sport ; his adroit flattery, his odd stories, his shrewd gossip, all served to establish him in their good graces, and the petty misdemeanors that in others would have called down the blackest magisterial frown were smiled or winked at in Freney. Even his poaching propensities were passed over ; and all agreed, that though where horses were concerned, his oath was not worth a whistle, and that in taking game from the mountain, salmon from the river, turf from the bog, or timber from the woods, he was as unscrupulous as Rob Roy or any other celebrated "scorner of the Social Compact," in all other respects he was as honest as the sun.

In all my shooting and fishing excursions I generally contrived to secure Freney as my attendant ; and a more capable and obliging one I could not have had. If there was a trout in the stream or a bird on the hill, Freney was certain to find it ; his ready wit and practical shrewdness found a resource for every difficulty, a palliative for every vexation, and his quaint sayings and buoyant temper made his company a capital antidote against dullness or fatigue. I believe I was somewhat of a favourite with him ; partly, perhaps, because I had plenty of money and was no niggard in its use, but partly also, I think, because I was tolerably hardy, patient to fatigue, and indifferent to personal privations or discomforts ; for he had the most thorough contempt for all sorts of affectation, self-conceit, effeminacy, or any other weakness of character, and always contrived to show it, too, in a sly way, to any one that exhibited the slightest symptom of such unmanly failings. He was now in his Sunday costume, a green hunting-coat, a present from some patron, black velvet breeches and waistcoat, white worsted stockings, brogues and a comical little felt hat, in the band of which was stuck a short pipe and a fox's brush. His face might have been called handsome but for its almost elfish expression of recklessness, yet at the same time there was nothing positively bad in his physiognomy ; on the contrary, I used to think that good nature, frankness and generosity were written there legibly enough. His small, straight features were well cut ; his teeth white and even ; his hair black and curly, and though his complexion was as dark as a Span-

iard's, his eyes were the brightest blue I ever beheld, and flashed with fun and fire beneath his arched and jetty brows. But never in any other mortal saw I the same dare-devil gleam as shot from those eyes when he was thoroughly excited. A painter who could have transferred that expression to the eyes of some Puck or Caliban on his canvas would have made himself immortal. Close at his heels came his inseparable companion, little Whiskey, "who," his master used to boast, "was as full of spirits as a keg of poteen run by starlight; and sure, while I've him to the fore there's no fear of my being short taken for whiskey any how!" He might have avoided us by continuing his path along the rocks, but when he saw us, he instantly turned, and springing down the precipitous banks like a roebuck, quickly stood before us.

"Good day to you, Mr. Temple," was his salutation to my friend. "God save you, Mr. French," to me, "is this yourself? When did you come into these parts?"

"I have been at Glenmalure with a shooting party for some days, and I came to 'the Ford' last night. I can tell you, we wanted you badly at Glenmalure, but you were not to be found."

"No," said Freney, "I was away at the Duke's. He's a fine young horse mighty bad with the distemper, and he knows I've a cure never fails; but them grooms are such devils I have to watch them all the time, or they'd ruin every thing; that's what kept me away so long. And so your honour knows, Mr. Temple?" he added, giving a hasty glance at Eardley, who had turned away, and stood waiting for me with some evident impatience.

"Oh, yes; we're old friends."

"Musha now! do you tell me so. Who'd have thought that?" and once more he glanced at Eardley, and again at me.

"And where are you and Whiskey bound for now?" I asked, caressing the little terrier, which had come up to me, dancing and wriggling, to claim old acquaintanceship. "I suppose you are not going to look for hares to-day."

"I wonder at you, Mr. French," said Freney, with a ludicrous grin. "Such jokes might get a poor boy into trouble, let alone the harmless little dog. No; it's not after hares I'm going. Pat Clancy, that lives a little beyond Croneran, is to be married to-morrow, and of course I must be at the wedding."

"Croneran?" said Eardley, turning quickly round, "then you'll pass by Ulick Redmond's door?"

"It's the shortest way, sure enough," said Freney. "I see your honour knows the road."

Freney's words were simple enough, apparently, but they seemed for a moment to embarrass my companion; however, he answered quietly,

"yes, I know every spot of ground in my parish, and I often preach to the people about Croneran on Sunday evenings. I cannot go to-night, however, as I am detained by particular business, so you will oblige me by calling at Redmond's and letting them know that I shall not be there."

I was looking at Freney at this moment, and I saw a fierce flash of fire come from his eyes, but almost before I had time to feel that it was there, he looked away, and saying "certainly, sir ; with the greatest of pleasure in life," seemed about to hurry on, when a sudden thought appeared to strike him, and he added, "I suppose it's to Miss Kate I'm to give the message ?"

"Oh, any one will do," said Eardley, with the same indescribable expression of repressed vexation I had before remarked in his manner, and he drew me hastily onwards, while Freney crossed the path and sped over the opposite bank at the top of his speed.

(To be continued)

THE CANADIAN ON HIS TRAVELS.

BY J. H. SIDDONS.

It is very natural that people who trace their not very remote ancestry, if not their immediate parentage, to the Anglo-Saxon stock, should desire, at some time or other, to visit "the old country," and realize the scenes and incidents of which they had only heard and read. This feeling is strong in the United States, where the descent from the British stock is remote, extending, perhaps, through three or four generations, and where there lingers but little, if any, attachment to the ancestral soil. How deeply-seated, then, should it be in Canada, where the grandfathers, grandmothers, and often the fathers and mothers of our youth, "hail" from England, Ireland, or Scotland ! How natural it seems that they should cherish, from their earliest years, a wish to know all that they can possibly learn by observation of the country whence they originally sprung, and to which they owe and cheerfully acknowledge a profound allegiance ! Yet it is very doubtful if this wish is sufficiently potent to suggest the effort requisite to its accomplishment ; and when, by a happy accident or systematized parental arrangement, the object is attained, how very few can boast that they have benefitted, to any considerable extent, by their passage across the Atlantic, their journeys in England and other attractive parts of Europe ?

The truth is, that travel is an art ; and the man who has not diligently

studied it before he attempts to put it in practice, will be as much at a loss as the pseudo artist, who should attempt to paint like Claude, or Raffaele, or Wilkie, or Lawrence, before he had mastered the laws of color, or the first principles of perspective; or the pianist, who should sit down to execute a sonata of Beethoven's, or a capriccio of Rossini's, without having studied counter-point, or become familiar with *time*.

"Home-keeping youth," says Shakspeare, "have ever homely wits." The phrase is not exactly founded in fact, and it is doubtful if Shakspeare himself believed it, for it is not asserted by his painstaking biographers that he travelled much abroad; yet no one would accuse *him* of having possessed a homely wit. It is nevertheless the fact, that the wit is much quickened by foreign travel and intercourse, always providing that the traveller has carried with him to Europe something more than a well-filled purse—a trunk full of clothes, and the requisite passports. Many a youth—many a man of mature years—returns to Canada, with no other result of his wanderings, than that he has been to such and such a place. When Tom Sheridan asked his father to let him go to Constantinople, the matter-of-fact parent asked him what benefit he expected to derive from the trip. "Why go?" "Oh! only that I may say I have been there!" "Couldn't you," rejoined *pater familias*, "say you have been without the trouble of going?" With no higher purpose do thousands of others leave their native country, and with little better results do they return. And whence this aimless, profitless trip? The absence of adequate preparation. The neglect of the study of the true objects of foreign travel, and of the manner of so proceeding, that those objects shall be effectually carried out.

In an excellent book, written, we believe, by the late Colonel J. R. Jackson, who held a high appointment in the Quartermaster-General's department, and called "*What to Observe*," there are very many detailed instructions for the traveller who proposes to visit strange countries, of which little is known, with the settled purpose of bringing home a rare accumulation of facts. Without insisting upon so elaborate a preparation for our Canadian youth who are favored with the means and opportunity of visiting Europe, with which the works of hundreds of intelligent tourists have made us more or less familiar, we may at least maintain, that knowledge is requisite for the attainment of knowledge, even as money is requisite to make money. A familiarity with the sciences of surgery, chemistry, geology, botany, mineralogy, are valuable to the explorers of Asia and Africa, who aspire to produce such books, and work out such consequences, as were achieved by an Emerson Tennant, a Livingstone, a Hargreaves, a Mungo Park, or a Broughton; but these sciences constitute too large a capital for the man or woman who only purposes going over beaten ground—valuable, as they undoubtedly are, on the

principle that all knowledge is pleasant, and a source of power. We will be content with a moderate possession, and hope that with even that, very happy and valuable results may be accomplished.

And first let us insist upon a fair acquaintance with European history. The interest attaching to the major part of the principal cities and countries of Europe, unquestionably arises from their connection with great historical events. Every palace is in itself the *locale* of some mighty occurrence—every monument is a piece of biography. Half the ground in France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Spain and Portugal, is celebrated for battle fields, where the destinies of nations, and the fate of dynasties, have been determined. There is not a town which has not its galleries of pictures and statues, very many of which noble works of art commemorate mighty events, or perpetuate the renown of distinguished sovereigns, generals, statesmen, poets, philosophers, priests, from the days of Cyrus, Miltiades, Solon, Cæsar, Cicero, to those of Napoleon, Chatham, Byron, James Watt, Chalmers and Heber. How humiliating, then, it must be to travellers, to look upon these glorious productions, without being aware of the causes of their existence, in so honourably enduring a shape! How small they must appear in their own estimation, when the only remark they can safely attach to the verbose description of garrulous *ciceroni* is, "Oh, really!" "Well—indeed!" Those guides, who abound in all towns, are quick to perceive whether their hearers do or do not appreciate the information they expect a fee for imparting; and when they find that their instruction—such as it is—is thrown away, they immediately minimize their talk, and the visitor comes away as wise as he went. Thus ignorance begets indifference and inattention. The writer of this paper remembers contemplating the Hannibal Fountain, at Montebello, in Italy, and revolving the incidents of the great Italian wars, when a young cockney tourist accosted him with the question—"Pray, sir, who was this Annibale, about whom my valet is bothering me?" Of course he was told that "Annibale" was Italian for the great Carthaginian "Hannibal," the potent enemy of Rome in the third century before the Christian era. But our friend had never "heard of the gentleman;" and thus he was not led to reflect upon the singular influence which the physical conformation of a country has upon its fortunes. Montebello, from its position, has often been a battle field. Two thousand two hundred years after Hannibal's time, Napoleon Bonaparte defeated the Austrians at Montebello; and fifty years later, another Franco-Sardinian army encountered the Austrians in the vicinity of the same spot. Waterloo, for the same reason, has three times been the scene of a conflict; and there are many places on the banks of the Rhine, the Danube, and the Tagus, hallowed by contests for human freedom.

Next to the study of general history, a familiarity with the biography of illustrious men, and some acquaintance with their works (if writers or statesmen), is very desirable. England is peculiarly rich in statues of eminent individuals. "Poets' Corner," in Westminster Abbey, is a feast of memory in itself; and the interior of grand old St. Paul's Cathedral, is a history of the achievements of mighty warriors and statesmen. To look upon the effigies (in Germany) of Frederick the Great, Gutenberg, and Schiller—in Russia, of Peter the Great—in France, of Molière, Louis XIV., and Henri IV.—and not to be able at once to recall the salient points of their several careers, must be mortifying to the intelligent mind. In fact, no more profit is to be gathered from the contemplation of such objects, than if they were so many shapeless blocks of stone, unless previous reading had rendered them "household words" to the spectator.

Inferior in importance to an acquaintance with history and biography, but still in itself of material consequence is a knowledge of the French language. It would be very desirable that a traveller should be able also to speak German and Italian. But this, perhaps, is exacting too much from a young Canadian. French, however, is easily acquired; and, in the Eastern Province, the opportunities of conversing in the language, and acquiring a tolerably pure accent, are considerable. In all the cities of Europe, there are guides, under a variety of denominations—*commissionaire, valet de place, cicerone*, &c.,—who, if not Frenchmen, speak the language sufficiently well to offer their services as interpreters to the stranger. But who would use the eyes and ears of other men—and such men too!—and trust to their expositions of one's wants and wishes, when direct communication with the people of the country visited may be made so facile? Then, just consider what a mine of wealth is unlocked to the individual who can read and understand French! What a vast field of rich literature is opened to him or her who can peruse the grand and original works of Molière, Racine, La Place, Voltaire, Montesquieu, Montaigne, Chateaubriand, and the host of romance writers, beginning with Bernardin de St. Pierre, or the charming authoress of *Corinne*, and coming down to the vigorous author of *Les Misérables*. The French honor their illustrious men. The Pantheon proclaims their gratitude:

"Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante!"

Everywhere in Paris there is some substantial token of the reverence in which real talent is held. Indeed this holds good throughout France. At Rouen, the memory of Corneille is hallowed. How delightful an evening can be spent in the theatre of the old city, when one of the master-pieces of the illustrious author of *Le Cid* is being played! Book

in hand—you follow the the actors, and, aided by their intelligent interpretation, you place a new feather in your cap of knowledge.

One more qualification for travel, and we have finished our brief homily. It is that without which all the others are unavailing—Money! Not much—no—with good management, and an economy of time in so shaping your course that you need never go twice over the same ground—a few hundred dollars will last for a year, and you may see everything that Europe contains. Do not shrink from a little pedestrianism. Half of the prettiest parts of Europe may be travelled on foot, and greatly to the profit of a voyageur who is not pressed for time—and at how slight a cost! We knew a young American who went over to England—saw the chief lions, *i. e.*, Shakespeare's birth-place, London, Bath, Birmingham, a few noblemen's seats—especially Eaton Hall, in Cheshire—the Liverpool docks, thence to Dublin, Edinburgh, Paris, Rome, Naples, Florence and Switzerland—the banks of the Rhine, Bremen, and so back to New York. He was absent eleven months—spent only five hundred dollars, including the two trips across the Atlantic, and, being musical, bought a Cremona! *Verb. sat. sap.*

This is but a sketch of what may be accomplished—what ought to be accomplished—by every young Canadian who desires to take a place in society, and garnish his conversation with something better worth hearing than local gossip, Niagara, the Thousand Islands, and—the shop of Quebec politics.

The writer, who has travelled over half the world, with but a moderate degree of preparation, confesses to have derived inestimable advantages from his pilgrimages. It has not been so much in their actual performance as in the boundless souvenirs which they have supplied, and in the immense additional enjoyment and instruction he derives from the perusal of works treating of the countries over which he journeyed. There is no difficulty in realising scenes and events described in books and public newspapers, if the locality of their occurrence is fresh in the recollection of the reader.

TO AMORET.

BY S. J. DONALDSON, JR.

I.

One smiling eve, slow steps I turned
To where the Santee flows ;

The dewy valleys clothed in green,
Lay glistening with silver sheen,
For in the blue the planets burned
As Cynthia fair arose.

II.

When lo ! just near I chanced to spy
A sweet-brier blooming fair ;
Each opening bud with promise smiled,
Whilst those full blown in radiance mil
As though to tempt the passer-by,
Swayed gracefully in air.

III.

Such beauty waked the warm desire
To win one to my hand ;
With critic glance I gazed on all,
When lo ! I heard a footstep fall,
That warned me in swift haste retire
And at a distance stand.

IV.

A handsome stranger won his way
Straight to the fragrant tree ;
My heart beat loud with anxious fear
Lest that fair glory disappear,
Plucked hastily and borne away
Which won my heart and me.

V.

But ah ! so various is the taste
That reigns o'er mortal's choice ;
His sleeve but dashed the roseate dew
In reaching for a flower which grew
In beauty near, so fine and chaste,
It bade the eye rejoice.

VI.

Thus Amoret I feared thy grace
Might win a wooer's eye ;

But he o'er-looked thy wondrous worth,
 And stooping nearer to the earth,
 Became enamored of a face
 That beamed in radiance nigh.

THE TORONTO OBSERVATORY.

BY PROF. G. T. KINGSTON, M.A., DIRECTOR.

THE magnetic observatory at Toronto was established and is now maintained for the purpose of procuring materials to aid in the general advancement of two great objects of physical research—Terrestrial Magnetism and Meteorology. The expediency of adding hereafter an astronomical department is an open question, but up to the present time the science of astronomy has formed no part whatever of the objects of the Toronto establishment.

Imperial in origin and Provincial as respects its present maintenance, its aims and work are cosmopolitan, while any direct benefits that it has conferred or may yet confer upon the Province, should be regarded as incidental and in no respect a measure of its claim on Provincial support. That claim should rather be rested on the fact that it has supplied and still continues to supply a valuable Canadian contingent to that common intellectual property in the advantages of which the whole human family enjoys a share, and towards which it is the bounden duty of each nation to contribute according to the opportunities afforded by its geographical position and physical peculiarities.

It is proposed in this article to touch briefly on the general character of the researches which the Toronto Observatory, and kindred observatories are designed to institute—the condition of our knowledge with respect to magnetism at the time of its foundation—the circumstances that led to its establishment—the important results that it has achieved, and the work that lies before it.*

* The direction in which the earth's magnetic force takes place is determined by the line in which the axis of a magnetised needle would rest if supported at and capable of a free motion about its centre of gravity. When the needle is in this position, the magnetic force, manifesting itself by attracting the north pole of the needle and repelling its south pole by exactly equal amounts, and along two lines of action that coincide, will maintain equilibrium; but if the axis of the needle be placed so as to make an angle with the direction of the earth's magnetic force, the attracting and repelling forces will turn the needle, so as to cause it to oscillate about its position of equilibrium.

The direction in which the earth's magnetism acts, or, what is the same thing, the position of the magnetic axis of the needle is defined by two angles, namely, the

A joint application to the British Government, from the British Association and Royal Society, made in 1838, resulted the following year in the equipment of a naval expedition for a magnetic survey of the high

DECLINATION, (called by sailors the variation) which denotes the angle between the plane of the astronomical meridian and the vertical plane in which the axis of the needle lies, and the Dip, or INCLINATION which is the angle made by the axis of the needle with the plane of the horizon.

The declination is obviously the same thing as the angle between the *meridian line*, and the axis of a needle balanced in such a manner as to remain horizontal.

The number that expresses the *intensity* of the earth's magnetic force, and the declination and dip that define its *direction* are called the *magnetic elements*, a term extended to include the horizontal and vertical components of the force, named for brevity the horizontal and vertical forces. To distinguish it from its components the magnetic force is commonly termed the *total force*.

The values of the magnetic elements at a given epoch exhibit very great dissimilarities at different parts of the earth's surface, the declination and dip undergoing every possible variety of angular magnitude and the total force varying in the ratio of 1 to 2.5 nearly. The geographical distribution of the magnetic elements for any epoch is represented by magnetic charts, on which are traced *Isogonic lines*, or lines through the several points on the globe at which the declination is the same, *Isoclinical lines*, or lines of equal dip, and *Isodynamic lines*, or lines of equal total force.

The magnetic elements not only differ with geographical changes, but at the same place they are affected by progressive changes from year to year, to which the name secular variations is given, and which, if they be periodic, must occupy a cycle of several years. These secular variations render a magnetic chart applicable in strictness only to the particular epoch for which it was constructed.

Again, the magnetic elements do not pass continuously from their condition at one epoch to that of another epoch, but are at the same place in a state of almost perpetual fluctuation of greater or less amount, consisting of a combination of *periodic* changes, or such as recur at similar epochs in successive like periods of time, and *disturbances* which, though irregular and non-periodic in the sense that they are not repeated at the recurrence of the same hours of successive days, are nevertheless regulated by periodic laws, inasmuch as they manifest a preference, so to speak, for certain hours of the day and certain months in the year.

Acquaintance with these periodic variations and disturbances is of value, both on account of the light it is calculated to cast on the origin of terrestrial magnetism and its modifications, but also that the mean condition of an element at a proposed epoch is affected by the superposition of these variations, and cannot be accurately known till they are ascertained and allowed for.

In 1819, Hansteen of Christiana, in his great work, "*Magnetism of the Earth*," published charts containing lines of equal declination for the years 1600, 1700, 1710, 1720, 1730, 1744, 1756, 1787, and 1800; and lines of equal dip for the years 1600, 1700, and 1780. These, with charts subsequently constructed of the isodynamic lines, though valuable aids in the prosecution of the study of terrestrial magnetism, were all more or less affected with the errors occasioned by the superposition of diurnal and annual variations, besides those produced by disturbances.

The existence of a diurnal variation in one element—the declination, was discovered by Graham as early as 1722, and the approximate character of its connection with the solar hours, as observed in Europe, was known in the latter part of the last

southern latitudes and subsequently to the establishment at the expense of the British Government of fixed magnetic observatories, at certain stations of prominent magnetic interest within the British Colonial possessions. The stations chosen were Canada and Vandiemen's land, as approximate to the points of greatest magnetic intensity in the northern and southern hemispheres, St. Helena, as approximate to the point of

century, but, encumbered with the effects of irregularities that followed apparently no law, it was inaccurate as far as it went and was limited to a very few stations in Europe. Respecting these variations in distant parts of the earth little was known as regards their correspondence, whether in kind or degree or hours of occurrence.

The contemporaneous occurrence of disturbances affecting the declination at stations as distant apart as London and Upsal, was noticed as early as 1741 by Graham and Celsius, but this remarkable fact was suffered to sink into obscurity, till its rediscovery by Arago in Paris, and Kupffer in Kasan, in the years 1825-26, and its further extension by preconcerted observations in different parts of Europe, when it was found that abnormal conditions of the magnetic elements were wont to prevail simultaneously, and to a great extent in the same degree over the whole area of observation. This correspondence, which as far as it extended went counter to the common belief that these irregularities were attributable to atmospheric changes and local influences, suggested the probability and stimulated the hope that more extended observation at distant parts of the globe would conduct to a knowledge of their causes, and thereby reveal to us the nature of the more permanent forces engaged in the production of the earth's magnetism.

Now, while materials for the construction of magnetic charts may be procured through the labours of navigators and travellers, and the more systematized efforts of magnetic surveys and scientific voyages, with such accuracy as is consistent with the uncompensated effects of periodic and irregular variations, it is manifestly only by fixed observatories, carried on systematically and for many years, that a perfect knowledge can be acquired of the *periodic* variations of the magnetic elements, the disturbances or *transient* changes with which these are mixed up, and the *secular* variations, by which the magnetic condition of the earth gradually passes into that found to exist at a subsequent epoch. A very general feeling prevailed among scientific men both in England and the continent, that ignorance on these interesting questions should be no longer suffered to continue, and that the points of systematic observation hitherto limited to the magnetic observatories of Russia, France, Germany, and Italy, should be greatly multiplied and extended, when the attention of British Philosophers was specially directed to the subject by a letter from Humboldt to the Duke of Sussex, then President of the Royal Society, suggesting the claims of the world at large on a nation possessing such facilities for magnetic research as were furnished by the extensive dominions and dependencies of England.

The immediate fruit of this appeal was the establishment in the spring of 1837, of a magnetic observatory under the care of Dr. Lloyd, in connection with the University of Dublin. Another in the following year was attached to the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, and a third some time after at Makerstoun, in Scotland, at the expense of General Sir Thomas M. Brisbane.

least intensity on the globe, and the Cape of Good Hope.* The general superintendence of these observatories was committed to General (then Major) Sabine, while, with the exception of the Hobarton observatory, each was placed under the care of an officer of the Royal Artillery, assisted by non-commissioned officers of the same corps. The officers selected were Lieut. F. Eardley Wilmot, for the Cape of Good Hope, Lieut. Lefroy, for St. Helena, and Lieut. Riddell, for Canada.

Lieut. Riddell, accompanied by three non-commissioned officers, Messrs. (a) Johnston, (b) Walker, and (c) Menzies, reached Canada in November, 1839, when after examining various localities with the view of finding one suitable for a magnetic observatory finally gave the preference to Toronto.

In the spring and summer of 1840, the observatory building with quarters for the officer in command and his assistants, was erected on a block of $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres of ground granted by the council of King's College, with the sole condition that the building should not be appropriated to any other purpose than that of an observatory, and should revert to the college when the observatory should be discontinued. The site is in latitude $43^{\circ} 39' 25''$ N., longitude $5^{\text{h.}} 17^{\text{m.}}, 33^{\text{s.}}$ W. at a height of about 108 feet above Lake Ontario, and 342 feet above the level of the sea. The observations, that had been temporarily carried on in a barrack in Bathurst Street during the construction of the observatory building, were recommenced in December, 1840. In February, 1841, Lieut. Riddell returned to England on account of ill health, leaving the observatory in charge of Lieut. Younghusband. In October, 1842, Lieutenant Lefroy, who had been transferred from St. Helena, reached Toronto, and took charge of the establishment, but left it again in April, 1843, under the care of Lieut. Younghusband, in order to proceed on a magnetic survey in the North West, from which he returned in the autumn of 1844.

Lieutenant (now Colonel) Lefroy, continued in charge from that date till the withdrawal of the detachment of the Royal Artillery in the spring of 1853. Preparations had been made for removing the instruments, when in consequence chiefly of (†) a memorial from the Canadian Institute to the Legislature to continue the magnetic observatory under Provincial management, an arrangement was effected between the Imperial and Provincial governments, by which the former handed over the

*Observatories at Simla, Singapore, Madras, and Bombay, were about the same time established by the East India Company.

(a) Assistant-Secretary of the Canadian Institute.

(b) (c) Assistants at the Toronto Observatory.

†For a copy of the memorial, see page 145, Vol. II. Canadian Journal, 1st Series.

buildings and instruments to the Provincial authorities, on condition of their continuing the observations. The non-commissioned officers, Messrs. Walker, Menzies, and Stewart, whose services were temporarily granted by the commander-in-chief, till they were permanently secured by their discharge from the army in 1855, carried on the duties of the establishment under the general supervision of Professor Cherriman, of University College, till the appointment of the present director in 1855. The original observatory erected by the Royal Engineers was demolished in the summer of 1854, and was replaced by the present stone building in the following year.

It is now time to give a brief description of the more important results which the Toronto observatory has taken so conspicuous a share in bringing to light.

SOLAR DIURNAL VARIATION OF THE MAGNETIC ELEMENTS.

To take the case of the declination. If from each of the twenty-four hourly averages derived from observations of the declination taken every hour for a month, (with the omission of certain exceptional cases), the mean of the twenty-four averages be subtracted the remainders will be the twenty-four diurnal variations, which indicate for each hour the position of the needle with respect to its *mean* position during the day. From examining the variation thus derived from observations in Europe, the needle was found to be affected by a periodic movement regulated by *local* solar time, its north pole reaching its greatest eastern elongation from the mean position at about 8 A. M., and its greatest western elongation at about 2 P. M. It was found also that the *amplitude* of the oscillation, or angle between the extreme positions of the needle, was greater in summer than in winter, while the hours of turning were approximately the same throughout the year.

This diurnal movement of the needle, as regards at least its more prominent characteristics, had, as we have observed, been long known in Europe; and connected as it evidently was with the diurnal motion of the sun in the *hours* of extreme elongation, and with his annual motion in the *extent* of the elongation, was attributed to the sun as its primary cause, which was supposed to act through variations of temperature and thermo-electric influences, naturally expected to be more energetic in summer than in winter.

In order better to appreciate the light cast on this question by the colonial observatories it will be convenient to consider separately the mean diurnal variation for the whole year, and the two semi-annual means corresponding to the two portions of the year when the sun is north and south of the equator.

The *mean diurnal variation for the whole year*, at all stations that were examined, was found to follow the same law as to the *local time* of its extreme elongations, but in *opposite directions* in the northern and southern magnetic hemispheres, the extent or amplitude of the oscillation being nearly the same at Toronto and Hobarton, and generally greater for high magnetic latitudes, and less as the magnetic equator was approached, being very small at St. Helena.

Again if for 8 A. M., the hour of the greatest eastern and western elongations in the northern and southern hemispheres, the annual mean position of the needle be compared with its two semi-annual mean positions for that hour, it will be found that in *both* hemispheres the north pole of the needle is to the east or west of its mean annual position for 8 A. M., according as the sun is north or south of the equator. Similarly for 2 P. M., the hour of opposite elongation, the north pole of the needle in *both* hemispheres is found to be west or east of its annual mean position for 2 P. M., according as the sun is North or South of the equator.

The circumstance that the points of extreme elongation at the same local hour are in opposite directions in the two hemispheres through the year, while their annual periodic displacement is independent of the place of observation, being in opposite directions in the two half years in which the sun is north and south of the equator, occasions a semi-annual inequality in the amplitude of the diurnal variation, causing it in the northern hemisphere to be greater in the northern summer, and in the southern hemisphere to be greater in the southern summer, thus producing that apparent connection between the extent of the amplitude and the heat of summer to which this phenomenon, long known in Europe, had been attributed. The fact, however, that the annual movement in the north pole of the needle at each hour relative to its mean position at that hour is all but identical at every station where the investigation has been made, proves incontestably that the phenomenon is independent of geographical position and is occasioned by a direct action of the sun on the magnetism of the earth, depending on his position relative to the equator, a result whose significance in a theoretical view can hardly be overrated.

The comparison of the observations at Toronto and Hobarton have elicited other corroborative evidence in support of the direct, in contra distinction to the indirect agency of the sun in the production of magnetic phenomena. It was found that in December when the earth is in perihelion the magnetic intensity both at Toronto and Hobarton, was somewhat greater than in June. Had this been noticed in Toronto only, the greater intensity in December might have been ascribed to the cold of winter, or if in Hobarton only to the heat of summer, but occurring

alike at both stations it is to be attributed without hesitation to the increased magnetic effect of the sun when the earth is in perihelion.

In addition to the semi-annual inequality lately referred to, the amplitude of the solar diurnal variation of declination at all stations, and indeed of that of the other elements, are found to be affected by a progressive increase and diminution, occupying a cycle of about ten years, that conforms both in its length and in the years of maximum and minimum to a periodical change in the number of spots on the solar disk, proving that whatever be the nature of these spots, and whatever the mode by which the sun produces the diurnal variation, an increase in the number of the spots accompanies an increased energy in the solar action.

MAGNETIC DISTURBANCES.—Another important result effected by the colonial observatories has been the extension and precision that they have given to a knowledge of the magnetic disturbances, which, prior to 1840, had been attributed chiefly to atmospheric causes. From inter-comparison of the observations at different stations it was shewn that parts of the globe widely remote were affected by them at the same absolute time, though it might be that different elements were affected, or the same element to a different extent, or in an opposite direction; while the most careful comparison with meteorological changes failed to detect any mutual connection between the phenomena. Again, though irregular as regards their duration and times of occurrence, on collecting the aggregate amounts of abnormal digression of an element at each hour for a series of years, it was found that the numbers so obtained exhibited a well marked diurnal period, manifesting an evident dependence on the sun as their primary source. Concurrent testimony was borne to this important fact by six different classes of disturbances, namely, those in which the needle is deflected to the east and to the west of its normal position, those which increase and diminish the dip, as well as those which increase and decrease the total force, although there was a dissimilarity in the hours of maximum and minimum of their respective diurnal progressions.

Again if the aggregate amount of disturbances of any kind be collected in monthly groups, an annual distribution substantially the same for each of the six classes will be made apparent. Diurnal and annual progressions in the disturbances, first brought to light from the earlier Toronto observations and confirmed by those of recent years, have been found at every station at which the observations have been subjected to a similar analysis, exhibiting however considerable contrariety at distant stations. Analogies have been traced out between their laws, but our knowledge is limited to too small a portion of the world to enable us to represent distinctly the dependence of these varieties on geographical position.

DECENNIAL PERIOD IN THE DISTURBANCES.—Again, if at any

station the aggregate amount of disturbance in each of several years be collected, the annual numbers for each element are found to increase and diminish from year to year in a cycle of about ten years, coinciding in the years of maximum and minimum disturbance with the periodic change in the number of solar spots, and in the periodic fluctuation of the amplitude of the diurnal variation of the magnetic elements.

LUNAR DIURNAL VARIATION.—The *existence* of a small variation in the declination dependent on the hour angle of the moon was first discovered by Kreil, superintendent of the Magnetical Observatories in Austria, but it was from the Toronto Observations that the connection was first detected between the moon and the variations of Dip and total force. Similar deductions have since been made for the other observatories, but which it would be foreign to our purpose to describe in detail. One important point to be noticed in connection with the magnetic variations occasioned by the moon consists in the fact that there is no trace whatever of a decennial period which is so distinctly marked in all the variations connected with the sun.

In recapitulation, the facts revealed and work effected by the Colonial Magnetic Observatories are as follows :

(1.) The dependence on local solar time of the diurnal magnetic variations at all stations, and the approximate identity as to the epochs of maximum and minimum.

(2.) The contrariety in *direction* of the extreme deflections of the declination in opposite magnetic hemispheres.

(3.) A semi-annual inequality in the diurnal variations of declination depending on the sun's position in the ecliptic, and which is approximately the same at all stations.

(4.) A small annual variation in the absolute total force at all stations, having a maximum when the earth is in perihelion, and a minimum when it is in aphelion.

(5.) A decennial inequality in the amplitude of the diurnal variations of the several elements independent of geographical position, and approximately coinciding in the periodic variation in the number of solar spots.

(6.) The contemporaneous occurrence of magnetic disturbances at remotely distant stations.

(7.) The detection and determination at several stations of the laws that regulate the diurnal and annual distribution of the disturbances of the several elements.

(8.) The discovery of a decennial period in the annual amount of the disturbances coinciding with that of the solar spots.

(9.) The extension to other stations and to the other two elements of

the discovery of Kreil, on the existence of a variation depending on the hour angle of the moon.

In addition to the foregoing results in the establishment of which the Toronto Observatory has taken so prominent a part, there yet remains to be mentioned that proper work of a magnetic observatory—a work not of a few years only but of centuries, and whose claims on public support would remain unimpaired, if no discoveries properly so called could be enumerated—the determination of the *absolute values* of the magnetic elements, by which the present magnetic condition of the earth is defined, and the *secular changes*, by which we seek acquaintance with the laws and thereby with the causes of the change by which the magnetic condition of one age passes gradually into that of another.

In the science of Meteorology among the many problems that present themselves for solution, one very important one is that which relates to the distribution of temperature on the globe.

To determine correctly the mean monthly temperature of any geographical area, the points of observation must be sufficiently numerous to eliminate the effects of local irregularities, but if they be thus numerous it is practically inconvenient or impossible for the observations at each station to be taken with sufficient frequency to eliminate the diurnal variation, or to be continued for a sufficient number of years to neutralize the irregularities of particular years. It is one special function of a central meteorological station such as Toronto to meet this difficulty. From hourly observations at Toronto tables of diurnal variation have been derived by aid of which a monthly mean derived from one or more daily observations, may be reduced with tolerable accuracy to the value that it would have had if the observations had been made at *every* hour. Such tables, according to the highest authority, are applicable not only to the observations of other years at the station which supplied materials for their construction, but also for other stations within a considerable geographical distance, and whose absolute temperatures may differ considerably from each other. It has also been found that an abnormal deviation of the mean temperature of a month in a particular year at one station is attended by an equal deviation at other stations within a considerable distance; hence from the deviations at a normal station such as Toronto, when the observations are extended over a series of years, we are enabled to deduce the corrections to be applied to the results at other stations whereat the observations are carried on only for a few years.

The researches in magnetism and meteorology in which the Toronto Observatory has been and continues to be engaged, and which have been referred to in the above cursory glance, bear chiefly on the general advancement of these sciences; there are, however, in such an establish-

ment certain secondary and incidental advantages of a more local kind affecting directly the province itself. Some of these will occur to the minds of many, but there is one that deserves special notice.

In the early part of 1857, through a paper in the *Canadian Journal*, attention was called to the question of employing the electric telegraph to warn shipping of approaching storms by messages communicated from the Toronto Observatory.

Though it may not perhaps be expedient to carry this project into immediate effect, preparations for its future realization might in the meanwhile be going forward, by the formation at the Toronto Observatory, of a collection of all available meteorological observations in the province, with a view to the preliminary study requisite for the correct interpretation of the facts communicated by telegraph from distant stations. Towards such a collection a valuable accession might be made, by the systematic transmission to the Provincial Observatory of copies of the observations carried on at the county grammar schools of Upper Canada, under the auspices of the Board of Education.

The general results of the Meteorological observations now carried on uninterruptedly for a period of twenty-two years, will form the appropriate subject of another article.

THE EMIGRANTS.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

(Continued from page 54.)

XII.

His wife was younger far than he,
A comely matron still was she;
Her manner graceful, grave and kind,
Told she was suffering, yet resigned.
In childhood, many a sweet caress
Was lavished on her loveliness.
In riper years—midst courtly hall,
In stately dance and festival—
You might have heard th' admiring praise
Men rendered to her beauty's blaze.
But Sickness, in his sallow cloak,
 Wrapped her fair form, all health before;
And Pain, with his relentless stroke,

.

Struck her till he could strike no more.
 'T was in those hours of watchful grief—
 When suffering's bitterest paths she trod—
 That she was taught to seek relief
 In deep communion with her God.
 Since those deep trials passed away,
 It seemed as tho' some heavenly ray
 Lit up with pure and gentle grace
 Each line of that submissive face.
 And yet with all her meekness, she
 Was stronger in adversity
 Than those on whom, in trial's hour,
 She might have leaned for strength and power;
 Because she felt that suffering here
 Was meant to purge our soul from dross,
 And make us cling, with holy fear,
 More closely to the Saviour's cross;
 And that it was the hand of God
 That o'er her waved His chastening rod.

XII.

They had two sons—a nobler pair
 Ne'er stood beneath the good greenwood;
 A daughter, too, of beauty rare,
 Just bursting into womanhood!
 They for a time had deeply felt
 The crushing blow misfortune dealt
 To all those glowing hopes that rise
 Within youth's bright and buoyant breast,
 Like sun-dyed clouds of evening skies,
 Floating in glory round the west;
 And which, alas! so oft like them,
 When the bright sun has passed away,
 Gleam faintly for a while—and then
 Die darkly with the dying day.
 But this soon ceased—care seldom cast
 A shadow o'er youth's onward ways—
 At least, a shadow that would last
 Throughout the lapse of many days—
 For it is like the shade that flees
 O'er the glad waves of sunlit seas,
 Cast by some fleecy cloud on high,
 Floating across a summer sky.

'T was thus with them, for soon they smiled
 To think of that rude life and wild,
 Which they should follow midst the woods,
 Of far Canadian solitudes.
 And when they thought of it, Romance
 Would wrap them in his magic trance,
 And bathe all things in those bright hues
 That he is skilled so well to use.
 Hope, with her sweet but lying tongue,
 Finds her best listeners 'midst the young,
 For in our youth, all outward things
 Seem breathing forth her whisperings.
 We fondly deem a joyous voice
 Is calling on us to rejoice ;
 And seems to promise joys, whose ending
 Shall only be, when life shall part,
 While it, in truth, is echo sending
 Back but the tones which from our heart
 Are ever, in our youth, ascending,
 Ere from life's first bright dream we start,
 And find all round us dark and chill—
 Enduring and foreboding ill.

XIV.

About a mile beyond the bay
 On which the Chester's clearing lay,
 Breaking the lake's bright fringe of green,
 Another clearing might be seen.
 Close by the narrow beach there stood
 A simple hut, both small and rude ;
 And many a blackened stump was there,
 Marring a scene that else was fair :
 For from the shore there might be seen
 Point, bay and isle—the lake between
 Seem'd like a pure and crystal sea,
 Studded with emeralds beauteously.
 Here dwelt alone a gentle youth,
 Weston his name—his age might be
 Some twenty years, tho' he, in sooth,
 Was older than he seemed to be.
 His dark brown eyes—his clustering hair,
 His open face, his quiet air—
 Simple, yet self-possess'd, did tell

That he'd been gently rear'd and well.
 But there was something more in him
 Than pleasing face and well-turn'd limb;
 For tho' so young, yet he had store
 Of ancient and of modern lore.
 And he had brought from Oxford's tow'rs,
 A mind whose strong and native pow'rs
 Had been so nurtured, that at length
 They rose in beauty and in strength,
 Like some strong Gothic arch that tow'rs
 In airy lightness to'ards the skies;
 Or like a shaft that, wreathed in flowers,
 Hides half its strength to careless eyes.

XV.

Nor was this all: in early youth,
 Thoughts deep and strange would o'er him roll,
 And even then he worshipped truth
 With all the pulses of his soul.
 Low whisperings o'er his spirit fell,
 Tho' whence they came he scarce could tell;
 He knew not—like the prophet-child—
 The Author of those accents mild
 That called him, thro' this world of sin,
 In lowliness, to follow Him.
 Strange lights fell o'er the things of earth,
 Making them but of little worth,
 For all their glory seemed to be
 O'ershadowed by eternity.
 He learned to sound those depths of sin
 That have their cherished home within;
 And with a true and honest heart,
 He gladly chose "the better part;"
 Grateful to Him, whose boundless love,
 Had led Him' from His throne on high;
 And from the adoring Hosts above,
 For us to suffer and to die.
 He strove to follow in the way
 In which his Lord had gone before:
 And still he sought, from day to day,
 To serve Him, and to love Him more.
 But his was not the love that dwells
 In loud profession on the lip:

His was the blamelessness that tells
 Of that deep inner fellowship
 With Him whose spirit is the spring
 Of every pure and holy thought,
 That lifts Devotion's lagging wing,
 And cheers our hearts when sorrow-fraught.
 And yet withal, 't was seldom he
 Had not a heart as full of glee
 As those with whom he mingled there,
 Amidst those woodlands wide and fair.
 But yet at times there might be seen
 Upon his brow the stamp of sadness,
 For his a trying lot had been,
 That cast its shadow o'er his gladness.

XVI.

Well born was he (as has been said);
 And as to'ards manhood's years he grew,
 Still choicer gifts were round him shed,
 And hope grew brighter in his view.
 Tho' but his father's younger son
 He might be called his only one,
 For, years before, his brother fled,
 And they had mourned him long as dead.
 That brother was a wayward soul—
 High and impatient of control;
 And maddened by a just reproof,
 He proudly left his father's roof;
 And swore that he would sooner be
 A wanderer, than in slavery.
 They sought him long, but sought in vain,
 And then they heard, that on the main
 He'd sought his fortunes; then that he
 Had perished in a storm at sea.
 Their youngest child was now their all—
 Heir to his father's ancient hall;
 The plaything of his sisters fair,
 And his sweet mother's chiefest care;
 And richly was their love returned
 By him o'er whom their bosoms yearned.
 While yet a child—a kinsman died
 On whom his sire had little claim;
 Yet left him lands, both fair and wide,

With which he was to take his name.
 And thus the name of "Neville" died,
 And "Weston" its proud place supplied.

XVII.

T' were long and tedious now to tell
 How thro' strange wrongs it came to be,
 That suddenly the Westons fell
 From affluence to poverty.
 Yet so it was—and Edward now,
 That son whom they had cherished so,
 Uprose, and with a tranquil brow,
 Showed that 't was fitting he should go
 To that young Western land, whose soil
 Richly repays the slightest toil,
 And make for those he loved so well,
 A home in some deep forest dell.
 He pictured forth a life so free,
 Midst the dim wood's obscurity ;
 That on their life's dark, troubled stream,
 Hope's smile again appeared to gleam ;
 And while her glances dried the tears,
 And her sweet whisperings stilled the fears
 That rose within each loving heart,
 When Weston from his friends did part ;
 She brighten'd with her purest ray,
 His distant and his lonely way.
 And thus it was that he had sought
 Those woods which seemed with blessings fraught ;
 And fixed his home beyond the bay,
 On which the Chester's clearing lay.
 Oh, ancient woods ! how many a tale
 Of sorrow might thy depths reveal !
 Oft hath thy sighing seemed the wail
 Of suffering thou could'st scarce conceal.
 How many a cheering hope hath faded,
 Like thine own leaves in Autumn time,
 From out young hearts that thou has shaded,
 And manlier spirits in their prime.
 And Oh ! how oft misfortune's son,
 Has in his sadness fled to thee ;
 Hoping, when he thy depths had won,
 To bid farewell to penury.

And so thou art a refuge rare,
 For Labour's simple sons and rude ;
 But Oh ! the gentle-born and fair,
 Should seldom seek thy solitude.

XVIII.

Weston a cordial welcome met,
 Wherever through the woods he went ;
 Each hand and heart was open yet,
 Throughout the wide-spread settlement.
 Community in hardship formed
 A bond towards which their feelings warmed ;
 Hope sang them still a Siren song
 Of comfort and of wealth ere long.
 Their trials were but food for glee,
 And warm their hospitality ;
 And merry jest, and courteous air,
 Soothed their rude homes and simple fare.
 There was not, 'midst them all, a board
 More pleasant, or more amply stored,
 Than Chester's—who, to every friend,
 His warmest welcome would extend.
 The father's frank and courteous greeting—
 The mother's soft and gentle grace ;
 The manly son's warm-hearted meeting—
 The beauteous daughter's beaming face—
 Shed o'er that wild and woodland spot,
 A charm that might not be forgot.
 Here, when the clear and silent dew
 Was weeping o'er the sun's last ray ;
 When sombre Eve her shadows threw
 Over the darkening face of Day ;
 When stalwart Labour, casting down
 His weary burden, sought for rest ;
 And dark-browed Night, with deep'ning frown,
 Scared the faint Twilight from the west.
 Here at such times would Weston seek
 To while the evening hours away,
 In converse with the mother meek,
 Or laughter with her children gay.
 Or else, perchance, their voices blended
 Into some old true-hearted song,
 On Music's trembling wings ascended

In no untutored unison.
 Weston soon found that feelings rose
 That marred his bosom's still repose ;
 By day his dreamings all were bright,
 And sweeter visions came by night ;
 And in them, ever smiling fair,
 Sweet Edith Chester still was there.
 At length he woke as from a trance,
 In which, upon his dazzled glance,
 A glorious gleam of joy had broken,
 Too blessed to be lightly spoken.
 A sad awak'ning 't was for him,
 For well he felt that it were sin,
 To woo a maiden such as she,
 Amidst his own deep poverty.
 And when his much-loved mother's face
 Before his mental vision came ;
 His father's form, his sisters' grace—
 His very soul did blush for shame,
 To think that he should e'er have thought
 Of aught save that unselfish aim
 For which he first the forest sought,
 When to its silent depths he came.

XIX

The Chester's marked his altered mein,
 His sadder looks, his visits rare,
 And wondered much what it could mean ;
 And feared that some corroding care,
 Which he, perchance, was loath to tell,
 Weighed on the friend they loved so well.
 To Edith he had never showed
 The love that in his bosom glowed ;
 And yet she often wondered why
 Her heart should now unbidden sigh ;
 And why a sort of dreamy sadness,
 Was dearer than her former gladness.
 And as for Weston—sooth it seemed
 As if the very heavens above
 No longer in their glory beamed,
 As when at first he learned to love.
 With him youth's first and sweetest dream,
 Seemed now as tho' 't was doomed to be

A fading thing before the gleam
 Of this world's cold reality.
 'T was true that he might win her heart,
 And hope for brighter days beyond ;
 And that it was a manly part,
 Never to waver or despond.
 But Weston's breast would never brook
 A thought that Honor might not scan :
 He was in word, and deed, and look,
 A christian and a gentleman !
 Say ! wert thou ever forced to bear
 That first deep grief to nature known,
 When with a quivering hand we tear
 Some idol from our heart's high throne ;
 When thoughts and feelings all combine
 In one low wailing of distress ;
 And round the bosom's broken shrine,
 Gather in utter loneliness ?
 If so, then may'st thou fitly tell
 The voiceless anguish that did swell
 In Weston's heart, when from his gaze
 Faded the dream of those bright days.
 He knew that midst the settlers there
 Were others who deemed Edith fair ;
 And one he knew, whose burning eye,
 Oft looked upon her lovingly.
 Oh ! wildly was his bosom tossed
 By dark repining thoughts within ;
 And for the wealth that he had lost,
 Longed with a longing that was sin :
 Because at times he seemed to be
 Faithless in His abounding love,
 Who guides us o'er life's troubled sea,
 To'ards His own glorious rest above.
 Devotion would not heavenward soar
 On Passion's scorched and flutt'ring wings ;
 And holy thought was more and more
 Pressed from his thought by earthly things.
 But this was brief—for soon he sought
 His aid who can our thoughts control ;
 And to His footstool humbly brought
 A sorrowing, but submissive soul.
 He thought of Him who once below

Earth's darkest path of suffering trod,
 With none to soothe Him midst His woe,
 With few to love Him save His God ;
 And Who was strengthened and upheld
 Upon His lone and weary path,
 When He the griefs of others quelled,
 And snatched the sinful soul from wrath ;
 Who—homeless, friendless, sorrowing—yet
 For *others*, could Himself forget.
 And Weston felt if *this* could be
 The road his Master trod of yore,
 That he must not repine to be
 A follower where *He* went before.
 Thus with a Christian's holy art,
 He strove to still his aching heart ;
 And tried to think how often we—
 Like wayward children—long to clasp
 The poison fruit upon the tree,
 Tho' wiser love withholds our grasp.
 That there 's an Eye that marks full well
 The dangers of that flow'ry way ;
 On which our hearts would love so well
 To wander on the live long day ;
 And bids us, tho' our hearts may break,
 A safe, tho' rougher, pathway take.

XX.

'T was eventide ; the sun's low ray
 Was turning into molten gold
 Each wavelet that across the bay
 Its gleaming waters gently rolled ;
 The summer wind that all the day
 Its tale of joy had sweetly told
 To the young leaves, had died away :
 And the long shadows, growing bold,
 Stole from their forest haunts, to play
 O'er that strange clearing, where of old
 At noon they had been free to stray,
 As tho' 't had been their strongest hold.
 But o'er it now full many a ray
 From the sun's eye, so fierce and bold,
 Chased them in terror far away.
 And never but at Eve's still hour,

That then was brooding o'er the scene,
 Could they regain their ancient power,
 And be once more as they had been.
 The poplar's quivering leaves grew still—
 The sunlight slept upon the hill;
 As tho' before it sunk from sight,
 'T would shower around its richest light.
 E'en the dark pines, that o'er the wood
 Towered in majestic solitude,
 Like giant Ethiops, fierce and wild,
 Glowed in that gorgeous blaze and smiled.
 The gushing brook that danced along,
 Seemed now to sing a drowsier song;
 And at a distance rose and fell
 The music of a cattle bell.
 Nature in stillness seemed to bend
 Before its God, and upwards send
 Its mighty homage, due to none,
 But only to the Viewless One.

XXI.

Such was the scene, and such the hour,
 When Edith Chester slowly strayed
 Down to a sweet and woodland bower
 That her fond brothers for her made,
 Just on the point that formed the bay,
 From whence you could with ease survey
 The windings of the indented shore,
 And the bright isles, all wooded o'er,
 And the wide lake, all pure and free,
 That ever rippled restlessly.
 'T was thitherward her steps she bent,
 For there full many an hour was spent;
 For she was at the age to be
 Full of wild dreams and reverie.
 She was a fair and gentle thing—
 As gentle as the breath of May,
 That wantons with the flowers of Spring,
 Then bounds from their embrace away;
 And breathes its odours o'er your brow
 So sweetly, yet so gently, thou
 Canst scarcely feel the fragrant air
 Lift the light locks that cluster there.

And as for beauty—well, I ween,
 That all those glorious forms that come
 Before us in youth's gorgeous dream,
 Had scarce her loveliness outdone!
 Her step was bounding, light and free,
 Her brow all thought, her voice all glee,
 Her large and speaking eyes, bedight
 With pensive dreams, or laughing light;
 Her tresses like dark streams that flow,
 Adown some slope of spotless snow;
 Her swelling form, whose buoyant grace,
 Rivalled the beauties of her face!
 Her low laugh seeming as tho' sent
 To teach men what true music meant;
 Making e'en echo dumb—for she
 Appeared to listen breathlessly,
 And seemed to feel, that to repeat
 That sound, would all her skill defeat.

XXII.

Such was the maid who in the bower,
 Built by the bright lake's wooded side,
 Sat midst the glorious sights that shower
 Their beauty round the eventide.
 Her book was closed; her beaming eye
 Wandered o'er wood, and lake, and sky,
 As tho' 't was fearful it would lose
 One of those bright and dazzling hues,
 Which shine in richest colours when
 The dying evening sinks in night;
 Even as a warrior, death-doomed, then
 Is in his choicest paint bedight.
 A ling'ring floweret of the Spring,
 Still blooming 'neath the Summer's wing,
 Called to her mind a simple lay,
 Learnt from a youth who loved to pay
 Deep homage to the muse, and long
 Had nursed a secret power of song.
 And now those strains are ringing free,
 Upon the trembling breath of eve,
 As tho' with that rich minstrelsy,
 She would her dreamy heart relieve;
 And these the words that floated then,

In music, over lake and glen,
 Although, in sooth, they seemed to be
 More full of sadness than of glee ;
 And fitter for the Springtide's hour,
 Than for the Summer's day of power.

XXIII.

Ye come ! wild flow'rs of the early Spring
 Ere the frost and the cold depart,
 And the simple smile of your blossoming
 Flings its light o'er my shaded heart.
 Ye come ! ye come, from the earth's bleak breast,
 Ere the woods in their robe of green are drest ;
 In your starry eyes there's a glance of mirth,
 Ere we dream that such fragile things have birth ;
 Ye gem our path thro' the woodland brake,
 Tho' Winter's still throned on the icy lake.

Ye come, sweet flowers ! like a pleasant thought
 Of the lov'd and the holy dead,
 That we find in our hearts, though we seek it not,
 Where mem'ry her train hath led.
 Through the long drawn vista of bygone years,
 Whose trees are cypress—its fountains tears ;
 Though we own with thanks that full many a ray
 Of joyous light on their waters play ;
 For the darkest pathway we e'er have trod,
 Was cheer'd by His smile, if we walked with God.

Ye come like the morning star, whose ray
 Tells that night, on her darksome wing,
 Doth flee from the face of the coming day,
 Like a fearful and guilty thing.
 For ye come to tell, with your own glad voice,
 That the trees of the forest may now rejoice,—
 That the night of the Winter is waning fast ;
 That its iron reign is o'er at last ;
 That the day of the Summer's about to break,
 With its glorious beams over wood and lake.

Then hail ! bright flowers of the early Spring,
 Whose home is the forest dell ;
 I welcome the smile of your blossoming
 With a love that I scarce can tell.

XXIV.

While o'er the lake's now slumb'ring tide
She sent that strain of melody,
She failed to mark a light skiff glide
Close to her wild bower, noiselessly ;
And ere her latest note had died,
A manly form was by her side.
She tried—but tried in vain—to shriek,
And the warm blood forsook her cheek ;
For such her terror and surprise,
That she had failed to recognise
In him who now before her stood,
A settler in the neighbourhood,
Well known to her, for often he
Had shared their hospitality ;
And many a winter evening spent
With them in harmless merriment ;
And she had read, with woman's art,
The love that dwelt within his heart.
Yet Edith felt her secret mind
Repelled by something undefined
That hovered round him, even while
His lip put on its blindest smile,
And she had seen his glance of ire
Burst forth as from a soul on fire.
She rose with cold yet courteous greeting,
And to'ards the cottage took her way ;
Said that the evening fast was fleeting—
That she had made too long a stay ;
But that her brothers within call,
Worked by the little waterfall.
Clifford forgiveness asked, retreating
Before her on her homeward way,
And told her he had sought that meeting
With panting heart from day to day.
“Edith !” he said, with voice all trembling,
“Stay but a single moment—stay !
My soul will burst, if still dissembling,
The feelings that upon it prey.
Love ! colder souls might call it love !
But by those bright clouds throned above,
Madness is far too mild a name
For that which sets my heart on flame.

In other days, my iron will
Could bid that rebel heart be still ;
But now 'tis vain. The rushing storm
Does not more wildly laugh to scorn
The puny barriers man would raise
To stay it on its onward ways,
Than my heart mocks the effort vain,
Its tameless passion to restrain.
Blame the still waters slumb'ring there,
Because upon their faithful breast
The clouds of heaven are mirror'd fair,
Now in this tranquil hour of rest.
But blame—Oh ! blame me not, that I
Have felt my bosom's inmost core
Stamped with thine image, which can die
Only when life itself is o'er !
Nay ! turn not with disdainful start—
Let me not offer all in vain
The homage of my flaming heart
That never can be free again.
I've knelt before at Beauty's shrine,
But never till this torturing hour—
When now in doubt I kneel at thine—
Dreamt I of love's wild, madd'ning power.
Oh ! break not from me ! Love like mine
Is scarce in this dark world and cold ;
And like those beams that round us shine,
From yonder sinking orb of gold.
'T would bathe in beauty all around
Where'er our future path might lead ;
And e'en in sorrow would be found
A blessing in the hour of need."

(To be Continued.)

THE SETTLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. HOLIWELL.

Authoress of the "The Old World and the New." "The Earles in Canada," &c.

CHAPTER I.

MAPLETON.

In 1820 the site of the present village of Mapleton was the abode of the red man. In the solitudes of his native forest, he roamed far and free, his title deeds received from nature, not lawyers; and tradition, not acts of Parliament, defining his boundaries. The shores of Lake Huron had hitherto been out of the reach of the emigrant, the most adventurous regarding those parts as the Romans did Britain, beyond the limits of the known world. At length the ancient sovereignty of the Indian was shaken,—grants of land in some instances were made by the British Government, to individuals deserving well of their country, which cause among others helped to turn attention in that direction. The impetus once given, crowds of the striving, vigorous, Anglo-Saxon race followed in the wake of the early pioneers of Western Canada, and fair villages and busy towns soon sprinkled the virgin bosom of the beautiful tract.

One of the first settlers of that part of the Province was Lieut. Mapleton, a naval officer in His Majesty's Service, who with many more received an extensive grant of land as the most economical reward for past services, and as a means of promoting the settlement of the country. Few on the list thus favored availed themselves of their new acquisitions immediately, but Lieut. Mapleton had an object in view that made him anxious for a home; when he bid farewell to one of England's proudest and loveliest daughters, neither believed it would be too long to wait, while the gallant officer hewed out of the forest a home fit for refinement and beauty to dwell in. Love is an enchanter; under his influence months flew by like days, as one by one the giant trees succumbed to the axe of the settler, the primeval forest echoed with the refrain, "Leonore," and for ever "Leonore." When the lonely emigrant skimmed the clear waters of the beautiful lake, in a birch-bark canoe,—a form lovely as a fairy dream sat at the prow and held sweet communing with him. In the inclement winter when weather-bound for weeks, he sat by his blazing log fire, the vacant chair beside him was filled by an angelic visitant who whispered of hope and patience, and pointed onward to the fruition of his anticipations. But with all the gilded hues of imagination, clearing wild land is one of the sternest realities of life, and cannot be accelerated one acre by brilliant hopes, or

enlivening songs. After a while others followed in the track of Mapleton and aided him with their labor and experience. Shanties sprang up around, in due time farms were partially cleared—and the nucleus of a village formed. An enterprising Scotchman called McLeod, put up a saw mill, which greatly facilitated the settling of the neighborhood.

Still it was long, very long before the Lieutenant could exchange his rude log cabin for a house commodious and elegant enough for his queen to live in, and reduce the surrounding wilderness to an appearance of cultivated beauty. He was a tall, straight, brown-haired man, of perhaps thirty years when he entered those primitive woods, now when prepared to summon loveliness to preside over his magnificent and promising estate, he was bent and withered and the brown curls streaked with iron grey. He forgot his fatigues, his hopes deferred, his altered appearance, when the period at length arrived for him to bring out the new mistress of all his hard won riches, riches wrung from the stern grasp of forest and rock, and too dearly paid for by a premature old age. Letters from Leonora had been less frequent of late, but absorbed in his busy life he had not noticed the circumstance; certain of his own constancy, he never thought of doubting hers, and full of affection and proud delight he wrote to announce his speedy arrival to claim the long expected guerdon of his labours. An answer by return of post crushed all hope and almost life out of the faithful heart of the lover. Leonora, weary of so long a delay and alienated by absence, had accepted the hand of titled old age in preference to the choice of her youth.

None guessed Mapleton's grief, but he became even shyer and more distant than he was before with his plain but well-meaning neighbours. He withdrew within himself and fed in silence on his great sorrow. About a year after the event the village was astir with the news that Mapleton had married poor Alice McPhail, the orphan child of some Irish peasant who had lived in one of the Lieutenant's cottages, whose career had been brought to a sudden close six months previously by cholera. The gossips had scarcely left off talking over the wonderful affair, and discussing the probable happiness or unhappiness of the ill assorted couple, when another, and more melancholy circumstance occurred. Young Mrs. Mapleton died within a year of her marriage, leaving an infant daughter to console the bereaved husband. Great was the excitement and curiosity of the neighbourhood, but nothing more could be extracted from old Nurse Wilkins, but that the young wife bore her trial bravely, and died in her husband's arms, blessing him for his goodness to her. Many from curiosity, and others from real kindness, would have liked to penetrate the mysteries of Mapleton Vale, and pierce through the reserve, that concealed the domestic grief of its inmates; but the sensitive, proud man, shrank from any demonstration of sympathy.

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thy, and as he appeared to go on just the same as before, public interest died out, and he was allowed to bring up his baby daughter without interference from the happy and experienced mothers of the village. As his little companion grew up beside him, passing from infancy to childhood, from childhood to girlhood, the bent, grey headed man became erect and cheery, less misanthropical in his intercourse with the outer world, and altogether more genial and agreeable. Many a little child has been sent by Divine mercy into saddened and desolate households to cheer and console. Blessings come robed in humility and stand at the door and knock.

Mapleton Vale, the residence of Lieut. Mapleton and his daughter was charmingly situated on rising ground two or three miles from the village, which was perched like a wild white bird on the very borders of the lake, and formed a picturesque object from the windows of Mapleton Vale. It was a low stone house, covering a good deal of ground and almost smothered in flowering shrubs and bushes. A stone's throw, from the house stood a log shanty, used as a milking shed by Maggie, the farm servant. It was under its rough shelter that the settler spent the first dozen years of his life in the backwoods: he seldom remembers it, but his daughter has a kind of reverence for this memorial of her father's labours and privations. On still higher ground, about a mile further from the village, was McLeod's Mill, and his white painted frame house hard by, in summer concealed from view by the luxuriant foliage of the surrounding forest, but in winter looking bleak and bare—a lonely sentinel over the snow covered wastes. The creek that turned the ever busy mill skirted the Lieutenant's farm, and then making a sudden curve dashed off towards the village, where a little bridge spanned it, ere it mingled its busy stream with the deep still waters of the great lake.

Lawrence Mapleton grew to woman's estate without more education than she could derive from her father, whose capacities were somewhat limited in that department. They read the Bible together, and the Penny Magazine; perused with the attention personal interest alone can give their "Weekly Agriculturist," for Lawrence loved everything that pleased her father. Their nearest neighbour, with the exception of McLeod, was a Major Glegg, an old army officer, a very jovial and convivial companion, though scarcely a congenial one to the Lieutenant. He also was indebted to a paternal government for the acres he possessed, but he had made a far different use of them, for while Mapleton by dint of years of toil and careful management was reputed the richest man in the district, no one would take the Major's note of hand, or believe that when his affairs were wound up he would leave a dollar behind him. He retained all the prejudices of his early education, and looked with contempt on the plodding habits of his neighbours. Field-

sports and drinking were essentials to his existence, and what was not accomplished on his farm by his hired men was left undone. His daughter Ailsa, resembled him as far as her sex would permit; she was a bold rider, a rough talker, and assumed everything masculine but the attire; beneath her foibles, however, she concealed an honest, affectionate heart, and some generosity of mind, although these fair attributes were marred by an uncurbed temper, and self-indulgent disposition. Association, not choice, had produced the friendship existing between her and Lawrence, for there was as little sympathy with each other's sentiments and feeling as there was between their respective fathers.

Lawrence was naturally the belle and pet of Mapleton; for little villages are not above the weakness of seeing peculiar charms in the child of affluence. Perhaps had the girl been dull and clumsy, wealth alone could not have made her popular, but combined with beauty and sprightliness, it rendered Lawrence the idol of the village circle. She proved a social medium between her father and the Mapleton people; she coaxed him out, and showed them hospitality at home, where she presided with mingled dignity and grace. Care and sorrow had never dwelt for a moment on her sunny head, she had no wish ungratified; a little wilful, perhaps over-confident, in her power of pleasing and dispensing happiness, but as she really never failed in winning all hearts the foible was excusable. The proud consciousness of being beloved gave a certain dignity to her character, and her generous disposition strove to merit the good opinion of her father and friends. Never checked by so much as a frown she had been accustomed from infancy to express every thought and fancy of her inmost mind, and a sacred regard and love for truth in every relation of life, formed a prominent trait in the young girl's character. When Lawrence was sixteen a very pleasant visitor came to Mapleton.

Mr. and Mrs. Mouncy, people of polish and education, came to Canada early in 1851, hoping that the anticipated railways would open a situation for Mr. Mouncy, who was an engineer of some experience. His brother had long resided in the neighborhood of New London, and had married one of McLeod's daughters from Mapleton. Thither of course the strangers bent their steps, but only to find the poor wife weeping over the coffin of her husband, who had been thrown from his waggon and killed on the spot. McLeod came quickly to his daughter's assistance, and after settling her affairs prepared to take her and her two children home, and much commiserating the uncertain prospects of the Mouncys, invited them to "come along, there was room enough at the old mill for them all." Mr. Mouncy declined for himself as he wished to go to Toronto to look about him, but accepted gladly for his wife, who wearied with travelling and anxiety, sorely needed the repose and com-

fort of home. The parting was indeed a trial, but they looked forward to a speedy re-union, and it was a cheerful, pleasant addition to the Mapleton circle that McLeod brought back with him in company with his sorrowing daughter. A something in common drew Clara Mouncey and Lawrence Mapleton together, morning visits were exchanged, then country rambles planned, social evenings and entire confidence followed. Mrs. Mouncey was a highly educated woman, and while she admired the lofty tone of her young friend's moral qualities and did full justice to her refinement of feeling and true politeness that would not wound the lowest, she grieved that her mind was altogether fallow, and in return for Lawrence's kindness and hospitality she resolved to try and repair the want in her education and give her a general view of the world, its history and literature. Lawrence possessed a comprehensive mind and readily grasped a new subject, though remembering words was almost impossible to her, unless poetry, for which she had a singular power of retentiveness. It was summer time, and their reading was generally pursued out of doors, Lawrence's attention being often distracted by a chirping, saucy bird or daring chipmunk; occasionally her father would join them and stretch himself on the grass within hearing. He began to fear Lawrence was growing too learned and would become discontented with Mapleton and her old father's society. A few afternoons spent with the fair students re-assured him, they talked and laughed quite as much as they read, and one day the girl fairly flung down "Irving's Columbus" to go into ecstasies over a quarrel among the humming birds in the trumpet honeysuckle. "No fear of her, I believe," murmured the old man as he wandered off alone, "better she grow up like poor plain Alice than resemble Leonora."

Mrs. Mouncey was often accompanied to Mapleton Vale by McLeod, who dearly loved a chat about country matters with the Lieutenant and a little bantering talk with his daughter. Sometimes the conversation took a political turn and then the social old Scotchman always looked to Lawrence for support. Mapleton felt but little interest in politics, he had never cared for them in his youth and now whatever pleasure he took in public affairs he reserved for the country of his birth. He distrusted change and preferred putting up with small evils to seeking a difficult and perhaps doubtful redress; he lacked the moral courage that would attack a wrong because it was wrong, while McLeod liked nothing better than to be put on the track of some rascality perpetrated or supposed to be perpetrated by the party he opposed. Major Glegg often joined the family circle; he was a violent and unreasoning opponent of McLeod's, Mapleton a languid one, while Mrs. Mouncey lent to their cause the more efficient aid of her pointed repartees and well considered arguments. Lawrence was keen sighted to perceive a weak point in the

enemy, and knowing her father enjoyed the battle and was quite indifferent as to the issue she racked her ready wit to supply her old friend with all the assistance in her power. He was a host in himself, cool, laconic, practical, he advanced nothing he could not prove, and never lost his temper, while the Major hit at random and was often convicted of contradicting himself a dozen times in the evening.

Lawrence's sole accomplishment was music and in this she excelled. It was quite accidental that her fine voice and ear were discovered and cultivated. A few years previously an erratic German called Maurice Strauss sojourned in Mapleton to recruit his health. He was an enthusiast in his art and soon awoke all the dormant talent for music in the neighbourhood. His first intention had been simply to spend the summer, but he was persuaded so cordially to stay longer that he consented, and at the earnest desire of the young men of Mapleton he got up a band and devoted himself vigorously to their instruction. The young farmers soon learned to blow their horns and trumpets as efficaciously as they wielded the flail or the axe. Two or three of the wealthiest settlers procured pianos from New York and employed Strauss to teach their daughters to play on them. Lieutenant Mapleton followed their example and Lawrence speedily became the master's best and favourite pupil. Strauss had partly studied in Italy and excelled in the beautiful music of that musical land. He was a restless mortal, and although acknowledging himself happier than he had ever been before in his life, he began to hanker after the busy noisy world, and suddenly went off as silently as he came after a stay of nearly three years. However the direction thus given to public taste was permanent, and possibly the innocent recreation of practising music may have had something to do with the fact that the Mapleton young men were remarkably sober and steady, and the sweet, gentle manners of the Mapleton girls were commented on far and near. Maurice Strauss was an unconscious missionary; he who introduces healthy and refining amusements is a labourer in the good work of humanising and elevating his fellows. Lawrence, although deprived of further instruction, practised industriously, for she loved music dearly, both for the pleasure it gave her and as a means of amusing others. Often when conversation flagged Lawrence stole to the piano, and those were proud moments when the social party gathered round her and listened with silent and hearty appreciation to her clear, full voice; it was enough, for her ambition went no further than the honest admiration of McLeod or the critical approval of Clara Mouncey.

With such associates and in such employments another year rolled over Lawrence's head, a year fraught with much improvement to the young girl, who learned in her readings with Mrs. Mouncey to know

how very ignorant she was, a piece of self knowledge seldom acquired in boarding schools, and yet shared by the greatest and most cultivated minds of all ages. Mrs. Mouncey had passed the Christmas with her husband, but he was still unsettled and she was glad to return to McLeod's hospitable roof, who indeed began to regard her with the affection of a father. However as the Spring wore on prospects grew brighter and Clara expected by every mail good news of a home and a permanent situation ; it was midsummer, however, before the missive arrived.

CHAPTER II.

SWINTON'S ADVERTISEMENT.

Lawrence was presiding at the breakfast table one July morning when she spied Paddy, their out of door factotum, approaching the house from the village ; he had newspapers in his hand, the semi-weekly post had delivered up its treasures, and Lawrie, tripping to the open window, received them with smiling thanks.

"The English Mail must be in, dear papa ; here are two papers and a letter from across the Atlantic."

"Who is the letter from my child ?"

"Indeed I don't know the handwriting, but here are your spectacles papa, you can look for yourself."

The old gentleman turned the missive over and over and at length deliberately broke the seal, Lawrence going on silently with her breakfast. It took some time to decipher but it was laid down at last, and meeting his daughter's inquiring eye her father handed it to her, saying, "Read it, my love, it is from an old and almost forgotten friend of my youth, Arthur Claridge, of Ulton Rectory, Yorkshire." Lawrence with some difficulty read the following :—

"To Lieut. Mapleton of Mapleton Vale, Lake Huron.

"DEAR MAPLETON.—I believe nearly twenty years have elapsed since your handwriting has gladdened my eyes, but you were ever a poor correspondent, and since your matrimonial projects in this country were broken off I suppose you took a distaste to the rest of its people. Still, in spite of your silence, I feel sure you have not forgotten our boyish friendship at college, ripening with our manly years into mutual respect and confidence. I write to ask a favour ; my eldest boy, who, I regret to say, has shown a great indifference to study and a love of rural sports, is going into your neighbourhood. Through an advertisement, I have become acquainted with a gentleman by name Swinton, living near Mapleton, who boards young men for a handsome consideration,

and teaches them Canadian farming, having a model farm on which to instruct them practically. His pupils are to enjoy all the comforts of home and a sedate Mrs. Swinton acts a motherly part by them. I shall be able to give the boy a few hundred pounds in a year or two (I am economising my income, for you remember I have no private property,) and then he can settle in Canada; he would be a pauper here and prevent the girls from marrying well. It is all arranged, he sails in a week's time. What I ask of you, if you live anywhere near, is to show my boy a little kindness and attention for his old father's sake. I never heard news of you beyond your marriage, have you a large family? I rejoice in five girls next to Hemsley and two boys in petticoats. Squire Hemsley of the Manor House is the lad's godfather, gave him a silver pap boat, and ever since has filled his silly head with nonsense: so much for a grand sponsor. God bless you, write if you have not forgotten how, in that barbarous home of yours in the backwoods.

"Yours sincerely,

"ARTHUR CLARIDGE."

"Surely papa, Mr. Claridge does not mean that coarse, unprincipled man Swinton, at Hogg's Hill, when he says, 'a gentleman by name Swinton.'"

"Indeed, my dear, I fear he does, I have heard that the rascal has been advertising in the English papers, the pity is, it is too late to prevent the boy from coming, I suppose he is on the Atlantic now; it will be the ruin of the lad; what can be done?"

As Lawrence could devise no satisfactory answer to her father's query, she left the room to attend to her usual domestic duties. Later in the day Lieut. Mapleton called her attention to an advertisement in the "News of the World."

TO PARENTS AND YOUNG GENTLEMEN OF SMALL MEANS.

ARCHIBALD SWINTON, Esq., of Mapleton, Lake Huron, boards and educates young men in practical farming, suitable for the country. Possessing a tract of land in the highest state of cultivation, his pupils enjoy every advantage in thoroughly acquainting themselves with agriculture. Mr. Swinton being a family man can offer his boarders unusual home comforts and agreeable society. Terms, £100 per annum, paid half yearly in advance. A year's residence is sufficient to prepare any one to go on his own land, and Mr. Swinton being extensively connected in land purchases is well able to recommend a locality and give sound advice on the subject. Address, Archibald Swinton, Esq., Mapleton Post Office.

Lawrence's great brown eyes flashed fire as she read the printed swindle, her nostril dilated with scorn. "What a contemptible wretch!" she exclaimed vehemently, "why, he has not ten acres cleared, and his wife is a drunken Irishwoman who, I expect, never wore a shoe in her life."

"I never regretted anything more than selling those fifty acres to Swinton, yet the fellow was fair spoken, and seemed honest and industrious; I would gladly buy the land back at double the price he gave, to get rid of him."

"You have no need to reproach yourself, dear papa; you cannot be responsible for everybody's character, but I do feel so sorry for this young man and his deceived parents. I am going into the village, can I do anything for you?"

"No, love, but what takes you there such a hot day? you had better let Paddy drive you."

"Oh no! it will be shady for an hour yet. I want to see Mrs. Mouncey, she expected a letter from her husband this morning and I am so afraid it will be a summons to join him."

"Fie! daughter, fie! wishing to keep separate two loving hearts."

"I know it is wrong, but oh dear! she will be such a loss. I am sure I love her as well as her husband does and, I daresay, enjoy her society more."

"Pray, what do you know about husbands and wives enjoying each other's society?"

"Oh! I know a great deal," she returned laughing, "I do not see any married people in Mapleton talk so long together without wearying as Clara and I do."

Papa kissed the saucy lips that uttered such treason, and the young creature went off singing "I'll never be married at all."

When the sun was declining in the west and the forest trees cast a pleasant shade Lieut. Mapleton sought his walking companion and found her weeping in her favourite arbour, not silently as from a heart deeply wounded, but childishly, passionately; tears of disappointment, of angry sorrow, tears shed on the stern altar of necessity; Clara Mouncey was going, husband summoned, wife rejoiced, friendship was forgotten and they must part.

Her tears were quickly dashed aside when her father appeared, the brown old man could always command a smile from beauty. He greeted her sadly.

"Weeping my darling! Has grief reached you whom I fondly hoped to shield from worldly trouble, what is it? father must share it."

"Clara is going away," answered Lawrence without a subterfuge, "and worse than all, seems glad."

A faint smile flickered over the father's face, he drew his daughter's arm within his and they sat down side by side.

"That you regret Mrs. Mouncey's departure, I can well understand, but that you are vexed because she is glad seems unreasonable and selfish. What can your affection be, sweet and loving as you are, to the

tender protecting devotion of her husband? My child you should have rejoiced with her, that after so many months of patient waiting she goes to her beloved husband; I should have but an indifferent opinion of your friend were she not inexpressibly happy."

"But she might have been sorry to leave me," pouted the injured bosom friend.

"So she is, I am sure; possibly you arrived just as she was exulting in the certainty of meeting Mr. Mouncey again; think of the hope deferred, the yearnings for his sympathy, and love for his face and voice, my child you should rather excuse your selfishness to this kind lady, than be displeased with her."

"I dare say you are right, papa, but I do not acknowledge any feeling stronger than friendship; but, dear papa, I should like to ask you a question."

"Well, my love, what is it?"

"You speak so beautifully and feelingly of conjugal happiness, did you and mamma love each other in this manner?"

"The memory of your mother is very dear to me."

"That is not a fair answer."

Father had never equivocated or prevaricated with daughter in the most trifling matter, he would not do it now, and in a low, broken voice replied, "No."

"Oh! dear papa, I have wounded, hurt you; forgive my thoughtlessness."

"I have nothing to forgive Lawrence; your inquiry was a natural one, though it chanced to recall bitter recollections."

Lawrence looked her curious sympathy, her heart was ready to melt, but she would like to know wherefore. The passage in Mr. Claridge's letter alluding to her father's broken matrimonial engagement had surprised her; she knew her own mother was a native of Mapleton, or at least resided there when married, she had no maternal relatives, and had scarcely ever heard her spoken of. The girl's disposition was too buoyant to brood over anything that did not immediately affect her, the English letter had been the first occurrence to excite any curiosity about the past.

"Dear papa, if it would not pain you, I should so like to know a little about mamma, and what Mr. Claridge meant in his letter about some marriage being broken off, but don't tell me a word if you had rather not, just say so, and I'll never mention the subject again."

"My child, there is little to tell, your mother's life and mine ran in a very quiet equable course, and what there is to relate might not add to your happiness to hear."

"Yes papa, I should like to know, I have hitherto been so happy, I

have never thought I experienced any loss in having but one parent, but now the subject has been broached, I must confess I should like to hear more."

"How would you like our Maggie for your mother?"

"Not much, but I could not say properly until I knew the circumstances that could have made her so."

"Lawrence, your mother was as plain, as uneducated, as low born, as Maggie; could you have loved her had heaven-spared her to you?"

"And what of the English lady?"

"She wearied of waiting and married another."

Lawrie's bright face flushed up.

"And was my mother a good wife?"

"Obedient, loving, and true."

"God bless her, dear, dear mother," exclaimed the girl, her eyes gilded with tears, "and was that the reason you never spoke of her?"

"What reason?"

"Because she was poor and low born?"

"Not alone, I always reproached myself for not loving her as her genuine nature deserved, but my heart had been wasted in its youth, and I had nothing to offer her but kindness and respect."

Lawrence could not help thinking that kindness and respect from such a man as her father were enough to make anyone happy.

"Dear papa, I am very glad you have told me all this, I seem to know mamma now; I have often thought how sad it was to die so young. "Alice Mapleton, aged 18," have always appeared such cruel words. I hate that English lady," she continued with energy, "what became of her?"

"I saw her death in the newspaper about ten years ago, she left no children, so the name and wealth she sacrificed so much for, passed to a nephew of her husband's."

"How selfish I have been to you dear papa, I never had the sense to see you had suffered, or had sad thoughts, I have been enjoying myself all my life without a dream of care, but it shall be different now."

"Not if you love me, my darling, your gaiety is my joy, your laughter and fun my daily food; I have become young again since you have grown up a little companionable friend. Not for the world would I have you altered. I have spoken of the past because you wished it, but believe me it is all dead and gone, I live in the present, and look to the future, your future, my sweet one in this world, and mine in the world to come."

Lawrie's warm kisses covered his cheek and brow, she murmured after a pause, "Have you no little relic of my mother? I should like to possess something belonging to her."

The old man returned her caresses and bade her follow him. They

walked back to the house; he led the way to his *sanctum*, and closing the door after him, he placed his daughter in his high-backed chair, and proceeded to unlock a cabinet in which he kept those things he prized most highly. Presently unfolding a silver paper discoloured with age, he displayed a lovely tress of golden-brown hair, "This is a lock of your mother's hair, I cut it off when she lay dead in my arms, it is exactly the shade of yours, Lawrie."

The old man paused and sighed, his eyes grew dim with memories sad and sweet; recovering himself he went again to the cabinet and took from it a sheet of paper, yellow and crumpled, written over in round childish characters, the poor unskilled hand that had traced them, long since returned to its parent dust. Lawrence reverently kissed it as her father gave it to her.

"There my child, keep this relic of an angel mother, guard it as I have done for seventeen years. It is the only scrap of her handwriting I possess, a little memorandum of her daily life during my absence from home, and found in her desk after her death. Business had required my presence in Montreal. I expected a person, the Jonathan Smythe she names to call in the meantime; she was to transact my business with him and admirably she did it. You are like your mother in many things Lawrence, practical, true, as the needle to the pole; there may be more brilliant qualities, none more useful, or more conducive to the welfare of others, but go to your chamber and peruse your treasure in solitude."

"But your walk, papa?"

"Paddy shall get the buggy ready, and you shall drive me to McLeod's, I wish to see Mrs. Mouncey and hear particulars of her husband."

When Lawrence joined her father her eyes were red and her manner subdued and tender, that pure child-like revelation of an earnest humble spirit striving to reach the level of him she loved, haunted her for days, and long afterwards when it had faded into the past, a word, an accident would recall these lines written ineffaceably on her retentive memory. Her true nature recognised the gold of her mother's character by intuition, and from that day she loved and honoured her side by side with her father.

"March 20th, 183-. My dear Mr. Mapleton is away, the house is so lonesome, I know not what to do. I try to read and write as long as I can that I may improve enough to send him a letter when he goes away again. Jonathan Smythe came here this morning, he brought the deed of the land he was to exchange with Mr. Mapleton. I did not like his manner. I don't know why, but I thought he was glad the master was out. He said he was in haste and asked if Mr. Mapleton had left the receipt. I answered "yes," but that I would not give it to him without witnesses, he was much put out and swore, but at last agreed to return

to-morrow. I have sent to the village for Mr. McLeod and Lawyer Short to meet him. I hope they will be sharp enough and see that justice is done. I am writing on Mr. Mapleton's beautiful gift. Oh! when shall I be worthy of his indulgence and kindness towards me, I strive to learn, but I feel very stupid and I am ashamed to tell him how ignorant I am, or I know he would help me, he is so good to every body. I have one great comfort, I feel so happy in loving him, that I can wait patiently for him to love me back again, for I cannot help seeing that his gentleness and kindness are but forbearance. I went over the farm yesterday, the early spring flowers are in bud, I hope he will come back before they are all gone. Job brought two sacks of flour in payment of his old debt, that will please dear Mr. Mapleton, who was afraid the old man was not honest."

The evening passed away pleasantly enough at McLeod's. Mrs. Mouncey was as unwilling to bid farewell to Lawrence as even the enthusiastic girl could wish. They agreed to spend the following day together, their last of uninterrupted friendship. Lawrence felt almost low spirited when Clara was really gone, but she remembered her young mother striving to please her father, and she resolved to do likewise with heart and soul.

(To be continued.)

NORTH-WEST BRITISH AMERICA.*

BY THE EDITOR.

THE ATHABASKA RIVER—THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—THE LEATHER PASS
—THE CANADIAN EMIGRANT ROUTE IN 1862.

Public attention has been almost exclusively directed to the valley of the Saskatchewan, and the Basin of Lake Winnipeg. The comparatively small area drained by the Athabaska or Elk River has not received a tithe of the attention it merits. Events of no small importance are likely soon to draw towards this little known river, an equal if not a greater share of interest than the broad, open prairies, draining the more magnificent river to the south, now attract. The Athabaska belongs to a water system wholly distinct from the Saskatchewan, yet the valleys of the two rivers are separated by so low and narrow a parting that the country they drain may be considered as one and the same gently slop-

*Continued from page 11.

ing plateau, from which the Rocky Mountains rise in bold and abrupt ranges.

That part of the Athabaska district which will first attract attention, is bounded on the south by the dividing ridge which separates its valley from that of the Saskatchewan; on the north by Peace River; on the north-east by English River, Methy Lake, and Cold Water River, and the Athabaska itself to its junction with Peace River, and on the west by the Rocky Mountains. It forms an extensive and most interesting region, and its western portion in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains may ultimately become of immense importance. Its area is approximately forty thousand square miles; it lies between the 53rd and 56th parallels of latitude. Sir John Richardson describes the valley of Clear Water River, which forms the eastern boundary of the district referred to, as not excelled, or indeed equalled by any that he has seen in America for beauty. "The view from the Cockscomb extends thirty or forty miles, and discloses in beautiful perspective, a succession of steep and wooded ridges descending on each side from the lofty brows of the valley to the borders of the clear stream which meanders along the bottom."(*)

Where Clear Water River joins the Athabaska the latter stream is between a quarter and half a mile wide, with a considerable current, but without rapids. Limestone forms the bed and banks of the Athabaska for 30 miles below Clear Water River; there the limestone is capped by bituminous shale, over one hundred feet thick. A copious spring of bitumen issues from the banks lower down, and so impregnated is the whole country with bitumen that the oily liquid flows readily into a pit dug a few feet below the surface. The distance in a straight line from Clear Water River to the sources of the Athabaska is about three hundred miles. It meanders for a considerable distance through prairie lands which are frequented by Buffalo, the Elk, or American Red Deer, and the Moose. From the Saskatchewan and Lesser Slave Lake the country can be travelled by horsemen. In 1849 a body of forty horses came to Methy portage from Lesser Slave Lake early in the season, and in good condition. Colonel Lefroy, who has travelled through the Athabaska country, describes the district between Peace River and the Saskatchewan as remarkable for its gradual and regular ascent, and preserving throughout much of the character of a plain country.

At Fort Assiniboine, four days journey from Edmonton, the Athabaska is three hundred yards wide, and flows through a valley two hundred and fifty feet deep, and from one to two miles broad; the country between these Posts is densely wooded. Along the banks of this fine river sections of the same coal-bearing strata were observed by Dr. Hector, that

(*) Arctic Searching Expedition.

are exhibited on the Saskatchewan and Red Deer Rivers, with their associated clay iron-stone bands. Jasper House is in latitude $53^{\circ} 12' N.$, and stands in a wide valley within the second range of the Rocky Mountains. Although it was the depth of winter when Dr. Hector travelled in this region, yet he was able to ascend the mountains seven thousand three hundred feet above the sea, so singular is the climate along their eastern flank; thaws alternate with severe cold, preventing the snow from accumulating to any great depth. The winds are either from north or south, following the course of the Athabaska valley, which traverses the mountains in that direction. Although ice forms to a great thickness on the lakes, there are few places where the river freezes within the mountains, as even a slight rapidity of current serves to free the ice during a partial thaw. From Jasper House Dr. Hector followed the course of the Athabaska for four or five days on horseback, as far as the point where the pass branches off into British Columbia, and where the Athabaska is but a small rivulet closely hemmed in by mountains. This journey being made at the most unfavorable period of an unusually severe winter, "I am," says Dr. Hector, "enabled to state, that whatever may be the amount of snow on the heights of land and their western flank, the valleys of the eastern ranges are actually less encumbered by snow than much of the prairie country."(*) The south-west wind affects the climate of the eastern flanks of the Rocky Mountains to such a degree, that there is a narrow tract lying close to them where the snow is never more than a few inches deep, and the rivers, when rapid, remain open during the winter. In consequence of this, a few ducks are found to linger throughout the whole season in the mountains, while from the Plain Country, in latitudes much further south they are necessarily absent from October till May. (†)

The country between the Athabaska and the Saskatchewan, drained by McLeod's River and Pembina River, is densely wooded. On the Pembina a bed of coal eight feet thick was observed, an important fact, showing the wide area over which thick beds of this important mineral exist on the east flanks of the Rocky Mountains. On Arrowsmith's Map of British Columbia, 1859, the country on the south bank of the Athabaska is described as "Swampy ground," and it will be remembered that it is not unfrequently urged by some who are familiar with the physical character of the Prairie region in the north-west, that the wide areas covered by so called 'swamps,' will prove a very great, if not an insuperable drawback to their speedy occupation by an agricultural people. There can be no doubt that the best and dryest land will be first settled,

(*) Blue Book.

(†) *Ibid.*

and subsequently the swampy areas will be submitted to drainage. But the term swamp when applied to the wet prairies of the north-west, is very likely to mislead and create very unfavorable impressions of large tracts of country. Even near the banks of Red River, within a few miles of the settlement, there are extensive areas known by the name of the Big Swamp, Nine-mile Swamp, &c., which are in reality nothing more than wet, marshy prairies, which result from very shallow depressions in the uniformly level country in which they are found, and which might be easily drained into the nearest water course by a trench two or three feet deep. The knowledge derived from the results of recent British and Canadian explorations in North-West British America, shows with what caution and latitude such terms as "swampy region," "barren region," must be received when they proceed from authorities interested in the Fur trade, or in the maintenance of the NORTH-WEST in its present state of comparative isolation. Father de Smet visited Jasper House in 1855, after having crossed the Rocky Mountains in lat. 51°. He thus relates in his "Oregon Missions" the results of his experience of the present means of subsistence in that remote region, although so near the gold yielding terraces of Cariboo in British Columbia, and the auriferous sands and gravels of the Upper Saskatchewan.

"Provisions becoming scarce at the fort at the moment when we had with us a considerable number of Iroquois from the surrounding country, who were resolved to remain until my departure, in order to assist at the instructions, we should have found ourselves in an embarrassing situation had not Mr. Fraser come to our relief by proposing that we should leave the fort and accompany himself and family to the Lake of Islands, where we could subsist partly on fish. As the distance was not great, we accepted the invitation, and set out, to the number of fifty-four persons and twenty dogs; I count the latter because we were as much obliged to provide for them as for ourselves. A little note of the game killed by our hunters, during the twenty-six days of our abode at this place, will afford you some interest; at least, it will make you acquainted with the animals of the country, and prove that the mountaineers of the Athabaska are blessed with good appetites. Animals killed: twelve moose deer, two reindeer, thirty large mountain sheep or big horn, two porcupines, two hundred and ten hares, one beaver, ten muskrats, twenty-four bustards, one hundred and fifteen ducks, twenty-one pheasants, one snipe, one eagle, one owl; add to this from thirty to fifty-five white fish and twenty trout every day."

For a grazing country, the district between the Saskatchewan and the Peace River, appears to be admirably adapted. This region formerly swarmed with buffalo and elk, and even at the present time it is regard-

ed as one of the best hunting grounds on the east side of the Mountains, nor is its climate too rigorous for the production of garden vegetables.

In the summer of 1788, a small spot was cleared by the Fur traders at the 'old establishment' on Peace River, which was situated on a bank thirty feet above the level of the stream, and was sown with turnips, carrots and parsnips. The first grew to a large size and the others thrived well. Potatoes were also successful, but cabbages, for want of care, failed.

In the fall of 1787, when Mackenzie first arrived in that country, Mr. Pond was settled on the banks of the Athabaska or Elk River, where he remained for three years "and had formed as fine a kitchen garden as ever I saw in Canada," (Mackenzie's voyages). In Mackenzie's time, the plains on either side of the Peace River abounded with buffaloes, elks, wolves, foxes and bears.—That enterprising and intelligent traveller and observer, records that geese appeared on the Peace River (near Fort Vermillion, lat. 57° 50') on the 13th of March, 1793, much earlier than he had observed them in that part of the world at any time before, and the river was cleared of ice on the 25th of April. When Mackenzie was on his voyage of discovery to the Pacific, he describes the scenery on Peace River on the 10th of May, (1793) in lat. 55° 58' 48" in the following words. "This magnificent theatre of nature has all the decorations which the trees and animals of the country can afford it: groves of poplars of every shape vary the scene; and their intervals are enlivened with vast herds of elks and buffaloes, the former choosing the steps and uplands, the latter preferring the plains. At this time the buffaloes were attended with their young ones who were frisking about them; and it appeared that the elks would soon exhibit the same enlivening circumstance."

Although the Athabaska district, as a whole, may be remote from the line of settlements which will be first established across the continent, yet it is a vast territory in reserve, and one which as time rolls on will become peopled with a pastoral race, and eventually exercise an important influence upon the more fertile and arable districts of the North Saskatchewan. As a great grazing country it will early attract attention; and its vast stores of bitumen will be a source of immense profit where portable fuel and means of creating artificial light must command a remunerative price when the increase of population calls into existence those necessities which belong to civilized communities. The Athabaska district should by no means be shut out of view in contemplating the future of the Basin of Lake Winnipeg. Its proximity to the auriferous valleys of the west and east flanks of the Rocky Mountains will soon secure for it a conspicuous position in the future of the NORTH-WEST. It is, however, in connection with an OVERLAND ROUTE that the Athabaska acquires paramount importance.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

An inspection of Arrowsmith's recent map of British Columbia will show that the Rocky Mountains form a series of ranges separated by distinct valleys, which valleys are again divided by a transverse water-parting. The Kootanie River, for instance, which rises in the Vermilion pass in lat. 51° flows *south-easterly* and crosses the boundary line in 115° , or 350 miles from the Pacific.

The Columbia rises in a more westerly valley, flows for 150 miles in a *north-westerly* direction, and then turning into a third Rocky Mountain valley flows *south-easterly* almost parallel to its former course and crosses the boundary line in long. 118° or 250 miles from the Pacific. Fraser River rises also in long. 118° , and not 30 miles from the north bend of the Columbia, but separated from it by a high mountain ridge. The Fraser flows *north-easterly* for about 200 miles, and then like the Columbia turns suddenly to the south, and flowing altogether through British territory reaches the Pacific, a few miles *north* of the Boundary Line.

The peculiar structure of the Rocky Mountains is also remarkably shown by the sources and flow of the rivers on the eastern flank. It has been shown that the Missouri rises on the EAST of the great chain: Belly River, a tributary of the South Branch of the Saskatchewan rises near the boundary line in the FIRST mountain range; the Kananaskis River still further north, has its source in the SECOND range; Bow River in lat. 51° draws water from the THIRD range; the North Saskatchewan comes from the FOURTH range in lat. $51^{\circ} 40'$; the Athabaska rises in the FIFTH range, and the Peace River receives contributions from the WESTERN summits of the Rocky Mountains.

It is also important to notice that there are two rivers flowing respectively into the Columbia and Athabaska, which rise a short distance from the Fraser, and there is a portage between that river and each of the eastern tributaries, namely—between the Fraser and Canoe river, a tributary of the Columbia, and between the Fraser and the Miette river, a tributary of the Athabaska.

It is by this last named river, the Miette, that the Canadian emigrant party reached the Fraser in September, 1862. They passed through the Leather or Yellow-Head pass, and thus established a direct communication between the Fraser and the Athabaska, without crossing any other impediment than the low dividing ridge between those separate river systems.

Dr. Hector *describes the average limit of vegetation on the Rocky

* On the Geology of the country between Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean; by James Hector, M.D. Proceedings of the Geological Society, 1861.

Mountains, within the limits of the basin of Lake Winnipeg, as lying between 5,000 and 6,000 feet; so that the greater mass of the mountains display naked and bold surfaces, which are generally very precipitous. The division of the mountains into groups, separated by great longitudinal valleys through which the rivers flow, has already been noticed. There are three of these great longitudinal valleys running in a general direction towards the north-east and south-west. On the Athabaska river gneissoid rocks, traversed by quartz veins were observed by Dr. Hector to form the floor of the second longitudinal valley. The age of these gneissoid rocks is not stated, but when it is borne in mind that gold has been found over a considerable area on the east side of the mountains, it is not improbable that these rocks may consist of altered Palæozoic Strata and be the source of some of the gold on the eastern flank, the precious metal having been found in the neighbourhood of Edmonton in quantities sufficient to 'pay' four dollars a day.* It has also been discovered higher up the river, at the Rocky Mountain House, and was most probably washed out of the shingle terraces along the eastern base of the mountains. On the Athabaska River, fifteen miles from the mountains in a direct line, the river terraces, probably remodeled from the shingle terraces before referred to, were found at altitudes varying from 15 to 370 feet above the River level. Within the mountains the valley, which is more dilated than even that of the North Saskatchewan, has terraces better developed than any observed by Dr. Hector on the east side of the chain. These terraces not only form a margin of level ground along the edge of the rivers, but they are, as already stated, most probably the source of the gold found in the Saskatchewan. The country occupied by the terraces is easily passed through, as the forests there are free from brushwood, and "the only obstacle to the traveller arises from his having so often to make a steep descent to the base of the deposit, which is cut through by every little stream, and then to climb again the opposite bank."† The surfaces of the terraces are level and

* As an instance of the attention which the Upper Saskatchewan as an auriferous field is now attracting, the following extract from a letter written by a well known Red River trader may be quoted:

"This (Selkirk Settlement, 16th Nov., 1862) is altogether an unfortunate season. The Company have given up paying out money for any kind of produce and at present things look very bad, indeed we will all have to go off to the Saskatchewan gold diggings. There is gold there, and already parties are finding enough to pay very well. The Scotch boys from here are all there, opposite Fort Edmonton, and working, building houses, taking claims, &c. Young L—— came in the other day and returns again. S—— will be in this winter. They brought some of the gold; it is in very fine particles but they are sure of enough already to pay them well."

† Hector.—Proceedings of the Geological Society.

firm ; on gaining the Vermillion Pass the only steep climb is, at first, up the face of these terraces for 180 feet ; and then a gentle slope leads to the height of land.

THE LEATHER PASS—THE CANADIAN EMIGRANT ROUTE IN 1862.

The interest attached to the Vermillion Pass has been in a great measure withdrawn since the discovery by the Canadian emigrants of 1862 of the remarkable facilities presented by the Leather Pass for establishing a communication between the valley of the Athabaska and the Fraser. The character of the communication between the Saskatchewan and the Fraser remains to be discovered. Canoe River, a tributary of the Columbia, appears to afford some facilities, but until the route has been surveyed, the known and practicable Leather Pass will claim and receive public attention.

The details of the following sketch of the course of the emigrant party, one hundred and fifty in number, have been received by the writer from two of the travellers :

On the 9th of August some of the party reached Edmonton, journeying by way of Fort Ellice, Carlton House and Fort Pitt. At Edmonton they exchanged their carts for pack saddles and bags, with the intention of packing with oxen across the mountains through the Leather Pass to the Fraser. Each ox was 'freighted' with a load of 160 lbs. The surplus provisions which the party were unable to take with them were sold to the employees of the fort, at the rate of twenty-five dollars for each 100 lbs. of flour, and one dollar and fifty cents for each pound of tea. A valuable fact with reference to the distribution of gold on the Saskatchewan, in the neighbourhood of Edmonton, is mentioned by our correspondents, which speaks well for the future Saskatchewan gold-field. "About four dollars a day is the amount which the gold in the bed of the river will pay." Fresh butter, new potatoes, and fresh fish, were procured at St. Ann's, a settlement some fifty miles west of Edmonton. Between St. Ann's and the Leather Pass, the country contains dense woods of pine and tamarac. Four of the party, including our informants, descended the Fraser from the TETE JAUNE CACHE for 500 (probably 400) miles, as far as the forks of the Quesnelle, in a small cotton-wood canoe. It took them seven days only to make this distance ; they arrived at the forks of the Quesnelle before the 25th of September. Others descended the Fraser on rafts, and were swept with extraordinary rapidity down that comparatively unknown and impetuous river.

The results of this remarkable journey are very important when viewed in connection with the practicability of a route across the continent.

The distance between the several posts of the Hudson Bay Company, on the line of route, are approximately as follows by the shortest road :

Red River Settlement to Fort Ellice	220
Fort Ellice to Carlton	280
Carlton to Fort Pitt	170
Fort Pitt to Edmonton	180
Fort Edmonton to Jasper House	230
Jasper House to the Fraser, via the Miette River and the Leather Pass	60
The navigable part of the Fraser (in canoe) to the forks of the Quesnelle	500

Total distance from Fort Garry, Red River, to the forks of
the Quesnelle and Fraser1640

From Mr. W. H. T. Ellis, one of the travellers who has just returned to Toronto, we learn the following important facts :—The entire emigrant party separated into two divisions at Fort Garry. The first division, containing about one hundred emigrants, started a week in advance of the second division, numbering sixty-five persons in all. The first party took the north route by Carlton to Edmonton ; the second division the south trail. At Edmonton they all changed their carts for horses and oxen. The total number of oxen taken THROUGH THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS was one hundred and thirty ; the number of horses about seventy. When in the mountains, they killed a few oxen for provisions ; others were sold to the Indians at Tête Jaune Cache on the Fraser, and others were *rafted down* the Fraser River to the Forks of the Quesnelle.

At the Tête Jaune Cache, a portion of the party separated from the rest ; and, with fourteen horses, went across the country, by an old, well-worn trail, to Thompson's River, and thus succeeded in taking their horses from Fort Garry through the Rocky Mountains, through a supposed impassible part of British Columbia, to the wintering station on Thompson's River and Kamloop's Lake, for the pack-animals of the British Columbia gold seekers.

Others of the party descended the Fraser on rafts, some in cotton-wood canoes—others, again, in oxhide canoes, constructed by themselves at Tête Jaune Cache. Many of the oxen rafted down the Fraser were sold at Quesnelle in fair condition. When the adventurous emigrants reached the height of land separating the waters flowing into the Athabaska from those tributary to the Fraser, they were only made aware of their triumphant success by observing that the waters flowed to the west instead of towards the eastward—so gradual, and, indeed, imperceptible,

is the passage from the Athabaska valley to that of the Fraser. Gold was found in numerous places and over very extensive areas on the east side of the mountains, but as the distribution of gold in the valley of the Sakatchewan and elsewhere in the North-West will form the subject of a future article, it is unnecessary to refer to it at present.

Probably there is no other stretch of country in the world exceeding one thousand six hundred miles in continuous length, and wholly in a state of nature, which it would be possible for one hundred and fifty people, including a woman and three children, to traverse during a single season, overcoming such apparently formidable obstacles as the Rocky Mountains have been supposed to present. The simple fact that these emigrants were enabled to take a large number of oxen and horses through the mountains, by an undescribed Pass, supplies a most satisfactory answer to those who have uniformly represented the dangers and difficulties of a route across the continent within British Territory, as insuperable without extraordinary outlay. Here we have an instance of a large party of emigrants, nearly all unaccustomed to the work, effectually combating those difficulties, by proving that they were either grossly exaggerated or in great part imaginary. Another important fact which this journey has developed, is the ease with which the Fraser river is capable of being navigated by canoes or rafts, as far down the stream as the forks of the Quesnelle, the point from which a road will most probably strike off in a nearly direct line to the Pacific, touching the ocean at one of those deep indentations which form so curious a feature of the British Columbian Coast. There can be no doubt that great privations were endured by many of the party, but at least until they reached the Fraser, there are happily no sad memorials left on the route they took, like those which distinguish every mile of the inhospitable desert which separates the valley of the Mississippi from the Pacific States and Territories of the United States.

The Leather Pass lies in latitude 54° , and has long been known to the employees of the Hudson Bay Company, and is called by them the "Old Columbia Trail" or Jasper Pass. It will be observed that it forms an immediate and direct connection with the great artery of British Columbia, namely, the Fraser river. The other passes to the south connect with the Columbia river, which flows for many hundred miles through Washington Territory. It will not fail to be noticed too, that the existence of this route, via the Leather pass, has only very recently appeared on published maps. It is shown on Arrowsmith's map of British Columbia, published in 1860; but the success with which its long established connection with the Fraser has been concealed by the Hudson Bay Company, is a singular instance of the unity of purpose which has pervaded all the actions of that powerful corporation during

their long tenure of absolute control over a portion of British America, containing more land suitable for the abode of man than the Province of Canada itself, which has already cost in its defence from aggression many millions of money and many thousands of lives. It seems remarkable that the Leather Pass, and its easy connection with the Fraser River escaped the attention of the exploring party sent by the British Government, under Captain Palliser, in 1857, '58 and '59. If the existence of this unobstructed communication between the Athabaska valley and British Columbia, had been made known to the world as one of the results of that expedition, probably long ere this, the British Government would have taken measures to establish a separate government in Central British America, and open a communication across the continent through British Territory. Mr. Ellis describes the "Old Columbia Trail" through the mountains to the Fraser as not only well worn, but showing everywhere traces of having once been laboriously cut out; and when the emigrant party passed through it last autumn, young trees, four or five years old, blocked up some portions of it, showing that it had not been used recently. Dr. Hector actually passed the "Old Columbia Trail," but neither his guides nor the people at St. Ann's or Edmonton appear to have informed him of its existence. Fortunately, the Leather Pass has now been traversed by men, a woman, children and numerous oxen and horses; the Fraser has been safely descended for five hundred miles from its source, in canoes and on rafts, by a very numerous party, and it has been *ascended* in a boat from Cariboo to the Tête Jaune Cache; and from this last named place there is a well known trail for horses to the Thompson River, and thence to New Westminster, which has also been traversed by Canadian emigrants, with horses. The difficulties of the Rocky Mountains have thus in great part melted away, and the 'impossibilities' of the overland route have vanished, just as the 'uninhabitable deserts and swamps' of the Saskatchewan have given place to boundless fertile prairies, which will probably become, even in our generation, the seat of an enterprising and prosperous people.

The successful journey of the Canadian emigrants across the Continent in the summer of 1862, will be an event in the history of British America which will continually grow in importance as the great future of this vast portion of the empire begins to be more clearly discerned. It is a fitting opportunity to repeat here the words of the Hon. W. H. Seward, the American Secretary of State, on the future of British America. The thoughts they express might with becoming propriety find a place in the hearts of many who have been accustomed to ignore the vast capabilities of Central British America, to magnify the difficulties which attend its occupation and settlement, and even to question the policy of retaining

it as an appendage of the British Crown—of them we may say, reversing the oriental compliment, “May their shadows for ever grow less.”

“Hitherto, in common with most of my countrymen, as I suppose, I have thought Canada, or to speak more accurately, British America, a mere strip lying north of the United States, easily detachable from the Parent State, but incapable of sustaining itself, and therefore ultimately, nay, right soon, to be taken on by the Federal Union, without materially changing or affecting its own condition or development. I have dropped the opinion as a national conceit. I see in British North America, stretching as it does across the continent, from the shores of Labrador and Newfoundland to the Pacific, and occupying a considerable belt of the Temperate Zone, traversed equally with the United States by the Lakes, and enjoying the magnificent shores of the St. Lawrence, with its thousands of Islands in the River and Gulf, a region grand enough for the seat of a great empire. In its wheat fields in the West, its broad ranges of the chase at the North, its inexhaustible lumber lands, the most extensive now remaining on the globe—its invaluable fisheries, and its yet undisturbed mineral deposits, I see the elements of wealth. I find its inhabitants vigorous, hardy, energetic, perfected by the Protestant religion and British Constitutional Liberty. I find them jealous of the United States and of Great Britain, as they ought to be; and therefore when I look at their resources, I know they cannot be conquered by the former nor permanently held by the latter. They will be independent, as they are already self-maintaining. Having happily escaped the curse of slavery, they will never submit themselves to the domination of slaveholders, which prevails in, and determines the character of the United States. They will be a Russia behind the United States, which to them will be France and England. But they will be a Russia civilized and Protestant, and that will be a very different Russia from that which fills all Southern Europe with terror, and by reason of that superiority, they will be the more terrible to the dwellers in the southern latitudes.

“The policy of the United States is to perpetuate and secure the alliance of Canada while it is yet young and incurious of the future. But on the other hand, the policy which the United States actually pursues is the infatuated one of rejecting and spurning VIGOROUS, PERENNIAL, AND EVER-GROWING CANADA, while seeking to establish feeble States out of decaying Spanish Provinces on the coasts and in the Islands of the Gulf of Mexico.

“I shall not live to see it, but the man is already born who will see the United States mourn over this stupendous folly, which is only preparing the way for ultimate danger and downfall. All Southern political stars must set, though many times they rise again with diminished splendour. But those which illuminate the Pole remain forever shining, forever increasing in splendour.”

QUINTÉ.

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

Spirit of Gentleness! what grace
 Attends thy footsteps. Here thy face
 With fine creative glory shone,
 Like a mild seraph's near the throne,
 On that fair morn when first thy wing
 Pass'd o'er the waters, brightening
 The solemn shores that gravely lay
 Far, far along the tranquil bay.

No lofty grandeur piled supreme,
 But like a sweet, prophetic dream,
 The landscape stretched, unfolding still,
 In gently sloping vale and hill;
 Bright woods of every shade of green;
 And over all, the sun, serene,
 Rolled back the shadowy mists of gray
 That veiled the bosom of the bay.

What spirit of sublime Repose
 Was with thee when the forest rose
 And flung its leafy mantle o'er
 The changeful wild on either shore?
 Spirits of Rest and Peace! for here
 They build their bowers year by year,
 Creating yet, from day to day,
 Fresh graces for their favourite bay.

And still the charming landscape lies
 The fairest 'neath Canadian skies,
 Trembling with grace and beauty rare,
 Blushing to know how sweet and fair
 The lovely features yet remain,
 Untouched, untainted, free from stain;
 The matchless face as warm and gay
 As when first mirrored in the bay.

Broad, wavy grain fields touch the shore,
 Receding from the dash and roar
 Of the hoarse billow from the deeps
 Of the wide Lake; rare woodland sweeps:

Of upland wild, and deep ravine,
In undulating swells of green ;
And grassy banks that shoreward stray,
To toy with the delightful bay.

Fair meadows basking in the sun,
Dotted with stately herds that shun
The summer heats beneath the shade
Of some old remnant of the glade ;
Or having sought the cooling stream,
Defy the sun's intensest beam,
Fanned by the grateful airs that play
O'er the calm surface of the bay.

Far as the eye can trace the view
The Indian rolled his wild halloo ;
The wide expanse of shore and sea
Quailed at his perfect archery ;
And desperate fields were lost and won,
'Neath pitying moon and burning sun,
Staining with blood of deadliest fray
The pure, bright waters of the bay.

Within these narrow bounds confined,
We scarcely heed the minstrel wind,
That through the slumberous wildwood plays
Its strathspeys to the droway maze,
Waking the wild airs from their trance,
Till branch and bough and leaflets dance ;
Now to the blythe winds' roundelay
We dash across the broader bay.

At the blest hour of saintly eve,
When fancy dreams, and young hearts weave
Their fictions that make life divine,
When Love erects his pilgrim shrine :
How witching is the purple glade,
The dreamy woods, half light, half shade,
Stretching in mazes far away,
Mile after mile along the bay.

Or when beneath the moonlight mild,
The zephyrs slumber in the wild ;
When all the stars in heaven gleam
Like glimpses of an angel dream ;

The mellow light, the sombre shore,
 The prospect brightening more and more :
 The night with all its grand array
 Ne'er shone upon a lovelier bay.

Bay ! where the Soul of Quiet seems
 Self-lulled in visionary dreams ;
 A bark—a gallant bark—and thee,
 With a fair breeze and dashing sea,
 A tight'ning mast, a swelling sail,
 That yields to, but defies, the gale :
 Thus bounding through the surf and spray,
 What scene can match proud Quinté's Bay !

EARLY NOTICES OF TORONTO.

BY THE REV. DR. SCADDING.

(Continued from page 31.)

At length came Lord Sydenham, in 1839. An instinctive apprehension in regard to the revolution which he was about to attempt, caused his first reception in Toronto to be cold. Claiming in their address to be "the highest municipal body of the Province," the corporation of the day ventured to demand "ascendancy" for the very principles which the newly-arrived Governor had expressly come to correct and modify ; and spoke of their Lower Canadian fellow-subjects as "aliens to our nation and our institutions." On his return, however, in the following year from an extensive tour, after the assent of the Parliament to the re-union of the Canadas had been procured, the city offered a more cordial welcome. On this occasion it was that he deemed it useful to offer the following piece of advice :—"I trust that the inhabitants of Toronto will emulate the general feeling of the Province, by discarding violent, party, and personal feeling, and lend their willing assistance in the great work which is before us." In a private letter of this period, published afterwards in his Life, he thus refers to this occasion :—"Even the people of Toronto," he says, "who have been spending the last six weeks in squabbling, were led, I suppose, by the feeling shewn in the rest of the Province, into giving me a splendid reception, and took in good part a lecture I read them, telling them they had better follow the good example of peace and renewed harmony, which had been set them elsewhere, instead of making a piece of work about what they did not understand."

The compliment was paid Toronto, of deriving from it one of the titles conferred on the first Governor General of re-united Canada. Mr. Poulett Thompson was created Baron Sydenham of Sydenham in Kent, and Toronto in Canada, as Lord Amherst had been in 1788 of Holmesdale and Montreal. This proved, however, for Toronto an unprofitable and short lived distinction. Its liege-lord issued his *arrière-ban* for the assembling of the first parliament of united Canada, on the 18th of June, 1841—not there—but at Kingston, where, on the 19th of the following September, he died, leaving no heir to his name.

Thus, amidst varying fortunes, and through more evil report than good, the chief City of Western Canada grew, advancing from obscurity and insignificance, to what it now is. The rebukes, friendly or otherwise, of critics interested or disinterested, proved, on the whole, "precious balms" which healed while they scathed.

"Grown wiser from the lesson given,
I fear no longer, for I know
That where the share is deepest driven,
The best fruits grow.

The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone.

These wait their doom, from that great law
Which makes the past time serve to-day,
And fresher life the world shall draw,
From their decay."

After the Union, the *Genius loci* seems to have become benign and winsome. Since that epoch the notices of Toronto have been only friendly. The Observatory and University speedily caused its name to be enrolled with honour amongst those of seats of Science and Learning; and in quick succession the Grand Trunk, Great Western, and Northern Railways, brought its inhabitants at large into favorable relations with the general life of the North American continent, and of the world.

The Toronto of 1860, the year of the Prince's visit, had risen above the fear of criticism. An American writer, in regard to the memorable event of that year, could thus express himself:—

"The prosperous young city that is capital to Canada West, desired its Sovereign's son to witness what Englishmen, undisturbed by any admixture of races, could effect, and the very progress and condition of their city is evidence. A rich land of sure harvest is the back-ground,—a wide blue sea is the highway over which all the markets of the world can be reached. These wharves see the rigging through which

the breeze of the Atlantic whistles; and if the ocean is too distant, the merchants of Oswego willingly indicate to the Canadians the convenience of the inland navigation to New York. . . . Toronto's beautiful bay," he continues, "has its proudest page to inscribe in its annals on the 7th of September, 1860. It has seen the sails of a hostile fleet, and has witnessed the coming of successive Governors General; but of the Royal House, none until this hour. The reception was worthy of the guest. . . . Such a scene of wild, enthusiastic, joyous, uncontrolled excitement in that grand multitude, that enormous concourse of human beings—few shall ever again see,—few have ever seen. Something that was either hospitality or affection or loyalty—whatever its precise name—something in great and glorious fact was there, and no one that witnessed that enthusiasm,—that kindled amphitheatre, will forget it while his senses live to paint the pictures of the past for him."*

Simply an assemblage of streets, gardens and pleasure grounds, spread far and wide over a level expanse, between a long wooded ridge and a line of blue water—between, that is to say, an ancient margin and the present limit of a sea-like lake,—possessing nothing to set it off in the way of fine scenery, excepting a sky almost always cheerful, and often times magnificent; the Toronto of to-day has succeeded in attracting to itself a multitude of kindly regards. While its substantial home-comforts secure for it, of course, the warmest affections of its own people, its social amenities produce pleasant impressions on the stranger; and on the memory of most whose lot it has been to make there from time to time a lengthened sojourn, it retains an agreeable hold.

Nor in passing, let us forget one other point of view from which, we may be sure, the name of Toronto stirs a chord in many a heart. Think of the number of its fair daughters who have been translated from their native firesides, by contingencies, military, commercial, ecclesiastical, which need not be detailed; think with what yearning bosoms these—comely matrons now, presiding over happy households in widely diverse regions—turn occasionally hitherward, when in quiet intervals, among the memories of the past, come up again, the

* The following was the Prince's reply to a request that he should plant a memorial-maple in the Botanical Gardens of Toronto: "I shall have great pleasure in doing anything which will tend to encourage amongst you a taste for the cultivation of gardens, such as may increase the comfort and enjoyment of the citizens of Toronto. I shall be content if the tree which I am about to plant, flourishes as your youthful city has already done." Amongst the innumerable *ephemera* inspired by the Prince's visit was an epigrammatic rendering in Latin of this brief response.

ARBUSCULAM SVI MEMOREM, TORONTO IVXTA SATAM,
PRINCEPS AFFATV.

CIVIVS . VMBRA . CAPAX . FIAT . CITO . SVROVLE . SIC . TV
HESPERIAE . CAPITIS . MOX . ACER . INSTAR . ERIS
(Translated.)

God speed thee, little maple, till thou tower a stately tree—
So of our West's fair Capital meet symbol shalt thou be.

" Thrice happy days !
The flower of each, the moments when we met !
The crown of all—we met to part no more."

In like manner also, how many of its sons there are, exiled by duty or circumstance, by the avocations of a soldier's or sailor's life, by the spirit of enterprise, adventure or travel, to a hundred nooks and corners of the habitable earth, who would at this moment, before all other sights, behold once more if they could, the Sphacteria, so to speak, of the old Pylos ; who would hail as

" The eye
Of all peninsulas and isles "

the long low spit of poplar-shaded sand, which in the days of their youth guarded so faithfully the play-place of their boyhood, and which, perhaps they are grieved to hear, is disappearing inch by inch in a gallant unaided effort, to fulfil to the last its primeval mission.

As one of the latest notices of Toronto, we may in conclusion add, that the Messrs. Nelson and Sons of London, Edinburgh, and New York, have devoted to it one of their sets of topographical views ; and from these many strangers at a distance will derive their first ideas of the place. The people of Toronto can afford to forewarn visitors that, whilst these pleasing pictures are in the main very admirable representations, in a few respects they depict matters in colours somewhat rosy-hued. In the general view, for example, a spaciousness and softness are given to the Railway Esplanade towards the east, which will lead to disappointment ; and in two instances, handsome spires appear where as yet the spires are not. On the whole, however, the city has reason to be thankful to the enterprising publishers named above, for the fair portraiture of itself, with which they have furnished the public, as well as with the Hand-Book in which the same views may be found incorporated. Great as is the progress which has been made in the course of the last twenty years, as these cheerfully tinted engravings will help the outside world to see,—should " industry, intelligence, integrity," continue to be actual characteristics, as they are the civic watch-words of its people, with energy, self-sacrifice, good-taste, taking no rest until disfiguring, imperilling damages by fire and flood, whenever and wherever occurring, be more than made good—should such qualities as these continue active, and the country at large be blessed with peace and propitious seasons,—it is not to be doubted but that the western capital of Canada has still before it, in respect of both its physical and moral well-being, a career in the future, which shall be worthy of its annals up to the present time. So may it be, prays many a pious son and daughter. So may it be, responds everywhere the large-hearted Canadian.

FLOREAT TORONTO: ESTO PERPETUA.

IN THE BUSH.

A SETTLER'S OWN TALE.

BY W. W. S.; OWEN SOUND.

In the year 1835 I emigrated to Canada. I was advised to come by the way of New York, as offering, at that time, better facilities for reaching the Upper Province, and, meeting with some Scottish friends, I remained there two or three months, hoping to fall into some employment to better my situation. Not succeeding according to my wishes, I proceeded to Upper Canada; having in the meantime considerably reduced my little purse of ready money, which represented all I had of fortune. Again I erred; for instead of accepting employment as a farm laborer for a year or two, I was impatient while my money yet lasted, to get a farm of my own. Of course I was only able to buy a bush farm. I obtained in the north-eastern part of the Gore District, which is now a beautiful farming country, but was then a rude wilderness, a very good hundred acres of land. The timber, which covered every part of it, was very heavy; immense maples, basswoods, beeches and elms interlaced their branches above and their roots below, in undisturbed possession. There were no saw-mills within reach, at which lumber could be obtained for house building; and as I knew that the axe, in skilful hands, could supply that want, I engaged two men for a month to assist me in putting up a house. It was in the month of September when I first began my bush life. Delightful sunny days, with no oppressive heat, and cool, breezy nights, gave freshness and vigour to my frame; for my health was impaired from the heat of the last two months. Perhaps a nervous anxiety about my family and prospects, had tended to increase my ailments. Now, I was in high spirits. Was I not the *bona fide* owner of a hundred acres? Should I not be able to make a comfortable living for my wife, my little ones, and myself? It is well for us we do not know the future. I should have shrunk from the prospect had I known *all* that awaited me. I left my family in a little village that has since changed its name and become an incorporated town. A log house of two rooms, for a dollar a month, seemed not only most suitable to our wants and condition but was at the time the only house to be rented in the place. So kissing "good bye" to wife and weans, (I like the old-world expression yet, Canadian as I have become) and returning over and over again the caresses of little Jeanie—poor dear, lost Jeanie!—I started with my two assistants one Monday morning, to travel fifteen miles into the bush, to "hew out a home." It would lengthen this part of my story too much to particularize the incidents of the month we passed in the woods. Suffice it to say that my two friends (for such they

proved themselves to be,) pronounced my "lot" to be a good one, and prophesied that I should "do well on it;" basing this prediction on my seeming "to get the *hang of things* first-rate, for an old countryman;" praise which Canadians and old settlers do not always accord to new beginners. We slashed down an acre or more of the wood; finished the house, such as it was; "underbrushed" about two acres more, and made a beginning towards opening out the road for a mile or two from my lot. Then we returned; and with the aid of one of these men (and his oxen,) we managed to get ourselves settled down in our own home, on the 15th day of October. It was on a Wednesday, and it was my wife's birthday. Seven years before we had spent the day together, beside the burn and among the knolls of our native place; and now, wandering over a portion of our "domain," while our two children gathered beechnuts and crimson maple leaves, or watched the squirrels aloft among the branches, and the third, the youngest, crowed and danced in his mother's arms, we named the stream and the farm after some of the old haunting memories of home. But the name would never *stick* to it; and even we ourselves, in after years, almost forgot that the farm had any other name than "Mr. Wood's place." But I am anticipating; for at the time there was not a living being within several miles. My wife had always had a dread of wild Indians. She had read old and highly coloured stories of their outrages; and it was certainly much to the satisfaction of us both that we learned that we should not probably see an Indian thrice in a year, and that they were perfectly harmless. I myself had always had a feeling of insecurity with respect to wild beasts; and I had been informing myself on that subject. An occasional wolf was found in that part of the country, but generally kept at a respectful distance from any dwelling; though not all to be trusted in the matter of sheep, (which were always securely folded at night.) Bears were also known to exist, but I was cautioned that it was probable I should never have an opportunity of seeing one. Foxes were more numerous in the old settlements than in the new. There were said to be no poisonous serpents near us. Game was scarce. Wild pigeons for a few weeks in summer, a few partridges, quails, &c., in the autumn, and an occasional deer in winter, and, in some places, a considerable number of wild ducks in the spring, made up the most important page of our natural history.

Winter set in about the fifteenth of November. That is to say, the snow first fell then, and never quite went away again. By the beginning of December, it was settled wintry weather. The cold did not strike me at all as severe. I had been prepared to expect a greater extreme. The dryness of the air, and the absence of wind, (the latter peculiarity more observable in the woods than in the "old settlements,") tempered the severity of the winter so much that I had no complaints to make of it, except its length.

Our house, which has long been replaced by a better, was very snug, though now we would think it extremely small. It was eighteen feet square. Of course it was all in one apartment; but we had a chamber, above, which we found very useful. The floors, both above and below, were of cedar and basswood, hewn into planks, with a rough dressing with the jackplane. The door creaked on wooden hinges, and, was fastened with a wooden latch. Locks we had none. The chimney was made of clay, upon a frame work of sticks; the back of the fireplace contained the only stones in the whole building. The roof was of cedar shingles about three feet long, each course of which was held down by a heavy pole, laid across the roof, and fastened at the ends. We had but one window of six small panes below, and one of two panes above. The spaces between the logs were plastered with well wrought clay; and if we could have got enough lime to whitewash the inside of our house, my wife would have been quite proud of her little home. I dwell with the more pleasure on this part of our experience, for our troubles had not then begun. My days were spent in hard chopping, within sight and hearing of the little cabin; and our evenings, round the fire, high blazing with "fat pine," were seasons of happy content. My eldest, little Jeanie, was six years old; and with her golden hair, which she inherited from her mother, laid upon my shoulder, she would look up into my face, and wile me into relating some old tale that I had read or heard; or if I had neither read nor heard it, 'twould be all the better! Willie would be on the other knee, and sound asleep, in the meantime; and when gently removed by his mother, would always be sure to wake up enough to hold up his mouth for a good-night kiss, and to murmur his little prayer, ending with "God bless father and mother, and little brother and sister, and make Willie a good boy!" I may say we saw nobody through the winter;—only twice any strangers came to the door—once, two hunters after deer; and once three young fellows who were returning from finishing a "chopping" two or three miles beyond us. I myself was only absent from home one night. When Spring came, I was still busier than ever. I had logging and burning to do, and I had no oxen with which to log. So I "changed work" with the nearest neighbour—more than two miles away. When my turn came to have his oxen, I managed to get about four acres logged. I had previously burned the "brush," though I had not a good "burn"—it was damp weather. This waiting on my neighbour's convenience was unfortunate for me; for it was a very bad season for crops, and many fields of spring wheat, put in late, as mine was, never ripened at all, but rotted during the fall rains. Had I depended altogether upon potatoes and other green crops, I should have done better; but I was a little ambitious to have a crop of wheat of my own raising, and devoted nearly all my ground to it. I waited wearily on my crop,

and when at last I cut it, and carried it all in on my own back, to a little shed I had put up to serve the purposes of a barn, I found that not only was its bulk exceedingly small, but the "sample" was so miserably shrunken, that our year's bread could not possibly be got out of it. This was a serious business for us, for I had now no money left. However, with brave hearts we prepared to face our second winter in the bush.—I hoped, for the children's sakes, to have got a cow this summer; but I dared not face the responsibility of running into debt without the prospect of paying. Besides, I did not seem to have fodder enough to keep her over the winter. The only live stock we had were a few hens.

Were such noble trees as surrounded my house and covered my land, in Britain, they would be greatly admired and valued; and had I not been obliged to win my children's bread out of the land, (and only as fast as I destroyed the trees,) I should have admired them too. They were very grand in winter, when their naked arms were hanging in icicles, or piled up with narrow ridges of soft snow. But there was nothing in sympathy with my circumstances—all was hard, stern, and unrelenting. I threshed out my crop, and winnowed and sifted it by a makeshift process, and found I had twenty bushels of very poor wheat. Six or eight bushels of this I must keep for seed till Spring, and the remainder we might eat. I took it, before the snow was too deep, to my nearest neighbour's, and he kindly allowed me to have his oxen to take it to the mill. This took two days; and I was glad to accomplish it without any necessity for ready money, which was not now to be thought of in my case. My wheat was so poor, that, though I took twelve bushels to the mill, it was not anything like twelve bushels to the standard weight of 60lbs.; and so I made the miller separate the coarsest of the bran, and put all the rest together as "flour." It was coarse, but made wholesome bread.

I worked harder than ever this winter. It seemed to be "the darkest hour before day." I hoped for a short winter and a mild Spring, and that I should be able to get out of all my difficulties. But I never had the faculty of "taking things easy." When March came, and no signs of Spring, my prospects were gloomy indeed.

We made a little maple sugar this spring, which was of benefit to us. Had we possessed a large kettle we should have had a great deal more.—We could only make 20lbs. Though it seemed as if the Spring was *never* going to come, it came at last; and with it a repetition of the process of the former season, I got into the ground, and in somewhat better season, my eight bushels of wheat. I also planted five bushels of potatoes, and a little corn; and when the time came, I sowed half-a-pound of turnip seed. So late was the season (1837,) that when first of June arrived, I had, by incredible exertions, just got my sowing over.

I had been revolving in my mind for some time, the possibility of

leaving home for a month, to earn some money to get provisions ; but I gave it up. I dared not be away so long, especially now that little Jeanie seemed to labour under ill health. I could not tell what ailed the child ; but she seemed to get weak and puny—her eyes grew larger and brighter, and her voice softer and more tender—and yet she did not complain of any actual pain. Could it be that she had divined the sorrow and trouble in the house ? She often asked me “When I got my supper ?” and when once I told her I should get it with her mother—after she was in bed—she looked at me with such a glance that I had to turn away ; and returning a few minutes after, I found her sobbing as if her little heart would break. I could but press her in my arms, and then rush out to the shelter of the woods. Another reason against going out to work, was the great uncertainty of getting it. People were trying to manage as best they could ; for there was neither money nor money’s equivalent in the country, with which to pay labourers.

In coming to America, away beyond all game-laws, I had promised myself much sport in gunning, and brought a fowling piece with me.—But I had done little or nothing with it ; and now I determined to turn it into bread if possible. On the 16th June I took a survey of our stores. A very few poor potatoes, not more than 10 lbs. inferior flour, and a very little maple sugar—and that was all. We had sacrificed some of the laying hens for Jeanie, but thought it good policy to leave three, for the sake of an egg each for the children. I had turned botanist and herbalist in my extremity. Cow-cabbage, docks, and dandelion leaves, furnished us with limited quantities of very wholesome greens ; but these could never take the place of bread, and it would be more than a month before we could expect to have any new potatoes. So, a day or two afterward, I started off early one morning, without waking little Jeanie, who knew nothing of my intention. I promised my wife I should be back at the end of five days, and shouldered my gun and all the paraphernalia belonging to it, and took my journey southward. Two or three hard cakes of brown flour were my stock of food for the journey. I knew the way, and with a heavy heart pursued it. By night I was twenty-five miles from home, and in the midst of a prosperous settlement : that is, prosperous in good times ; but people are looking at each other in blank despair, which was not much removed by the appearance of the season. Rain almost every day ; the hay crop would be immense, but the wheat ! In low situations, it would lodge as soon as headed, and probably before, and never fill ; and if the rains continued long, it would neither ripen well, nor could it possibly be secured. I got lodgings without much trouble, in a settler’s house (hospitality will never die out, I hope, in Canada) ; but when I learned the exact state of affairs, I could not accept this hospitality for nothing. I gave the eldest boy, who owned a rickety gun, my shot-

pouch and powder-flask. In return they loaded me with thanks, and made me promise to stay over night on my return. "For," said the settler, "we're nearer *help*, if we should get quite run out, than you are; and I trust we will now get the 'daily bread' we pray for."

Before the second night, I got a country storekeeper to take my gun for eight dollars "in trade." Flour was worth twelve dollars a barrel in the towns, and so I got something less than half a barrel for six dollars—about eighty pounds—and "took out" the rest in other things. I had been fond of a pipe of tobacco; but in famine times a man has something else to do with money than to smoke it away; and although the struggle (such creatures of habit are we!) was a severe one, I remembered my little pining one at home, and mastered the longing. I have never gone back to it. I got some tea, and a little rice and oatmeal, and two or three little articles of drugs we could not well do without; tied them and the flour all securely up in one bag, and started. I found I was very heavily laden. The perspiration was pouring down my face, when, after several rests, I got back to my lodgings of the previous night. It was some time after dark. The days were at the very longest. I had been accustomed, in Scotland, to find the twilight last, sufficient to read by, till half-past nine; but in Canada, I found the darkness came on an hour sooner. I passed a pleasant night with the man who, from henceforth, was my friend. A community of suffering, makes a community of feeling. 'Twas only last month, as we were sitting together in the County Council, we talked these old times over again; and his son, now the Reeve of a neighbouring township, was sitting opposite to us, and I am sure he guessed our conversation. In the morning, Mr. G—— insisted that his son should take "the old mare," and carry my flour just as far as he could get back from before night. As this was rather indefinite, and I knew that the lad's good-will would take him further north than he could retrace again, it was arranged that he should accompany me as far as Mr. S——'s—turn out the mare for two hour's pasturage, and then return. So John mounted, with the bag of flour before him, and I walked. John wanted to change places; but I did not like to oppress the poor beast. Indeed I was secretly very much pleased to see John dismount before we had gone two miles—declaring that "old Nell had quite enough to do to carry the flour!" and he would walk. He said he could ride going home. We had one shower on the way. We took shelter under a beech, and did not get much of it; but the roads were execrable. I had not so much observed it when coming down alone; but when I saw the poor beast struggling through great sloughs of mud, and getting her feet fast among the roots, and the flour reeling on her back—only kept in its place by a girth about her—I thought, indeed, "These *are* Canadian roads!" However, about midday,

we got to the house of Mr. S——. He too, like everybody else, was pinched for everything like food for man or beast—except that for the latter he had plenty of grass. As that was the extent of our demand, we fared not so badly. We had bread with us; and while the beast was baiting, we gathered some handfuls of fine strawberries. They were very early ones. It was only on one stony knoll any were ripe. I made a little paper bag, put some cool basswood leaves inside, and saved a handful to take home. Parting with John, and shouldering my heavy burden, I pressed on. I rested every quarter of a mile. It did not seem to be always thus requisite; but I thought it best to husband my strength. The fact was (though I did not think of it before), I was weak for the want of sufficient food; and the better providing of the last two days had not yet made much difference in my strength. About three miles, as I afterwards found, from my nearest neighbours, and six miles from my own house, night began to come on, and I had to make provision for “camping.” I was not quite unprepared for it, for I had a small hatchet, such as hunters carry, and flint and frizzel. I had seen friction matches, but they did not get into common use in the backwoods for about five years after. A good sound, lying tree, to build my fire against, seemed the first requisite; and that was soon found. Then, despite damp tinder, a fire was soon crackling against it. It was not necessary to build my booth very near the fire, as the night was warm—only to be near enough to it for protection. Nothing prowling about on four feet will come near a fire; and mosquitoes never venture on the smoky side of a fire, so on that side I raised my tent. I placed a layer of hemlock twigs for my bag of flour, and covered it (quite rain-proof) with bark. Then a bed of the hemlock for myself; and as much of shelter from rain and dews as I could manage in half an hour. Having taken a good draught from a little stream trickling near by, and discussed the last crust of bread I carried, I gathered a few more sticks for night fuel, and prepared to seek repose.

Ah, that sleeping in the woods! I have slept in the woods three or four times since, but I always most vividly remember that first night I slept thus, *alone*. The woods are so solemn. 'Twas only three days ago, a young man from Australia told me, that there you are deafened by the noise of insects and paraquets, and I don't know how many creatures—but in Canada there is a solemn stillness prevailing. You will, in the day time, hear an occasional thrush, or bullfinch, or song-sparrow, or a robin; but (dear little warblers!) they like best to be near our little fields and cottages, and to see “how we do?” about the settlements, and so the wild woods are drained. And at night, when these have rolled themselves up into little balls of feathers, and are fast asleep, there is not the voice of any creature heard but the ever-

present mosquito, and now and again a solitary owl or whip-poor-will. And as you lie on your back, and look through the openings of your wigwam, and of the interlaced branches, up to the starry sky, you feel yourself an *atom* in the lone creation—insignificant as one of the withered leaves you press beneath you.

A hasty toilet by the side of the little stream ; a handful or two of dry oatmeal, washed down by a few *laps* of the clear water, and I was "homeward bound." There seemed to be less need of rest than on the previous day. Perhaps it was excitement. As my neighbour's house was right on the path I was to take, I took a rest there for half an hour, and went on again. They were not expecting me home that day, being only the fourth. But who could ever deceive the instinct of affection ? As far as I could be seen (and much further than any step could be heard,) through the wood, my wife had her eye on me ; and soon I saw my children coming. Jeanie, weak as she was, could far have outstripped Willie, but with a noble self-control she put out all her little strength to pull him along, and they came bounding hand in hand. I threw off my burden and sat down with outstretched arms. In a moment Jeanie was in my arms, and her little mouth close to my ear,—"Father, father, mother did not eat a bit all yesterday ; I watched her, and when I asked her if we'd ever have bread again, she just lay down and opened her eyes wide, and did not speak for ever so long!" I knew that she had fainted--fainted for want of bread. "God be praised, your mother shall not faint again!" I exclaimed, as I picked up both the children and ran toward home. She knew that bread was found, for she had seen me lay down my burden ; and in a moment more she was weeping on my breast. "I know it all, Mary!" I said, "But the worst is now past I hope!" She raised her head, and shook it mournfully. Neither of us had voice to speak. After running back and picking up the bag, I opened out my treasure—we should have a good meal this time! I made Mary sit down, and Jeanie beside her—pale, both of them, as lilies. The two boys had a *carte blanche* to do as they pleased, I had learned a little homely cooking in the school of necessity on board ship, and now I put it to use. A good bowl of gruel seemed the best thing for them all ; and if ever oatmeal, salt, and sugar, were artistically metamorphosed into the most delicious of gruels, it was on that occasion. For bread, I had some cakes baked in the ashes. It was not that I loved to hear myself praised but because I wanted them to eat, that I extolled the dish, and pressed more upon them ; and although I had never been in the habit of "returning thanks" after meals, (I don't know why,) I did so that day, and every day after. It seemed to be so sweet to thank the Father for daily bread secured.

We had no more trouble about bread. The practical sort of botany I

had practised still furnished me with further spoils as the season advanced ; and by the first of August we began to use new potatoes. The harvest was not very late, but miserably wet. I cannot remember so wet a harvest since, as was that of 1837. There was a thunderstorm almost every afternoon, and it did seem well nigh impossible to get wheat sheaves dry enough to take in. And then everybody was flailing out a bushel or two to take to the mill for bread, drying it for days on sheets in the sun, to get it hard enough for grinding. I had to do the same with my small "grist;" and to "back" it for three miles, before I obtained the privilege of tying it on a sled and driving off through the mud, and over the roots and stones, to G ———, to get it ground. And when, after waiting two nights and a day, (for the mill was full of bags,) I got it, I could hardly tell which was flour and which was bran; for, from the rawness of the wheat, the bran would not separate, and was nearly as heavy as the flour. On this occasion I sold some of the flour and all the bran, and bought a dried ham—the first "meat" in our house for a twelvemonth.

Next year "I got up a barn, and I kept on clearing a little every year." Ten years from that date I was out of the reach of actual poverty, owning a good farm, cleared, and paid for. Now, (I don't know why I should not say it,) I am considered one of the pillars of the township—there being about a dozen of such "pillars." Willie is living on a farm of his own; and a younger "Willie" runs to meet me when I go there—a wonderful boy for feretting in pockets. And Johanie, who has run some danger of being an old bachelor, is likely to leave me too, if I may believe certain hints I got, and a pair of blushing cheeks I met yesterday. And a younger boy and girl, you are not acquainted with, dear reader, are still at my fireside; and according to the custom (not exactly *law*) of the country, this youngest son, in the course of events, is sure to be the heir. You see the elder sons are always portioned off; and so, much to the "puzzlement" of old country people, the youngest son becomes "The Laird," as the Scotch would say.

"But what of Jeanie?" ah! I wish my tale ended here. Go back softly with me over the furrows of five and twenty years, and step with hallowed tread around a little grave, where lies the dust of one too sweet to linger here. From the day you last caught a glimpse of her, she faded away, like a flower in the presence of frost. She got thinner and weaker, and more spiritual in expression, day by day. No murmur, no forgetfulness of the present; as ready to suggest plans of easing her mother's cares, as if she were twice the age and in good health. Willie could not understand it, and it was well for him. But it was overpowering beyond expression to hear the little fellow pleading with his sister to "come out and play." And she would not break his heart by telling

him she was too sick and could never play again, but would put him off; "Not just now, Willie," "Some other time, maybe;" and once, when either she had said she was too tired to walk, or he had understood her so, the little fellow discovered she was almost as light as air, (though he had no idea of the cause,) and picked her up in his strong arms, and ran out to the sunshine with her. We smoothed her passage to the tomb, and she smoothed the rough path that lay between her tomb and ours. From the day when the light of those dear eyes was quenched, a new light sprung up in the hearts of the parents, and though it was some time ere nature would cease her convulsive sighing, yet the peace came, and remains.

We had not a soul at the burial but ourselves. My nearest neighbour had fled the woods, and the man who was to succeed him had not arrived. And so, on a little sunny bank, where I afterwards planted a bower of wild roses, we laid our darling down. I have often remarked, in emigrant families, *one* dropping away during the first years of their residence; and I never yet knew it but the verdict in the heart of the survivors was, "The best of all our family is gone!" I believe everyone thinks so, who mourns a lost one. I know not how true it may be in other families, but in my own case my heart has never disputed it for twenty-five years, and never will!

A MOONLIGHT WALK.

A sudden thought came o'er me,
 Last night as I sat in my room,
 And the open book before me
 Breathed of the rich perfume,
 That flows from the olden story,
 That "Legend of Women True,"
 Dan Chaucer, old England's glory,
 Sang when old England was new.

The moon was up; and the sky
 Was thickly studded with stars;
 The wind was asleep on high;
 And glimmered auroral bars;
 Still trembled over the west
 The dying flush of the day,
 Though half of the world was at rest,
 And the sun had been hours away.

A sudden thought came o'er me—
 I stole down the creaking stair,
 I saw the long lane before me,
 I saw the long street appear ;
 On thro' the moonlit meadow,
 On thro' the silent fields,
 Till I stood within the shadow
 Between the old house and the trees.

Her dog barked fierce at the stranger,
 Then knew me and lay by my side ;
 Conscious how little the danger
 From me to my promised bride.
 I heard no noise break the stillness,
 I saw no light pierce the gloom,
 But I gazed at her curtained window,
 And thought of the light of that room.

The moon rolled on o'er the ocean,
 New stars were spangling the sky,
 And the wind with a stately motion
 Was drifting the young clouds by—
 I looked once more at the window
 I patted her old dog's head,
 And strolled through the moonlit meadow,
 Dreamily home to my bed.

WERT.

 FRANZ LISZT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF P. SCUDO.*

THERE is nothing perhaps which more strongly presents itself to the mind of the lover of music in the present day, than the unhappy tendency of the period to substitute artifice for inspiration, and mere physical sensations for the emotions of the heart. The abuse of instrumentation, the coarse effects of sound, the *monstrous* employment of the *brass* instruments, whether in the theatre or concert-room, have altered

* Translated for the BRITISH AMERICAN.

the delicacy of our ears, and rendered us insensible to things simple and truly beautiful. Everywhere there is displayed a science as pompous as it is useless. Dissonance accumulated upon dissonance serves to hide poverty of ideas, and, under the glare of a pompous title, and having their works executed by several hundred musicians, too many composers of the present day take as evidence of genius that which is only an endurable mediocrity. They *stun* the public ear in place of charming it—astonish without moving, and instead of eliciting sympathy by the charm of melody, they at best can only dazzle the mind with endless yet unmeaning coruscations of sound. If the truth of these observations required to be supported by an especial illustration, we shall find one in the career of M. Liszt.

It is now many years since Franz Liszt first occupied public attention. Born at Rœding, on the twenty-second of October, 1811, he proceeded to Paris at the period of the Restoration of the Bourbons. There we find him surrounded by noble ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, marvelling at the agility of his hands and the youthful graces of his person, caressing his fair hair and hailing him as a *bambino santo*, who, coming later, should yet revive the glorious image of Mozart! It was in the midst of this charming world, in an atmosphere redolent with the perfume of the boudoir, that the young Liszt was delicately nurtured. He had hardly reached the mature age of fifteen when he aimed at effect. He composed his countenance, was fastidious as to the manner of dressing his hair, and equally solicitous as to the decoration of his person. His self-complacency was increased by having the term *Florentine* applied to his profile, by the most enthusiastic of his worshipping admirers.

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M. Liszt is without doubt a great pianist. Nothing can equal the strength of his wrists, the quickness of his hands, or the energy and impetuosity of his execution. He has supreme command over the keyboard, and perfectly understands its capabilities. He makes the instrument speak—a language of his own, certainly—and alternately cry or groan under his iron fingers! No difficulty presents any obstacle to this surprising virtuoso, who, for vigour, rapidity, and neatness, possesses all the qualifications which belong to the *practice* of the instrument. His performance dazzles and intoxicates. He showers a deluge of notes, heaps scales upon scales, difficulty upon difficulty, Pelion upon Ossa, yet are we never once moved by this extravagant display to any other feeling than that of simple amazement! His immoderate execution—in which the thread of his ideas escapes him as often as does the common sense—*crisps* the nerves, but never affects you. In a word, he *plays* the piano-forte in place of *singing* on it.

M. Liszt believes that art, as he interprets it, requires all the advan-

tages of stage-effect. In his performance, accordingly, he omits nothing which can strike the eye or seize the imagination. Observe his entrance at a public concert! Casting his hat and gloves to the attendant of the room, he noisily seats himself, traverses his numerous audience with imperious glances, and then, placing his hands on the key-board, forth rolls a noise like thunder from which the ear tries in vain to escape—quite oppressed from the first note of commencement to the end!

We have little to say of Liszt's compositions. They are nearly incapable of being executed by any other than himself, betray a want of order and few ideas, are as ambitious as they are *bizarre*, and whose sole merit consists in the extreme difficulty of their performance.

Ye tender souls, elevated spirits, true artists! You to whom music is not an empty noise, a cohort of sounds which astonish the senses, but a sublime language elevating and ennobling all who can own its influence, and expressing that which no ordinary language can express—leave Franz Liszt and his executive marvels; go and study Chopin,* and derive instruction and delight. The one is only a pianist, but the other is a true poet.

REVIEWS.

Manual of Geology: Treating of the Principles of the Science, with Special Reference to American Geological History. By James D. Dapa, M.A., LL.D. Illustrated by a chart of the world, and over one thousand figures, mostly from American sources. pp. 798, 8 vo. Theodore Bliss & Co., Philadelphia; Rollo & Adam, Toronto.—1863.

Amidst all the troubles and vexations which so unhappily disturb the people of the United States, from the frontiers of Canada to those of Mexico, Science still pursues her tranquil, undeviating course, although with fewer votaries than in more peaceful times. Two new publications have just issued from the American press which would have done honour to any country in periods of prosperity.

Harvard University has recently contributed a most beautiful and valuable record of the history of Donati's Comet, and Dr. Dana, already well known to the scientific world, has just published the most complete and best illustrated manual of geology which has yet been written. This valuable work is

* Frederic Chopin, born at Zelsowawola, near Warsaw, in 1810, died at Paris on the seventeenth of October, 1849. An artist of the first rank, and a most exquisite composer, Chopin belonged to the school of which Weber and Schubert were the founders. His numerous compositions for the piano-forte are the only truly original works which have appeared in France for many years.

divided into four parts, treating separately of—I. Physiographic Geology, or a general survey of the earth features. II. Lithological Geology, or a description of the rock materials of the globe. III. Historical Geology, comprehending an account of the rocks in the order of their formation, and a review of the laws of progress and the kingdoms of life in the globe. IV. Dynamical Geology, an account of the forces that have produced geological changes.

It is our intention to limit this notice to "Historical Geology," which forms by far the largest and the best illustrated portion of the work before us.

An excellent feature in Dr. Dana's manual, is the carefully compiled notice of the distribution of rocks contemporaneous with the American series in different parts of the earth's surface. The discovery of Lower Silurian fossils of Chazy age in the Arctic regions, shows that the great northern fossiliferous basin, formerly supposed to be dry land, during the Lower Silurian epoch, west and south of the Laurentides, was really occupied by a sea filled with forms of life like those observed in Canadian rocks.

The number of Lower Silurian species that are known to have become extinct in the American seas, from the beginning to the close of that period, is estimated at one thousand two hundred and fifty. A great and prolonged convulsion ushered in the Upper Silurian, and two rock formations (*Oneida Conglomerate*, and the *Medina Sandstone*) were deposited over wide areas without any considerable development of animal or vegetable life. It was not until the Niagara Limestone period that the waters of the ocean again teemed with corals and shell-fish from the tropics to the arctic, as in the former ages of the Lower Silurian.

The enumeration of the fossil forms, with their distribution and the dimensions of some of the species, will strike the unprofessional reader with surprise.

The seas of the Trenton period (Lower Silurian) were densely populated with animal life. Huge Cephalopoda, allied to our modern cuttle-fish, with shells ten to fifteen feet long, and a foot in diameter, roamed over the bottom of the seas. At Ottawa, two feet thick of limestones is wholly made up of a small bivalve crustacean only one-ninth of an inch long. The *Orthoceras* were the giants of those days. In the next succeeding formation, the *Endoceras* is the largest fossil. The thick strata of limestones in the Arctic Zone, shows that during the Lower Silurian epoch, life must have swarmed there in tropical profusion.

The geographical views of the world at different geological periods, are well, and sometimes strikingly, drawn. The infinite profusion of corals in the Niagara Limestone epoch, suggests the distribution of shallow seas in the interior of the American continent, and a perfect garden of beauty on the floor of the ocean. All records hitherto point to salt-water oceans—no fresh-water lakes or rivers, no land or fresh-water remains of animal life have yet been discovered in American rocks of Silurian age. Possibly some vegetable remains from Anticosti may ultimately be referred to land-plants, but their true character is still doubtful. In the distant Arctic Ocean, the same, or parallel species, flourished between the parallels of 65° and 80°, as are found to have existed in the warm seas between 30° and 45°. How changed, since that remote period, has the Arctic Zone become!

The Devonian period, or age of fishes, is a great starting point in American geology. It contains the earliest remains thus far discovered of fishes. The life of the American seas, up to this time, had only included the three sub-kingdoms, Radiates, Mollusks, and Articulates; in the Devonian period, Vertebrates were created, and complete the list of all the animal sub-kingdoms. The earliest American fishes were the Sharks, and fishes (*ganoids*) covered with long scales or plates like the Gar-pike and Sturgeon of existing waters. Just before the Devonian period closed, there were reptiles in the world; and the tracks of Amphibians prove that air-breathing animals existed. The Rocky Mountains had not yet made their appearance—the Appalachian chain was still a reef, or islands in shallow waters. The Green Mountains were low, but still dry land. In Canada, the Ottawa river probably existed, with other streams flowing into the sea, covering the valley of the St. Lawrence, and draining the Laurentide Mountains; but of other rivers, except those coming from this low axis of metamorphic rocks, there were none on the American continent.

The introduction of land-plants (*Conifers* and *Acrogens*) and fishes are the two great steps of progress in the Devonian age, and reptiles are supposed to date from the latest Devonian rocks. Considerable alterations occurred in Canada, Nova Scotia, and Maine, during the Devonian period, for these formations are found uplifted at various angles beneath unconformable carboniferous rocks.

The Carboniferous age is one of immense interest and importance to man; but it is to be observed that there are three great and well-marked divisions in this series:—I. The Sub-Carboniferous; II. The Carboniferous; III. The Permian. Rocks belonging to this age occur over a great part of the United States, also on the Rocky Mountain ranges in British America, and over much of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, as well as in the Arctic regions.

Although plants are found in abundance in the lower sub-Carboniferous, yet they do not generally form coal in sufficient quantity for economic purposes. It is in the true Carboniferous or coal-measures that this valuable fuel is found. The aggregate area of all the productive coal-fields in the United States is 125,000 square miles. In the British Provinces, the area is 18,000 square miles. The area of the Arctic coal region is unknown. Although rocks of Carboniferous age have been discovered in many parts of the Rocky Mountains extending from latitude 52° to Santé Fé in Mexico, yet no coal has been found associated with them. The Nova Scotia coal region abounds in erect trunks of fossil trees standing on the ground where they grew—the dirt-bed of the mines. Some of the logs in the Ohio coal-measures are sixty feet long, and three feet in diameter—true forest giants of the far past world of vegetable life, whose luxuriance and beauty surpasses belief, and can only be approached by the tropical vegetation of our day. The mammoth vein of Pennsylvania is 29½ feet thick, consisting of pure coal. At Pictou, Nova Scotia, one of the coal-beds has a thickness of 37½ feet, and another 22½ feet. Forest, marsh and marine vegetation are all represented in the coal-measures. The land-plants afford striking evidence of the progress of life on the globe. The most prominent plants of this period were

Conifers, like the Arancarian Pines which now grow in Brazil and in Australia. The *Sigillaria* tribe appear to have formed much of the coal: they grew as simple ribbed trunks to the height of sixty feet; the surface and summit were covered with long narrow leaves, without branches. The fronds of some of the ferns of this age were six to eight feet in length. The animal life of the coal-measures is either of land, fresh-water, brackish water, or marine origin. Air-breathing Vertebrates, prophetic of the Reptilian age, now began to give life to the swamps and marshes on the earth. In the European coal-measures, we find cockroaches, termites, locusts, scorpions, and weevils. In that wonderful age of the world, the dry land was probably covered with Conifers and *Lepidodendra*, lofty wooded trees, with scarred trunks and branches. The great marshes were filled with *Sigillaria* and *Calamites*—jointed, rush-like plants, twenty feet high. The entire ocean on the globe must have been nearly of the same temperature. The now frozen Arctic was a coral-growing sea. The coal-beds of that frozen region are evidence of a profuse growth of vegetation extending over a vast period of time. How wonderfully is the earth changed since the time when the dreadful icy solitudes of the polar circles were fresh and teeming wildernesses of hill, dale and marsh, full of vegetable and animal life! The air, probably—warm, moist, impure, and loaded with fogs—furnished conditions for vegetable growth, and the life of cold-blooded reptiles of low order of vital activity, insects and mollusks. No birds or mammals were yet in the world; great forests and jungles everywhere existed; but there was no butterfly among the insects of this great damp, vegetable age. Often swept away by convulsions, as often renewed again, through countless years, the great Carboniferous lasted until 14,510 feet of deposits had accumulated in Nova Scotia; vast beds of iron ore were segregated, and treasures in infinite abundance laid up for the use of man, when the earth should be fit for him who was to receive it, in the fulness of time, as his inheritance. The Permian period closed the Carboniferous age; but respecting the American Permian Flora, nothing is known. With this age, the Palæozoic rocks, or rocks of ancient life, came to a close. Of its enormous duration, an idea may be formed from the thickness of the strata of different ages. The maximum thickness of the North American Silurian rocks is 22,000 feet; of Devonian age, about 14,400 feet; and of the Carboniferous age, nearly 18,000 feet—making an aggregate thickness of 54,400 feet, or ten miles; the mean thickness probably not less than seven miles. What time does that vast accumulation represent? What wonderful scenes this earth must have presented in its early history; and what changes and convulsions was it still destined to undergo ere it became fit for the abode of man! The only mountains which existed within the limits of Palæozoic times, in the United States and British America, were the Laurentides, the Adirondack, the Black Hills of Nebraska, the Ozark Mountains, and a part of the Green Mountain range. There may have been isolated ridges in the Rocky Mountain chain of Laurentian age.

After the long quiet of Palæozoic time, a change of great magnitude began: the Appalachian revolution was ushered in, and that vast mountain range was raised, its strata folded and plicated, and the whole mass pressed by some gigantic force from the south-west, and forced up into numerous ridges.

Among the consequences of the "Appalachian revolution," were an extermination of existing life, an extinction of several great Palæozoic races, the decline of others, and a general change in the character of the life. These revolutions were accompanied by the extensive folding and crystallizing of Palæozoic formations, and the development of a number of prominent mountain ranges. A new world, as it were, was called into existence. Gold was laid up in store in veins penetrating the Palæozoic rocks. Tin, copper, and lead, the topaz, emerald, sapphire, and diamonds, are supposed to be among the results of the metamorphic action during the great "Appalachian revolution" at the close of Palæozoic Time.

We come now to the Medieval TIME, or MESOZOIC, in the earth's history—to the Reptilian age. The era of the first mammals, the first birds, the first osseous fishes, the first palms and Angiosperms. Throughout the Mesozoic age, North America was, in general, dry land. West of the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains, and northwards to the Arctic Sea, these rocks are found, as well as on the Pacific coast, but their entire thickness is not above 8,000 feet. There was a communication between the Gulf of Mexico and the Arctic Ocean; but the entire country east of Lake Winnipeg, or the 98th degree of longitude, was dry land. Many animal and vegetable forms, characteristic of the Palæozoic, declined and disappeared from the earth; others new to this era, culminated and passed away—such as the Swimming Saurians. At the close of the Cretaceous epoch, the last of the series of Mesozoic rocks, complete extermination of many species took place; and CAINOZOIC TIME, or the Tertiary period, ushered in the great Mammalian age. But all the Mammalian species of the Tertiary are now extinct. A few relics of the Post Tertiary still survive; the invertebrates, however, of the last epoch, have nearly all still living representatives on the globe.

The Missouri or Upper Saskatchewan region on the American continent, is the great field for Tertiary rocks of fresh-water origin. The great Tertiary Lignite Group of the Upper Missouri is 2,000 feet thick; it extends far north into British America, and contains some important beds of Lignite. Turtles and crocodiles existed in this age in vast abundance. But the Mammals are of the greatest interest. The large vertebræ of a whale (*Zeuglodon cetoides*) which attained dimensions exceeding sixty-five feet, were once so common in Alabama, that they were used for making walls and fences. A wall made of the vertebræ of whales would be a novelty any where; but how strikingly does the fact of such a structure being in common use impress us with the amazing fecundity of life in the Tertiary period. Forty species of extinct quadrupeds have been already found in the beds of White River on the Upper Missouri. Rhinoceroses, Camels, Hyenas, Peccaries, Horses, and the animals allied to the extinct Anoplothère and Palæothère, were once common in the Upper Missouri country during the Tertiary age. The Rocky Mountains were elevated to a great extent during this period, as the folds of Cretaceous rocks in British America distinctly indicate. It was probably late in the Tertiary that they attained their full altitude. Up to the close of the Tertiary, the continent of America had been receiving a gradual extension to the southward by the uprising of the land, spreading itself south-eastward on the Atlantic side, and south-westward on the Pacific. In the next succeeding

period, namely, that of the Post Tertiary, the great phenomena of change are northern. Space does not admit of more than a brief reference to this deeply interesting period. It must suffice to say, that the tendency of modern discovery is towards the belief that a vast glacial field covered both poles of the earth during this epoch, and produced the phenomena of the old unstratified drift without marine fossils; the grooves and scratches on rocks and pebbles, the excavation of Lake Basins, not excluding the great Canadian Lakes or those of the Winnipeg Basin; and finally, the infinite number of boulders which cover the country, or are embedded in the clays and gravels, from the Arctic Ocean to the 42nd parallel of latitude. The second period of the Post Tertiary or Champlain epoch, reveals to us remodded drift, river terraces 1,700 feet above the sea, and establishes a period of depression, as the Glacial epoch was one of elevation. The animal life of this last age before man, had its chief representatives in the form of the huge Mastodon, an Elephant, Horses of larger size than modern, the Ox, Bisons, Tapir, gigantic Beavers, and numerous other animals of large size.

The approximate number of living species of plants is 100,000; of animals belonging to the sub-kingdom:—Radiates, 10,000; Mollusks, 20,000; Articulates, 300,000; Vertebrates, 20,000—making a total belonging to the animal kingdom of about 350,000. The number that have become wholly extinct, denizens of former worlds, are, as far as known, as follows:—Of Trilobites, 500 species once lived, and of the Ammonite group, 900 species. These have all long since ceased to exist.

Of Ganoid fishes, 700 species have been discovered; the tribe is now nearly extinct.

Remains of nearly 40,000 animal species have been gathered from the rocks, ALL of which are now extinct; and 28,000 species of plants have passed from the earth, "which cannot be over a twentieth of all that have covered it during former ages."

The author's views on the position of man in the scale of creation, are wholly untainted with those dangerous doctrines involving a fearful tendency towards scepticism, which some modern geologists boldly hint at, although they stand as yet upon the threshold of the temple of knowledge. "Man," says Dr. Dana, "was the first being that was not finished on reaching adult growth, but was provided with powers for indefinite expansion, a will for a life of work, and boundless aspirations to lead to endless improvement. He was the first being capable of an intelligent survey of nature and comprehension of her laws: the first capable of augmenting his strength by bending nature to his service, rendering thereby a weak body stronger than all possible animal force; the first capable of deriving happiness from beauty, truth and goodness; of apprehending eternal right; of looking from the finite towards the infinite, and communing with God his Maker. Made in the image of God, surely he is immeasurably beyond the brute, although it shares with him the attribute of reason."

The period of man's creation is one of the most interesting and exciting scientific questions of the day, although the facts which have been brought to light respecting the association of the remains of man with those of many extinct animals, are too few in number to admit of generalization. The

earliest remains of man and his art, it is stated, occur with the bones of extinct Post Tertiary animals. What this may mean, does not yet appear. The age of the deposits in which the remains of man are found, is still undetermined.

We shall close this notice by a quotation from the author, which demands careful attention, especially from those who are inclined to look upon geology as subversive of many Scripture truths we ought to hold most sacred.

"Geology appears to bring us directly before the Creator : and while opening to us the methods through which the forces of nature have accomplished His purpose,—while proving that there has been a plan glorious in its scheme, and perfect in system, progressing through unmeasured ages, and looking ever towards man and a spiritual end,—it leads to no other solution of the great problem of creation, whether of kinds of matter or of species of life, than this :—*DEUS FECIT.*"

Dr. Dana's manual will be welcomed not only by all students of geology, but it is a most acceptable gift to the teacher of this delightful and fascinating science. We feel it to be a pleasant duty to tender our best thanks to the author for his valuable and labour-saving book, as well as for the many delightful hours we have passed in perusing its varied contents, and admiring the faithful representations it gives of those varied forms of life which have peopled, adorned and enlivened the past ages of the world.

The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation. By Sir Charles Lyell, F.R.S. Illustrated by wood-cuts. George W. Childs, Philadelphia. Rollo & Adam, Toronto. 1863.

In the preceding review of Dr. Dana's work, we have given a general outline of the different geological epochs of the world's history. Sir Charles Lyell's *Evidences of the Antiquity of Man* may appropriately follow, as they adduce facts bearing upon the momentous question of man's duration as an inhabitant of the earth, which cannot be studied from mere motives of curiosity, but necessarily awaken a higher interest. The whole question of the antiquity of the human race, appears to depend upon the age of certain deposits in which his undoubted remains have been found. If we assume that the antiquity of those deposits is clearly shown to be very considerably greater than it has been hitherto customary to assign to the existence of man upon the earth from historical data, and the interpretation given by common consent, within certain limits, to the chronology of the Bible, the inference is clearly deducible, that the ordinary representation of Biblical chronology is incorrect. If, on the other hand, it can be established that geologists have incorrectly estimated the antiquity of those deposits, the epoch of man's existence on the earth is reduced to those limits which many learned and able men have assigned to it from received chronological data. In the present state of our knowledge on this subject, it would be both vain and

foolish to place implicit reliance upon geological data. In all its teachings, geology affords striking manifestations of the power, wisdom and goodness of the Almighty; and no one who approaches the subject in a proper spirit, need fear that his faith in the inspired revelation of the Almighty's will is in danger of being shaken. Whatever may be the tendency of certain geological opinions in the minds of those who are driven to and fro by every wind of doctrine, the Christian's hope and trust rest upon foundations which can never be unsettled or overturned by mere speculative enquiry. It remains to be seen whether the numerous facts which Sir Charles Lyell enumerates, have been accurately described and correctly interpreted. Should they really appear to assign to man a much greater antiquity than the Bible seems to give according to the commonly received interpretation of its chronology, it will be time to study the sources of human error, for we may rest assured that it is with us, not with the inspired word of God, that these apparent discrepancies have their origin.

Four Years in British Columbia and Vancouver's Island: An account of their Forests, Rivers, Coasts, Gold-fields, and Resources for Colonization. By Commander R. C. Mayne, R.N., F.R.G.S. With map and illustrations. 1 vol., 8vo., pp. 468. John Murray, London. 1863.

Commander Mayne's book bears palpable traces that it was written in a hurry, and "revised in great haste, amid the bustle of fitting out a ship for foreign service."

"The first to reach these regions," says the author, "crossing the Rocky Mountains from Canada—the first at least who left the impress of his name there—was Mr. Simon Frazer, an employé of the North-West Company, an association formed in Canada to rival the Hudson's Bay fur-trade. Mr. Frazer, penetrating the range of mountains from Fort Chipewyan, in 1806, formed a trading establishment upon a lake bearing his name, situate on the 54th parallel of latitude."

A reference to the map which accompanies Commander Mayne's book, prepared by Arrowsmith, has on it marked McKenzie's Route, 1793; and the author refers to this journey in the body of his work more than once. The fact is, that in 1806, Mr. Frazer followed McKenzie's track from Fort Chipewyan up the Peace River, thence to Frazer River, to which his name was given, but which McKenzie had previously called the Tacoutche River, or Columbia—supposing it to be a branch of that river. Sir Alexander McKenzie's description of his adventurous journey to the Pacific from the east side of the Rocky Mountains, was published in 1801—five years before Mr. Frazer followed in his footsteps: and the deep Sinus, now called Belhoola Inlet, the distinguished and enterprising traveller called by his own name "McKenzie's Outlet," and it is so named on McKenzie's map accompanying his work. The new road from the Pacific to the interior, runs a little south of McKenzie's track, and will open up a far more rapid communication with the gold region than by the Tacoutche or Frazer River.

Our author will astonish Canadians when they read that in attempting to form some opinion respecting the cost of cutting a clear line through the forest on the 49th parallel, Col. Estcourt's opinion was asked, which was "formed upon his experience of cutting a line *thirty feet wide from Lake Superior to the Lake of the Woods.*" This imaginary road on the boundary line from Lake Superior to the Lake of the Woods was 207 miles long to Rainy Lake, of which 191 miles were water navigation, and the remaining fifteen miles made up of portages from lake to lake. Rainy Lake and the Lake of the Woods are connected by Rainy River, eighty miles long, a splendid navigable stream, and the boundary line runs through the centre of the lakes and rivers as far as the outlet of Rainy River. We sincerely wish a road thirty feet wide had been cut out between "Lake Superior and the Lake of the Woods." The author really refers to the boundary line between Lower Canada and the United States. The British Commissioner was the late Major General Estcourt. The reference to "Lake Superior and the Lake of the Woods," is a sad jumble.

"The North American Indians," we are informed, and "the Canadians as well, paddle much more steadily when they sing." This is a novel feature of North American Indians, which the author of *Prehistoric Man* will do well to note. It has, however, been observed, we venture to say, as a general fact, or as a speciality of the North American Indians, by no one but Commander Mayne.

The author invites adverse criticism, by revealing to the reader that he has not fully studied his subject; that he has written about things respecting which he has no personal knowledge; and that "haste," or want of opportunity, has prevented him from having recourse to authorities. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, there is a great deal of useful and, indeed, valuable information in this "hurried" volume, and we shall endeavour to cull from its ill-arranged details a synopsis of such portions as may be of interest to British Americans.

The islands at the entrance of the Gulf of Georgia, between Vancouver's Island and Washington Territory, are thirty in number; there are three channels between them leading to the Gulf of Georgia from the Pacific, called respectively the Haro Strait, the Middle Channel, and the Rosareo Strait. The Haro Strait is the most westerly, and is claimed, as a matter of course, by the Americans, as the boundary line—the Rosareo Strait is claimed by the British as the boundary line; and when the treaty with the United States was made, this was the only known channel, and the words of the treaty are, that the boundary line is to run down "the channel." The Island of San Juan is so situated that it commands the Haro Channel; so that the country that holds Vancouver's Island and British Columbia must also hold San Juan Island, or give up the right of way to her own possessions.

The boundary question being shelved in consequence of the civil war now raging in the United States, the Island of San Juan is held by equal numbers of British and American troops—about one hundred men of each nation.

The main route to the upper country no longer takes the Frazer River between Caernarvon and Lytton, but goes by Harrison and Lillooet Lakes. A canal has been cut, forming a connection between the Frazer and Harrison

Lake for loaded steamers; and between the upper lakes, a broad waggon road affords a far easier route than the rapid current of the Fraser River—the town of Hope being the head of steam navigation.

The coast of British Columbia is fringed with dense forests, covering mountain ridges, from which here and there shoot up irregular peaks, varying in altitude from 1,000 to 10,000 feet. Behind the minor ranges of hills and mountains, the Cascade range runs nearly parallel to the coast, at a distance of sixty to one hundred miles from it. Mount Baker, in lat. 48° 44' N.—consequently in American territory—is 10,700 feet in altitude. Some of the coast indents penetrate thirty to forty miles into the interior, up which a steamer may pass to the head of the inlet.

Coal exists all along the shores of British Columbia and Vancouver's Island. After the Cascade range is passed, from Lytton upwards, the country assumes an entirely different aspect from that of the coast. The dense pine forests cease, and the land becomes open, clear, and, in the spring and summer time, covered with bunch-grass, which affords excellent grazing for cattle. The country lying south-east of the Thompson, Buonaparte, and Chapeau Rivers, is reported to be the best agricultural district in the Colony. On Vancouver's Island, the quantity of agricultural land is very small in comparison to that of British Columbia. The coast swarms with fish, but the absence of animal life on the main land is remarkable.

Commander Mayne's explorations did not extend to the Cariboo district, so that we are deprived of any description except those already known to the public. Indeed, respecting the resources of British Columbia, and its physical features, little information is given in addition to what has already appeared in the "Blue Books," whose contents have already been presented to the public in readable shape by the English press. The chapter on Routes to British Columbia, quotes Capt. Pallisser and his well-known "difficulties" of an overland route, which the successful accomplishment by over 150 emigrants from Canada last year, affords sufficient answer. In another part of this number we have described the journey of the Canadians through the Leather Pass, and noticed the fact that they took through the mountains 130 oxen and 70 horses.

The aboriginal inhabitants of British Columbia and Vancouver's Island are divided into the Fish-eating Indians and Inland tribes. Those who inhabit the interior are vastly superior to the coast tribes. They have had but little intercourse with the whites, and the demoralizing trade in slaves, which exists to a great extent among the Fish-eaters, is not admitted by Inland tribes. The coast Indians number about 40,000 souls, who are divided into four distinct nations, each speaking a separate language. The similarity between some of the customs of these people and those of the Iroquois or Mohawks is remarkable. Commander Mayne thus describes them: "I have previously had occasion to refer to the fashion among the Indians of carving the faces of animals upon the ends of the large beams which support the roofs of their permanent lodges. In addition, it is very usual to find representations of the same animals painted over the front of the lodge. These crests, which are commonly adopted by all tribes, consist of the whale, porpoise, eagle, raven, wolf and frog, &c. In connexion with them

are some curious and interesting traits of the domestic and social life of the Indians. The relationship between persons of the same crest is considered to be nearer than that of the same tribe ; members of the same tribe may, and do, marry—but those of the same crest are not, I believe, under any circumstances allowed to do so. A Whale, therefore, may not marry a Whale, nor a Frog a Frog. The child, again, always takes the crest of the mother ; so that if the mother be a Wolf all her children will be Wolves. As a rule, also, descent is traced from the mother, not from the father." At their feasts they never invite any of the same crest as themselves, they will never kill the animal which they have adopted as their crest. Whenever an Indian chooses to exhibit his crest, all individuals bearing the same family-figure are bound to do honour to it by casting property before it, in quantities proportionate to the rank and wealth of the giver. They have fish priests who are supposed to be capable of "working on the hearts of the fish" to be abundant during the coming season.

As with other Indians east of the Rocky Mountains, the most influential men in a tribe are the Medicine-men. Their mode of initiation into the mysteries of their profession is also accompanied by fastings, ceremonial observances and incantations. At the great feasts of the tribe, the chiefs and heads of families give away and destroy a great deal of property, and for this purpose different articles are hoarded. As a rule the Indians of British Columbia and Vancouver's Island burn the dead and bury the ashes. Sometimes they are deposited in canoes, or in trees, or buried in the ground. When the corpse is buried they mourn for about thirty days, wailing and singing at sunrise and sunset. The process of flattening the head is carried to a great extreme. At the north-west end of the Island of Vancouver the head of a girl belonging to the Oantsino tribe was measured and "she was found to have eighteen inches of solid flesh from her eyes to the top of her head." Both men and women wear ornaments in their ears, nose and lips. The lip here is often a sad disfigurement from the continual enlargement of the hole made when young in the under lip ; an aged woman will have a lip ornament three inches long and two inches wide in her lip. The custom is practised among the northern tribes, and it makes the women the most hideous creatures imaginable. The size of the lip is considered a mark of rank among the women, and, on occasion of dispute, one woman will remind another of the inferior size of her lip. The sacrifice of slaves among the coast Indians is common. The ceremonies attending some of these sacrifices are too revolting for description. Cannibals are common among them, and small cannibal parties sometimes spread dismay and terror among numerous and powerful tribes.

The Indians of the interior of British Columbia number about 20,000 ; but our author gives little additional information respecting their customs to what is already known.

Commander Mayne closes his book with the following remarks : "In concluding this rough summary of the resources of the colonies, let me repeat, that in our North American possessions we have, independently of its mineral wealth, a country of immense extent and natural beauty, of—so far as it has been tested—invariable fertility, and with a climate closely resembling our

own. Against these advantages, however, it must be remembered that all that is required to develop and utilise the many natural advantages of the colonies has yet to be done, and that for many years to come stout hearts and strong hands will find abundant occupation in accomplishing this work. He who is not possessed of these requisites of a bush-life is as unfit for British Columbia as for any other colony. But the man whose heart does not fail him at the prospect of hard living and harder work, will find there welcome and plenty awaiting him."

The impression with which the majority of readers will close this book will be one, we think, more partaking of disappointment than pleasure. Commander Mayne is not a pleasing writer; he indulges in frequent repetitions, and, although the nature of his duties may have prevented him from acquiring a more complete personal knowledge of the resources of this new and interesting country, yet the title of his book is sufficient to awaken higher expectations than it is found, upon perusal, capable of satisfying.

The Internal Condition of American Democracy; Considered in a Letter from the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, M. P. P., President of the Executive Council of the Province of Canada, to the Hon. Charles Gowan Duffy, M. P. P., Minister of Public Lands of the Colony of Victoria. London: Robert Hardwicke. 1863.

The source from which this brief letter emanates, and the subject of which it treats, confer upon the opinions expressed considerable interest and importance. From a long residence in the United States, Mr. McGee speaks as an authority who will be listened to with careful attention and respect. The picture he draws of the present social position of the Boston school of Americans, is anything but flattering to their pride; the future national character, he half predicts they will attain, is the reverse of encouraging.

"Their vain proclamations, rightly weighed, are words of warning. Their social discoveries are often fatal secrets, over which our wiser ancestors would have made the Sign of the Cross. Their irreverent youth and independent matronage are not moral improvements to be desired. Their inbred contempt for 'foreigners' is fit only for the latitude of Peking. Their State school system seems to me false in its basis, and fatal in its effects. While, last of all, the examples set by their recent political men, are examples for the most part devoutly to be avoided."

Hesperus and other Poems and Lyrics. By Charles Sangster. John Lovell, Montreal; Rollo & Adam, Toronto.

Mr. Sangster's poems are not yet justly appreciated in Canada. We have no doubt, however, that the day will come when Canadians will point with pride to a poet whose effusions have already attracted favourable notice from the critical press in England. In a future number of the *British American*,

we shall describe the works of this author in detail, as well as those of other Canadian poetical writers who, notwithstanding the infant age of literature in this country, merit far wider publicity and appreciation than have hitherto been accorded to them.

The Field and Garden Vegetables of America: Containing full Descriptions of nearly Eleven Hundred Species and Varieties; with Directions for Propagation, Culture and Use. By Fearing Burr, jr. Crosby & Nichols, Boston. Rollo & Adam, Toronto. 1863.

This work is offered to the public as a guide to assist in the selection of varieties, rather than as a treatise on cultivation. It nevertheless embraces all the directions necessary for the successful management of a vegetable garden. Some idea of the copiousness of this work may be obtained from the statement that it contains the characteristics which distinguish nearly eleven hundred species and varieties of vegetables cultivated in the United States. It is well illustrated, and well printed on good paper. As an example of its contents, it may be stated that it embodies descriptions of no less than seventy-one varieties of the common onion, more than one hundred and fifty varieties of the pea, sixty-two varieties of the potato, &c., &c.

The origin of the most important varieties is generally given, and their adaptation to certain climates, soils, and mode of cultivation.

To the practical gardener and seedsman, this work will be an excellent guide, and an invaluable book of reference.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLIES.*

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.—FEBRUARY, 1863.

"*Convicts and Transportation*" have formed a prominent subject for the British Reviews during the last quarter. The presence of a large criminal population in the heart of England, periodically awakens a sense of danger to the community. There are annually committed to, and liberated from, the county jails in England and Wales, upwards of 130,000 offenders. Besides these, there are 3000 convicts turned loose every year at the expiration of their sentence of penal servitude. Habitual criminals may be dealt with in three ways, they may be deterred from committing offences, reformed, or got rid of. The question which now agitates the public mind in England, is what method to choose, and when chosen, how to put it in practice.

"*Recent Attacks on the Pentateuch.*"

"*Professor Wilson—Christopher North.*"

* The American reprints of the British Quarterlies, together with *Blackwood's Magazine*, can be procured from Messrs. Rollo & Adam, Toronto.

"*Professor Faisers Scientific Biography of Goethe.*"—Among the biographies of the distinguished men who flourished during the last century, there is none so remarkable, so instructive, and so distressing, as that of Johan Wolfgang Goethe, a poet of undoubted genius, a naturalist with a disputed title to the name, and a natural philosopher, without even the elements of Science. With his various claims to a high reputation, he was the demigod of his country and of his age, with crowds of worshippers, as eager to admire and defend his errors, as to applaud and exaggerate his merits. Though a student of nature in some of her richest domains, and an admirer of the beauty and adaptations of the material world, he neither recognised the divine hand that made it, nor the bountiful providence by which it was sustained. Without even the sentiment of a high morality, he had no faith in those great truths which had been accepted by the first of poets and the greatest of philosophers.

"*Greece during the last Thirty Years.*"—Historians who, in future ages, will take up the subject of a resuscitated Greece, will treat these thirty years of King Otho's reign as a period of national torpor.

"*Novels and Novelists of the Day.*"—Dickens and Thackeray are at present the lords of the novel; and as partisans of one or the other, the world of novel readers are pretty equally divided. George Eliot has achieved the greatest literary success of recent years, and now she stands in the first rank of living novelists. Mr. Wilkie Collins has, in his own way, achieved eminent success. 'To go to bed after the perusal of the *Woman in White* or *No Name*, is like going to bed after supping on a pork-chop.' Few men have won their laurels so swiftly and easily as Mr. Trollope, and few writers deserve them so well. *Orley Farm* is, as yet, his best book. *Lady Audley's Secret* has recently rushed into a sudden and, to some extent, an inexplicable popularity.

"*Domestic Annals of Scotland.*"—These valuable and instructive historical notices, by Robert Chambers, pretend to be nothing more than a miscellaneous collection of notices of old life and manners, generally given in the very words of the old authors. They are not unlike a carefully kept note-book of a studious reader of history. The '*Domestic Annals of Scotland*' occupy three closely printed large octavo volumes. They extend in time from the Reformation to the Rebellion of 1745.

"*Dr. Cunningham's Historical Theology.*"

"*The Prospect of Parties.*"—'The Conservative party has seldom been stronger in point of numbers; it never was weaker in point of reputation and character.'

THE BRITISH MONTHLIES.*

MACMILLAN.—JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

A visit to Lutzen in October, 1862, describes once again the celebrated battle of 1832.

The Wealth of Nations and the slave power, argues against the Slave Power, as one who fights against all the principles of civil and religious liberty on which England rests her glory, and all the principles of political economy to which she ascribes her wealth.

Vincenza ; or, *Sunken Rocks*, has already reached the XXIII. chapter, and is to be continued. It will be time to notice this singular romance in some future number.

Life's Answer, by the Dean of Canterbury, we cannot refrain from giving in full :—

I know not if the dark or bright
 Shall be my lot :
 Of that wherein my hopes delight
 Be best, or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
 Toil's heavy chain :
 Or day and night my meat be tears
 On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
 With smiles and glee :
 Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
 Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
 By breath divine :
 And on the helm there rests a hand
 Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
 I have on board :
 Above the raving of the gale
 I hear the Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite,
 I shall not fall :
 If sharp, 'tis short ; if long 'tis light ;
 He tempers all.

* THE BRITISH MONTHLIES, including *Blackwood* (American reprint), *Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, *The St. James' Magazine*, *Good Words*, *London Society*, *The Churchman's Magazine*, *The Exchange*, &c. &c., can be procured each month at Messrs. Rollo & Adam's, Toronto.

Safe to the land—safe to the land,
 The end is this :
 And then with Him go hand in hand
 Far into bliss.

The Water Babies—a Fairy tale for a Land-Baby. An extremely amusing and imaginative rhapsody, with plenty of moral, but sometimes rather difficult to discover. It would be quite impossible to describe the chapters in these numbers—"Tom" is introduced to Mother Cary, but the journey he had to undertake before he found her in the Polar seas, making everything make itself, involved such marvellous powers that any attempt at illustration would be fruitless. It requires no small knowledge of Natural History in order to follow the Rev. Professor Kingsley in his aerial flight and submarine plunges, with Master Tom to the other end of nowhere.

Dr. Stanley's Lectures on the Jewish Church.—This is an excellent comparison between a book written for edification, and one like the Bishop of Natal's, written to unsettle and confound. Dr. Stanley speaks of the Bible so as to maintain the sense of its Divine virtue unimpaired. Everywhere he keeps in mind the purpose for which the religious life seeks the Bible—to be enlarged and strengthened, not to be straitened and perplexed.

GOOD WORDS.—JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

This able and valuable publication is now three years old, and has already attained a circulation larger than any other periodical of its class. It is edited by Dr. Norman Macleod, one of Her Majesty's chaplains for Scotland. As a domestic and religious magazine it surpasses all its predecessors, and knows no equal among cotemporaries. Among its contributors are many well-known names, Sir David Brewster, Miss Mulock, Archbishop Whately, Principal Leitch of Queen's College, Kingston, the Countess de Gasparin, Piazzì Smith, P. H. Gosse, author of the *Canadian Naturalist*, Miss Greenwell, The Astronomer Royal for Scotland, Sir John Herschel, Bart., Dr. Caird, Dr. Norman Macleod, &c., &c.

The paper on "*The characteristics of the Age*," by Sir D. Brewster, exposes the celebrated pendulum experiment. It has, however, been of use to mankind, although as with the divining rod, table-turning, the magnetoscope, the ring, &c., in the hands of unscrupulous and weak-minded persons it leads to imposture, yet led by it Dubois Raymond has constructed a delicate galvanoscope by which the electricity of the human body can be exhibited by its action upon the needle of the galvanoscope, and even by its power to decompose water. The muscular motion of the arm causes the pendulum to vibrate, and M. Chevreul has established an intimate connexion between the execution of certain movements and the thought which is relative to it, though this thought is not yet the will which commands our muscular organs. Fourteen hundred years ago, a ring suspended by a thread was an instrument of divination. Every one is familiar with the experiment of telling the hour of the day by means of a suspended ring and a glass of water.

Anthony Trollope writes "*The Widow's Mite.*" This author is acquiring a high reputation. The tale of "*The Widow's Mite,*" is about the Cotton famine, a marrying of an American with an English girl, who bargains to dispense with the usual wedding clothes, and give the price of them to the soup kitchen, for suffering operatives. The tale is prettily told, and encourages a love for the unselfish, warm-hearted sympathisers with wide-spread distress.

About Volcanoes and Earthquakes. Earthquakes are always at work says Sir John Herschel. The thin solid crust of the earth above the intensely heated central sphere is continually changing in thickness and consequently in strength. The Continents are always getting lighter, the bed of the sea, on the other hand, is receiving additional weight continually, and as the necessary result the bed of the sea is constantly sinking and the continents rising, in relation to the central heated nucleus. The sea bed being thus pressed down and the land wearing away and becoming continually lighter, a crack in the crust of the earth takes place at the weakest point, and an earthquake with volcanoes result. There is scarcely an instance of a volcano remote from the sea coast, and it is in the neighbourhood of the sea that the earth crack takes place. The highest mountain ranges always face the largest oceans—while sound travels in air about 1,140 feet per second, in water 4,700 feet, in iron 11,400, so do earthquake waves travel with different speeds in different media, and they vary from 12 to 13 miles a minute, to 70 or 80. During the passage of a wave, the whole mass of the earth up and down for a certain distance will be compressed, and it is this compression which carries the shock forwards. When an earthquake wave runs under a row of buildings, they fall in succession, the base flying forwards, and leaving the tops behind to drop on the soil on the side from which the shock came. An earthquake wave has been seen to run along a wall, the wall bowing forward and recovering itself with the swell of a wave rushing forward with immense rapidity, Notwithstanding the awful power of earthquakes, we must remember that the energy requisite to overthrow a mountain, is as a drop in the ocean compared with that which holds it in its place and makes it a mountain.

Reminiscences of a Highland Parish begins. The parish is described, the lakes, the mountains and the deep secluded dells of Highland scenery. It is the Righi of Argyleshire, and under a bright blue sky is surpassingly grand and fair.

The February number contains "*A Vindication of Bishop Colenso,*" in which the author professes to disbelieve the authenticity of the work on the Pentateuch, alleging as the groundwork of such belief the absurdity of supposing a man with so clear a head as stands on Bishop Colenso's shoulders capable of writing such an accumulation of trash, objections, absurdities and distortions as make up the sum of this *pseudo-Colenso* work. The letters are very cleverly written, in rather facetious style and sufficiently crushing. The writer charitably supposes Bishop Colenso is not the author, and he cites numerous examples which go to prove that no sensible Christian would wish to be considered as the parent of this reproduction of the objections of such infidel authors as Celsus, Bolingbroke, Voltaire, and a host of others.

Experiments with the Trophy Telescope at the First Exhibition, point out

the wonders of the heavens as regards the fixed stars. The little that we know of the stars only stimulates the desire for more extended knowledge. Conceive one of the few stars whose distance from the sun has been measured, and consequently one of the nearest to us, so far away in the depths of space as to require for its light, moving at the rate of 192,000 miles in a second of time, thirteen years to reach the earth. The great mystery of dark or non-luminous worlds, is hinted at. The intervals of changes in the appearance of the star designated "*o Ceti*," point to the revolution of a large dark planet round that distant sun.

The History of Earthquakes and Volcanoes, by Sir John Herschel, Bart., continued from the last number, is replete with interesting facts, as might be expected from the well-known reputation of the distinguished author. The first great earthquake of which any very distinct knowledge has reached us, is that which occurred in the year 63 after our Saviour. In August 79, Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried, and among the treasures found in the last named of those buried cities about 100 hundred years ago, 60 feet underground, was a library full of books, and those books still legible; hundreds and hundreds of which still remain unopened. What a storehouse of knowledge unexplored! Why do not the wealthy learned of Europe make every effort to examine those hidden treasures? Discoveries might be made which would upset a thousand Bishops Colenso. Vesuvius again alarmed Europe in 472, scattering ashes over a Continent. Basaltic colonnades are supposed to be produced by floods of lava poured forth at the bottom of seas so deep as to repress, by the mere weight of water, all outbreak of steam, gas or ashes, and reposing for ages in a liquid state, protected from the cooling action of water by a thick upper crust, take on a columnar structure. Earthquakes and volcanoes are among the most sublime and terrific phenomena which occur on the earth's surface; they have been largely instrumental in producing its present geographical outline, and as manifestations of awful power they are perhaps the most grand and striking in the whole range of terrestrial phenomena.

The Reminiscences of a Highland Parish is a charming description, continued from the last number, making one long to be an actor in those exciting scenes of flood and field which are so graphically described. The tone is delightfully encouraging, there are no puritanical ideas about religion inculcated, all is sterling and real. The religious and moral essays of this magazine are distinguished by their eminently practical character, and have led to its extraordinary circulation. The illustrations are generally excellent, and are drawn by Millais, Burton, Tenniel, Graham, Watson, &c.

LONDON SOCIETY.

This is certainly an illustrated magazine of light and amusing literature for the hours of relaxation. The most distinguished artists are engaged to grace its pages, and admirably is their part of the work done. Indeed, some of the short tales and poems derive their interest from the exquisite engravings.

Tobogganing is evidently written by one who has been in Canada.

• *The Tenant of the Chintz Chamber* grows in interest.

Why the Bishop gave Thompson a Living is a severe, and, it is to be hoped, now-a-days, an unmerited sarcasm on the Episcopal bench.

THE ST. JAMES'S MAGAZINE—JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

Madeline Graham is a cleverly written tale, and will be read with eagerness by confirmed novel readers, but the characters and details are frequently tediously spun out; the material occupying two pages, might advantageously be condensed into one. As to the sentiments, they are on the whole coarse, satirical and scandalous; it is, in fact, a work which any one would be averse to place in the hands of a pure-minded girl.

Strange Sights is amusing and instructive, and describes, but does not explain, the phosphorescent phenomena which frequently give a resplendent character to the fly, the worm, the flowers, a chrystal, and damp wood. The reader is left to reflect over the exquisite phenomena which the author describes.

The Mission of Ticket-of-Leave Men, contains some useful information of a peculiar kind, and also some valuable hints. Ticket-of-Leave Men are not the most desirable companions in the world. We have, fortunately, not arrived in Canada at that state of police supervision which would make the Ticket-of-Leave system possible with us.

The Tangled Skein winds off well and rapidly. The language used is rather strong, and those expletives, conveying a sense of high-wrought feeling or passion, usually rendered by an initial letter and a dash, are given at full length, and plenty of them.

Chamois Hunting is a truthful picture, but it sadly lacks that heart-stirring and spirited style which should belong to so exciting a subject. While reading, you cannot fancy yourself a Chamois hunter.

Born to be a Poet, is a short and lively narrative, in which an unfortunate individual is brought up to be a poet from his cradle; he is christened Chaucer Milton, but does no credit to his illustrious namesakes; and, like a sensible man, marries a pretty girl, and consents to become a soap-boiler.

The Reign of Madame de Pompadour is too stale and hackneyed a subject to attract many readers; and at the best, it is not the style of historical biography which should be selected by preference.

The Disinherited is a Mexican tale, full of Indians, onces, intrigues, murders, priests, and miraculous escapes. It is much in the style of the "Pirate of the Praires," and other tales of supposed Mexican life.

Mexico. From Cortez to the French expedition, Mexican history is briefly reviewed. What is now wanted is protection for the foreigner. If France chivalrously choose to squander millions in producing a healthy state of affairs in one of the finest countries of the world, it may prove of value to England. The idea that France is about to pluck the chestnuts out of the fire, is soothing to British bondholders.

A Midnight Marriage. Here we have the Rector of a Parish dreaming three times that his church is on fire. He actually goes out to see if anything is the matter. At the witching hour of night, he meets at the vestry

door a young girl, who informs him that she has come to the church, at the instance of her lover, to be married at that unseemly hour. But no lover is there to greet her, although from her situation she requires more than a lover's consolation. The Rector, in going through the churchyard, stumbles on a man digging a grave. It is the lover! He is preparing a cold bridal bed for his victim. The unexpected visit of the Rector prevents murder. The tale is said to be true, but the names are fictitious.

Physical Training is a good article on the proper mode of developing the human figure. The arguments advanced are based, as they should be, on a knowledge of the anatomy of the human body. The tractile power of different people varies remarkably. From the age of twenty to twenty-five, the Englishman possesses tractile power of 366 to 384 lbs.—the Scotchman the same—while the Irishman rises as high as 397 to 413 lbs. Longevity is not known amongst the race of athletes. Height ought to be in proportion to weight: thus a lad of 18, if he be 5f. 4in. in height, ought to weigh 8 stone, 10 lbs. If 21 years of age, and 5f. 5in. in height, he ought to weigh 9 stone, 5 lbs.; at 25, if 5f. 6in. in height, he should weigh 10 stone 5 lbs.; and at 30 years, 10 stone, 1 lb. The converse of the above proportions also holds good, as deductions from statistical tables.

Passing over Part I. of "*Secrets of my Office*" for the present, "*A Revolutionary Breakfast*" creates an appetite for more sketches in the same style. If one could only believe it to be true, it might be considered by many as an admirable though rather overdrawn caricature of some of the men whose names may live for a hundred years or more, and who, in their time, were proud to be considered as the enemies of the immortal Pitt.

THE CHURCHMAN'S FAMILY MAGAZINE—JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

If we may judge from the time which has been devoted to the preparation of this Magazine—nearly three years—it ought to be of superior excellence, but we are not left to this speculative ground for opinion, as the first three numbers sufficiently mark its character and stamp. As a literary publication, it is fully up to the standard of modern requirement. Some of the illustrations with which it is adorned are of a high order of merit.

The Prince of Wales' Tour in the East is a very attractive and striking description of the chief points of interest in Egypt and Palestine. All the solemn associations and recollections which would crowd on the mind of the Royal traveller, as he trod the sacred soil of Zion, are forcibly yet delicately brought into the light—Jerusalem, once the joy of the whole earth, still exists, a "stern-sad monumental city, the prey of the stranger, the sport of the infidel, while the banished Israelites on their appointed days of national mourning exclaim, beating their breasts and rending their garments," "For the desolation of Jerusalem we sit silent and weep!" The Mosque of Omar, on the side of Solomon's Temple—all but closed to the gaze of Europeans—was visited by the Royal party. But the associations even here aroused would be tame compared with the solemn, overwhelming recollection, that in Jerusalem, the SON OF MAN dwelt and taught, suffered and died.

The Archbishops of Canterbury is the title of series of articles which em-

body in a great measure the history of the Church of England, continued through two numbers.

The New Curate shows the utter inefficiency of human resolves in pursuing a definite course of life, traced out under the influence of inexperience and religious zeal. The Curate resolves to devote himself exclusively to his profession, and strives for the mastery over earthly love. He finds a ministering angel, however, and like a sensible man submits to the incontrollable passion, and his angel becomes his wife.

Ladies work in a Country Parish would do many a lady a vast deal of good if faithfully pursued.

In the February number "*The Painter's glory*" is a delightful tale.

Lancashire under a Cloud gives a sad picture of the distress among the cotton spinners, but it shows the noble character of the operatives. In the midst of the appalling calamity which has befallen them, they have preserved order and respected the law. They have maintained a demeanor in the pressure of the most trying adversity which will long cause the British people to look back in proud admiration to the astonishing self-denial, patience and confidence of her sons.

All the articles of the *Churchman's Family Magazine* breathe a high toned morality, and as its name implies, it is especially adapted to the firesides of members of the Church of England.

TEMPLE BAR.—JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

Towns on the Thames will awaken many recollections, but the article is written by one whose ideas on certain subjects are not very well defined. The writer calls Shelley "the purest, most loving, most maligned of men." He was a musical and passionate infidel and scoffer. He suggests that to the noble Prince now dead should arise no mystic monolith, or oriental obelisk, or triumphal arch, befitting a Cæsar or Napoleon, "but a Christian Cross," such as our ancestors built.

G. A. S.—George Augustus Sala, treats us in his usual style to a wordy *Breakfast in Bed*, leading the way "through a desert of demolitions with scarcely an oasis of stability." A more intelligible title than "*Breakfast in Bed*" would have been "*Metropolitan Improvements*."

The 1st and 2nd chapters of "*The Trials of the Tredgolds*" call to mind something we have read before in the same style, and on the same subject: it is a *Dotheboys Hall* over again on a refined and enlarged scale. The characters in the 3rd chapter are also suggestive of well known novels. Those who have read Dickens' works will find nothing particularly refreshing or new in the "*The Trials of the Tredgolds*," so far.

A Royal Dane in England has nothing to do with the Princess of Wales. It describes the doings of a royal Dane in England a hundred years ago.

Bags of Gold, means in *Temple Bar* phraseology, "Savings Bank." From 1840 to 1857, 116 millions of money were received from depositors by the trustees of these useful institutions. Post Office Saving Banks, with a Government guarantee, not only greatly simplifies the system of depositing, but removes the flaws incident to the machinery and unbusiness-like manage-

ment of these Depositories and the want of security against the frauds of treasurers. The business of the Post Office Banks has attained an enormous magnitude, and marvellous results have already been realized. A man deposits money in a Post Office Bank in London or any other town, and he can have it paid to him in any other town he chooses by writing to his Bank of Deposit. Seven hundred Friendly Societies, Charitable Associations and Penny Banks have already deposited their funds with the Postmaster-General. What an amazing amount of real confidence and faith the English people must have in the English Government!

John Marchmont's Legacy, so far, is a good and natural tale in which the interest is so well kept up, that one longs for the next numbers of the magazine to know the fate of the gentle, loving Mary.

Sitting up, is in some instances strikingly true to the life. Well can we bring before the mind's eye the loving, self-denying sister waiting for her libertine brother, and fondly hoping that each error will be the last, but that hope too often flutters like the bird in the story, and then flies away. The sermon-reading old lady we can look upon as an old friend.

The Blackburn Sewing Schools is an article which may be read with interest and profit, as one of the most perfect delineations of the character of the suffering English operatives. The sewing school is a benevolent institution, affording work, means to live, and practical education in a most useful art to thousands who claim our sympathy under extraordinary and unexpected trials.

CORNHILL—JANUARY AND FEBRUARY.

The admirable illustrations and high literary talent which distinguish this magazine have been attested by a wide-spread public appreciation. This *Cornhill* is not only remarkably well sustained, but now that the principal engravings are printed on separate sheets of plate paper it is especially attractive as a work of art, belonging to a certain class. The names of the artists are sufficient to establish a reputation. Holman Hunt, Maclise, Watson, Tenniel, Millais, Lawless, Sandeys, Armistead, Doyle, make drawings on wood for the *Cornhill*, *London Society*, *Good Words*, and other admirable periodicals. *Cornhill* stands at the head of the illustrated monthlies, and well does it deserve the wide circulation it enjoys.

Romola has reached the XXXV. chapter, wherein we are told what Florence was thinking of. When *Romola* is finished it will be time to give an analysis.

Indian Cossacks is the title of a paper on the irregular cavalry of India. It is principally directed towards a description of Cureton's regiment of Mooltanee cavalry. They are wild, uncouth, fiery-eyed, swarthy horsemen, and terribly impulsive. The description of their charge is splendid, and cannot be read without a thrill of excitement.

Richmond and Washington during the war. Both of these cities have increased amazingly during the war. Land around Washington has risen 400 per cent., and its population has doubled. The great personages at Washington are too well known on this side the Atlantic to require notice; and first among

those at Richmond is the President, with his slight agile figure and intense face. The Vice-President is bowed, furrowed, and hollow of eye and cheek—something to see with a shudder and never to forget. Washington is overrun with rogues, spies and demagogues. Richmond is governed by Martial Law, and a single supreme will that must not be gainsaid, is all-prevailing. Neither city can be commercially great, but both will be famed as the basis for the greatest armies that ever met in the shock of civil war.

Modern Taxidermy gives the results of certain processes in the art, but does not pretend to point out those niceties of manipulation which confer on many splendid examples, such as those in Mr. Waterton's Museum, their extraordinary merit.

Roundabout papers, from the pen of Thackeray are continued. They are both amusing and instructive.

Science.—The rotation of the earth on its axis cannot be left out of consideration in the pointing of long range of artillery, inasmuch as in a flight of five miles, occupying twenty-five seconds of time, it would carry a projectile pointed northwards about 45 feet to the east, and southwards as much to the west of its line of fire. The same cause, namely the rotation of the earth, throws the water of a river preferentially against its right bank, so that the right bank of a river flowing toward the north or south is generally higher and steeper, the left the flatter and the more alluvial one.

It is gratifying to know that puddings and tarts are scientifically digestive agents; the demand for sweets on the part of children is a correct instinct, the sugar being of use in assisting assimilation of food.

In the astronomical world, the attention of astronomers has been recently directed with increasing interest to the variability of Nebulæ. Some of these comical wonders have been specially noted, and when the enormous magnitude, the remoteness and singularity of the changes are considered, they certainly rank among the most wonderful and inexplicable marvels of the starry heavens.

AMERICAN PERIODICALS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—FEBRUARY AND MARCH.

"*Sovereigns and Sons*," conveys a high and just tribute to the memory of Prince Albert. Her Gracious Majesty the Queen is styled a model Sovereign, and her career as a mother is said to be as pleasant as her career as a Sovereign is splendid. This is high praise coming from a republican source, and will be appreciated on this side the frontier line. The article is chiefly about the quarrels of Sovereigns and their families. It is not a pleasant subject; the domestic dissensions, even of Kings, are painful, and often fraught with terrible troubles to those over whom they rule.

"*The Siege of Cincinnati*" is a laudation of General Wallace. It is to be regretted that the writer has omitted dates altogether; not even to the re-

markable proclamation issued by General Wallace, is there any date attached, and no one who is unfamiliar with the excitement at Cincinnati, when Kerby Smith threatened that city, can suppose from the narrative that the event belongs to the "Great Rebellion."

"*The Chasseurs à Pied*" embraces a history of this celebrated branch of the French army, and suggests its introduction into the American service.

"*Shelley*," an article containing little that is new, and introducing some of the most objectionable, and to a well constituted and religious mind, some of the most repulsive extracts from his works, which, however great may have been his genius and exquisite his poetry, are sufficient to suppress admiration in the shudder which comes over one when his shocking delineations of the attributes of the Deity strike the eye and offend the heart.

"*A London Suburb*" is a pleasant description of English summer weather, Greenwich fair, Greenwich hospital, and some of its glories. The writer, though an American, appears to have imbibed a thorough English feeling, and while, not forgetful of his country and countrymen, he seems to have enjoyed his long sojourn in a London Suburb, and gratefully acknowledges it.

"*The last Cruise of the Monitor*" is an excellent and stirring narrative of the loss of that celebrated iron-clad. The Monitor's deeds and the Monitor's fate will never be forgotten in the history of the United States.

"*America the Old World*" is sadly at fault in its geology. The Laurentian Hills are styled a granite range, stretching from Eastern Canada to the Upper Mississippi, and along its base the so called Azoic rocks are said to be gathered. The Laurentian hills are, in fact, wholly composed of the so called Azoic rocks, consisting of Gneiss and Crystalline Limestone. It is only here and there that Granite and trap out-bursts have taken place. The Laurentian Hills are composed of sedimentary rocks, and there is good reason for supposing that they are not Azoic, but contain the remains of Corals and other organisms. Granite is comparatively a rare rock in America, as elsewhere—Gneiss has been and is still often mistaken for Granite. There are only a few extensive areas of Granite in the Laurentian Hills yet known—all the rest is Gneissoid, and was once sedimentary, and very probably contained abundant remains of animal and vegetable life. The true Azoic rock lies below the Laurentian, and they have yet to be discovered. The fundamental gneiss north of Scotland is of the same age as the Laurentian, and is now so named by British Geologists; so also are the Scandinavian mountains, and it is very probable that they were islands in a Laurentian ocean at the same period as the detached peaks of the Laurentide mountains. The idea that the "Granite band" of the Laurentian Hills has not been submerged since its upheaval is novel; where was it during the Drift period, when the great Laurentian chain was strewn with boulders, and when the states and territories of the north-west were covered with Drift-clays, and the great Coteau of Missouri denuded? How were the terraces formed 1500 feet above the sea level, west of Lake Superior; and 4000 feet above the sea level on the eastern flank of the Rocky Mountains; and boulders perched 3000 feet above the sea in Labrador?

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND ARTS.—JANUARY AND MARCH, 1863.

This *Journal*, published every two months, is altogether scientific in subject-matter. It was commenced in 1818, and has been uninterruptedly continued up to the present time. The first series includes fifty volumes—from 1818 to 1845. Up to the year 1838, it was edited by Professor B. Silliman and B. Silliman, jr. The second series was commenced in 1846 by the Sillimans and J. D. Dana. It is at present conducted by these gentlemen in connection with the well-known names of Professor Asa Gray, Louis Agassiz, Dr. Wolcott Gibbs, Professor S. W. Johnson, and Professor Geo. J. Brush. *The American Journal of Science and Arts* is a standard work. It obtains a considerable European circulation; and as the expositor of the condition of science in the United States, it is the highest, and, indeed, the only authority.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—JANUARY, FEBRUARY, AND MARCH.

"*A Californian in Iceland*" gives a graphic description of that isolated island. Some of the illustrations are excellent. It is to be hoped that the name of the artist (Peter Cramer) who furnished the *Carte de visite* of the lively tourist is not suggestive. The description of the tour occupies three numbers, and is a very amusing production.

"*Hole-in-the-Day*" is a Chippeway chief who has played an important part in the recent Indian troubles in Minnesota. He it was who sent orders to his braves to rob the stores and mission at Leech Lake. Description is given of a meeting between "Hole-in-the-Day" and the United States Commission near Crow-Wing last year, when the Indians, fully armed, to the number of three hundred warriors, met about one hundred and twenty-eight State troops. Although treachery was suspected, and a conflict imminent, yet the council passed off without disturbance. An excellent wood-cut, from a photograph of "Hole-in-the-Day," accompanies this well-written narrative.

"*The League of States*" is a rehash of the causes which produced the war of Independence, and is interesting, especially to Americans.

"*Romola*" and "*The Small House at Allington*" are reprinted from *Cornhill*. So also is "*Mistress and Maid*" from *Good Words*.

"*The Revolving Tower, and the Inventor*."—In this article, the credit of inventing a revolving tower for military purposes, is accorded to Theodore R. Timby, a native of the State of New York. Mr. Timby took out a patent for revolving metallic towers in 1843. Plans are given for a defence of New York harbour with revolving gun-towers—it being conceded that such vessels as the "Warrior" would be able to pass the present forts without difficulty, or even danger to themselves.

The writer of "*The Gentlemen of the Press*" pays a high compliment to the literary superiority of English reports; but in everything else, they are surpassed by the American. The American reporter represents the characteristics of the country—celerity, enterprise, audacity, and independence. Some capital anecdotes are told of reporting feats, which could only have been accomplished in America. The story of the reporter of a New York

paper (the *Herald*) retaining possession of the wires at Niagara, to report the Prince of Wales' doings, by telegraphing the Book of Genesis and then of Revelations, differs in detail from that given in *Temple Bar*, in "*The Newspaper Press of America*." No doubt the enterprise and energy of the American press is immense, but is it not too much tinged with a taste for "sensation items" designed to be contradicted the next day?

The article on "*Continental Money*" is well illustrated with wood-cuts of bank notes and coins.

"*European Souvenirs*" read well; but the period over which they extend, and the very miscellaneous grouping of characters which the author describes, suggest at the outset doubts of their truthfulness. The possibility of such scenes and incidents having come under the notice of one and the same individual, implies an astonishing memory, extraordinary luck, and a most distinguished circle of acquaintance. There are few men now living who were present at the ball given to the assembled Emperors, Kings and Princes in England in 1814; and if the "*Souvenirs*" cannot be entitled to the credit of personal sketches, why are they called "*Souvenirs*" at all? They are, however, very cleverly written, and the anecdotes are well told. Similar "*Souvenirs*" have appeared in *Harper* before, perhaps from the same ubiquitous author. By the majority of readers in the United States, they will be taken for facts, and the writer for a great unknown.

Numerous short stories, of different degrees of merit, appear in each number of this popular monthly. The Editor's Easy Chair, and the Monthly Record of Current Events, are generally faithful records of what is going on at home and abroad.

American Publishers' Circular and Literary Gazette. Vol. I.—No. 1. October. p. 96. George W. Childs, Philadelphia; Rollo & Adams, Toronto.

We have just received No. 1 of this bi-monthly, which we think will become of great interest and value to all literary men, and the trade generally. Its contents are varied, and embrace London Correspondence; the Authors at Home; the Authors Abroad; Changes in the Trade; Obituary; Literary Intelligence; The National Academy of Sciences; Notes on Books and Booksellers; Periodicals, Auction Rooms, Bibliography, Notes and Queries, Book Notices, Amusements, and "Our Book List." The advertising list occupies fifty pages. We shall refer, in a succeeding number, more at length to this periodical.

CANADIAN PERIODICALS.

THE CANADIAN JOURNAL OF INDUSTRY, SCIENCE AND ART.—FEBRUARY AND MARCH.

"*Descriptions of Some Species of Nocturnal Lepidoptera found in Canada*," have been prepared by the Rev. C. J. S. Bethune, with a view to second the

efforts made by Professor Hincks for the accumulation of materials for a "*Fauna Canadensis*."

"*A Popular Exposition of the Minerals and Geology of Canada*" (Part IV. and V.), by Professor Chapman. This very useful series of papers will be concluded in Part VII. They are intended to serve as an introduction to the Revised Report on the Geology of Canada, by Sir William Logan and the Officers of the Geological Survey. They cannot fail to be of great advantage to the student, and may be read with profit by all who wish to acquire a general knowledge of Canadian Palæontology.

"*Illustrations of the Significance of Certain Ancient British Skulls.*" By Daniel Wilson, LL.D. The author of this paper says that "the traces of purposed deformation of the head, among the Islanders of the Pacific, have an additional interest in their relation to one possible source of South American population by oceanic migration, suggested by philological and other independent evidence. But for our present purpose, the peculiar value of those modified skulls, lies in the disclosures of influences operating alike undesignedly, and with a well-defined purpose, in producing the very same cranial conformation among races occupying the British Islands in ages long anterior to earliest history; and among the savage tribes of America, and the simple Islanders of the Pacific, in the present day. They illustrate with even greater force than the rude implements of flint and stone found in early British graves, the exceedingly primitive condition of the British Islanders of prehistoric times."

"*On the Magnetic Disturbances at Toronto during the Years 1856 to 1862, inclusive.*" By G. T. Kingston, M.A.

"*The President's Address.*" By the Rev. John McCaul, LL.D. In this address of the President of the Canadian Institute to its members, the general progress of science throughout the world during the past year, is glanced at. The learned President has presented a luminous outline of the yearly advancement of scientific research. If he were as ardent a student of nature as he is an acknowledged authority in classical and Archæological literature, he could not have touched more *apropos* on the progress of human knowledge in the physical world.

The *Canadian Journal* contains also a number of translations and selected articles, reviews, scientific and literary notes, &c., &c. The March number contains the Annual Report of the Council for the years 1862-63.

THE CANADIAN NATURALIST AND GEOLOGIST.—FEBRUARY AND APRIL.

"*The Air-Breathers of the Coal Period in Nova Scotia.*" By J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S. The tenants of the coal forests of Nova Scotia form the subject of this paper. Most of the air-breathers of the Carboniferous period have only been recently recognized. This much, however, has been ascertained—that the dark luxuriant forests of the coal period were not destitute of animal life. Reptiles, land-snails, millipedes, and insects, gave life to the gloom of those damp and marshy forests.

"*On the Gold Mines of Canada, and the Manner of Working them.*" From the General Report on the Geology of Canada.

"*On the Parallelism of the Quebec Group with the Llandeilo of England and Australia, and with the Chazy and Calciferous Formations.*" By E. Billings, F.G.S. An important paper on one of the most interesting and valuable rock series in Canada.

"*On the Land and Fresh-Water Mollusca of Lower Canada.*" (Part I. and II.) By G. F. Whiteaves, F.G.S., &c. Besides an enumeration of Canadian land and fresh-water shells, almost all which are found in the Atlantic States north of Cape Hatteras, the paper contains an excellent summary of Edward Forbes' famous essay, and Mr. Lubbock's paper on the Swiss Pfahlhausen, in the hope that attention drawn to the subject may possibly result in the discovery of works of human art in Canadian Tertiary (?) or Post-Tertiary deposits.

"*On the Antiquity of Man : a Review of Lyell and Wilson.*" By J. W. Dawson, LL.D., &c. The recent works of Sir Charles Lyell and Dr. Daniel Wilson, to which this review refers, have already been noticed in this magazine. We have pleasure in quoting the following paragraph from Dr. Dawson's excellent review :—

"We must now shortly consider our third question, as to the bearing of these facts and doctrines on our received views of human chronology, derived from the Holy Scriptures, and the concurrent testimony of ancient monumental and traditional history. It is certain that many good and well-meaning people will, in this respect, view these late revelations of geology with alarm ; while those self-complacent neophytes in Biblical learning who array themselves in the cast-off garments of defeated sceptics, and when treated with the contempt which they deserve, bemoan themselves as the persecuted representatives of free thought, will rejoice over the powerful allies they have acquired. Both parties may, however, find themselves mistaken. The truth will in the end vindicate itself ; and it will be found that the results of such careful scrutiny of nature as that to which naturalists now devote themselves, are not destined to rob our race either of its high and noble descent, or its glorious prospects. In the mean time, those who are the true friends of revealed truth, will rejoice to give free scope to legitimate scientific investigation, trusting that every new difficulty will disappear with increasing light."

"*On the Remains of the Fossil Elephant found in Canada.*" By E. Billings, F.G.S. It seems quite certain that there are several species of American fossil elephants, but the question, how many ? remains yet to be decided. The author thinks that if it be admitted that *Elephas Jacksoni* is distinct from *E. primigenius*, then we have no proof whatever that this latter species ever lived so far south in America as the United States and Canada.

"*Remarks on the Genus Lutra, and on the Species Inhabiting North America.*" By George Barnston, Esq. The object of this paper is to introduce to naturalists a rare variety, or perhaps a distinct species, of Otter, smaller than the common Otter of Canada.

THE
BRITISH AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1863.

WASHINGTON AFTER THE FIRST BATTLE OF
FREDRICKSBURG.

ON the morning of the 13th of last December, we left New York direct for Washington. While crossing the Jerseys, whose dead level is unbroken except by the stacks of sedgy grass, which seems to be the only produce the seaboard yields, we were reminded by the name of every railway station of Washington's retreat, and his subsequent victorious pursuit of the Hessians upon this very ground; but the reflections which the scene suggested received from the events transpiring around us, a very different direction to which at any other time they would have taken. The New York *Herald* of that morning gave a glowing account of the crossing of the Rappahannock two days previously, of the faint opposition the enemy had made, and of the occupation by the Federal forces of the deserted city of Fredricksburg. We knew, therefore, that a battle must now be raging, and all who had studied the enemy's tactics feared the worst, for they were well aware that the passage of the river would have been more hotly contested had not every preparation been made on the Southern side to ensure a victory ultimately; and they trembled for the safety of their friends, penned in between impregnable heights in front, and a broad river in their rear. It was an anxious day throughout the Union, the 13th of December—and we, though not personally interested, could not but share the general apprehension.

As we passed through Philadelphia we were painfully reminded by the symbols of mourning, which hung from so many a house, of the fearful havoc the war was making. In the poorer districts of the town death seemed to have entered every home, and the indications of this—the half closed white shutters, secured by long black ribbons—gave an aspect of lamentable desolation to the city. Nor was it to be wondered at! Pennsylvania had in the field 170 regiments, which, after making all allow-

ances, must have contained over 100,000 men. What wonder then if Philadelphia was in mourning for so many of her sons!

These, however, were the only signs of war till we reached the Susquehanna, where we came fairly on its trail. On either branch we found a strong guard stationed, and another on the steamer, and henceforth soldiers almost lined the railway. At every half mile or so a small detachment was encamped, whose duty it was to guard against any interruption of communication, a danger the government may not unreasonably apprehend, considering the temper of the Marylanders, and the vast importance of the line.

It was late in the afternoon before we entered Baltimore, where our impatience was relieved by news of a battle then going on, but our apprehensions were not dispelled by the equivocal nature of the message.

The paper which conveyed the intelligence was a shabby sheet of two pages, printed on brownish paper, and with such wretched type as to be almost illegible. It purported to be, however, the organ of the Union, taking for its motto "UNION AND LIBERTY—ONE AND INSEPARABLE—NOW AND FOREVER," and it seemed to be no unfit representative of Union influence in Maryland, nor a false exponent of Union feeling, judging by its rancorous abuse of Great Britain.

The sun was setting as we travelled through the fertile plantations of Maryland. Now and then we found a slave returning home from work, or a group of little blacks before a cabin door, or a planter's residence surrounded by its squalid village; but the most unmistakable indication of slavery was afforded by the altered aspect of the country, which was now no longer cultivated with that neatness and care, which gave such an air of comfortable prosperity to the free states. And there were many signs of an approach to a more temperate clime than that which we had just left; yet none more striking than the wintry traces of a luxuriant vegetation in the woods. Our own hardy northern trees stood there as majestic as in our own forests, but around them were entwined creepers, whose thick stems wound around the trunk and sent their shoots to the topmost branches. It must be strange to witness the transformation which in summer this almost tropical foliage and flowers must effect in our old favourites.

The approach to Washington was marked by the increasing numbers of encampments, not now of half a dozen men, but entire regiments, whose tents covered whole hill sides. It had grown quite dark, but the long rows of watchfires, not bright enough to light up the intervening rows of tents, though strong enough to throw out into indistinct relief the little knots of soldiers gathered round them produced a novel scene.

Scrambling into one of the Willard Hotel busses—to which the passengers *en masse* proceeded to transfer themselves—we started through

the darkness over roads, in comparison with which some of the worst in our back woods are excellent—and then we began to understand what that Virginian mud is which puts such an effectual drag upon all military operations on the Potomac during the winter time. The buss at one moment plunged into a rut, from which it was dragged with a leap, only to heave over so far on one side or the other as to endanger its equilibrium. And when we reached the Hotel our prospect looked as desperate as when we left the station, for a throng of people crowded the hall, and all approach to the office was barred by an impenetrable mass of selfish travellers, who had outstripped us in the race, and were now bent on the same object as ourselves.

That evening a *Bulletin* announced that a great battle had raged all day from dawn to sunset, that the army had been victorious and gained the ridge, and that to-morrow the crest would surely be theirs. The message was self-contradictory, but people seemed hardly interested enough to call its veracity in question. The indifference which was to all appearance felt in the issue of a battle fought almost within hearing of the city was surprising. The long continuance of the war, and the frequency of large battles has engendered this apathy throughout the country, while in Washington the conflicting interests which are at work, involving so little patriotism and so much selfishness, increase this apparent carelessness. The old established Washingtonians have not unnaturally strong Southern proclivities. The city is indebted for what little it can boast of to Southern gentlemen, who were, previous to the outbreak of the rebellion generally in office. They did not at the seat of government restrain that open handed liberality and aristocratic mode of life which characterised them, and which have tended to excite so much sympathy abroad through the unfortunate comparison which people could not help drawing between them and the vulgar money-made man of the North—that swarm upon the continent, and are accepted as the type of the thorough-bred Yankee. The old servants of the government—those who have not been replaced by the present administration—owe their posts to Southern statesmen, and though, as they are anxious to assure you, they have taken the oath of allegiance, and are faithful in their official capacity to the Lincoln Government, they do not attempt to conceal their contempt, and their fear, when a safe opportunity of expressing their feelings occurs, for the hungry wolves who have swept down from the West and are devouring the good of the Capitol, and for the fanatic New Englanders, who in their frantic efforts to abolish the sacred institution of slavery have overturned the Constitution. They cannot therefore be expected to feel much concern for a northern defeat, and it would be imprudent to rejoice over a southern victory. The horde of sutlers and the crowds of speculators, drawn towards the

seat of war in search of government contracts and other money prizes, are too deeply engrossed with their own affairs to care much about those of the country except in so far as they interfere. But even the military were but little excited, perhaps because *etiquette* forbade their evincing any feeling one way or another. The next day was Sunday. Among the sermons advertised was one to be delivered in the Hall of Representatives by a missionary who had laboured among the blacks in the conquered territory on the coast of South Carolina, and which was to be rendered more attractive by the presence of Lincoln himself. As we were walking down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol our attention was attracted by a crowd, above whose heads the bayonets of the patrol were glittering. Elbowing our way into it we saw a handsome black lad being mysteriously handled by an officer. He seemed to be ripping up his clothes and we therefore concluded that a southern messenger had been caught and search was being made for letters and despatches. But far from that, the innocent youth with his native love of finery and perhaps out of enthusiastic respect for his deliverers, had arrayed himself in the cast off uniform of a northern soldier, abundantly besprinkled with brass buttons; and it was in despoiling him of these, which were stamped with the emblem of the glorious Union, and in wearing which he was dishonouring the republic, that the officer was engaged, operating with his penknife. From witnessing this ludicrous and pitiable exhibition we entered the Hall of Representatives. It was tolerably well filled with a respectable audience. The speaker began by stating the why and wherefore of his mission, and then proceeded to recount its glorious results. He had found the negroes not only diligent and industrious, but anxious of bettering their condition and emulous of the comforts which one or another among them had procured. Then they made good scholars and were as apt to teach as to learn. His success in Florida had been most gratifying. It seems he extended his exertions thither in a semi-military capacity while cruising about to pick up fugitive negroes and levying soldiers for Hunter's black regiments, while establishing schools in Fernandino. An incident occurred there of a really marvellous character. He had landed to recruit, but on the Sunday collected the people together and intimated that on Monday he would open a school. A white soldier was selected to teach the ninety little blacks that assembled, but as his unaided efforts would have availed little towards compassing so much work he looked about for an assistant, whom he found in a negro girl, able to read, write and sing. To teach the children she first wisely addressed herself; but after giving a lesson of half an hour a dead silence ensued,—of a supernatural description—which at length she broke by singing in a clear, shrill voice:—

"Old John Brown's ashes lie mould'ring in the grave."

in the chorus of which she was joined by all the little ones, marching round the room to the cadence of the music. He was stating the effect this unexpected circumstance, occurring where no rumour of the Harper Ferry insurrection could be supposed to have penetrated, had upon him, when a large number of the audience gave emphatic evidence of the light in which they viewed it by unceremoniously leaving the house. Gradually after that his hearers dropped away, but he, undaunted, continued to give an account of the brave deeds of his brave blacks upon the Georgian coast, how they drove the white pickets in wherever they met them; how they bore any suffering with delight seeing it was in the cause of freedom, and how they showed superhuman skill in the handling of their muskets though they had never before handled anything but the hoe.

No doubt many of his statements were substantially true, but the whole account was coloured by his enthusiasm to a most glaring extent. According to him the negroes down south were a most pious exemplary people: but he failed to see the inference which it was evident most of his audience drew from his statement, viz, that if they were such under the system of slavery, and being free are so lamentably different, the working of the system must be widely more beneficent than its adversaries depict it. He however stated some curious facts, one of which was easily explained, viz., that the further south you go the more moral and intellectual the slaves become, probably because in the border states the slave owner is obliged to keep his slaves more ignorant from fear of white influence. He likewise assured us that slaves, who had escaped from the interior, came to the camp with a perfect knowledge of Lincoln's proclamation; and he informed us of having set the President's mind at rest on that score when he had expressed a fear that his proclamation would only injure the South "skin-deep"—an apprehension which has proved not ill-founded, despite the predictions of Mr. French to the contrary. His ultraism was rather amusing than otherwise, till he came to advocate the arming of the blacks and through them the wholesale massacre of the whites. He could find no explanation of the war in the scheme of Providence unless it were a war of emancipation. The blacks told him that was the inner view of the subject and he believed it; they moreover told him the war would not close till all the rebels were killed, and that all the rebels would not be killed till the blacks were allowed a fair share in the slaughter, and he believed that too. But perhaps the worst phase of his practical creed was the determination to work upon the fanaticism of the blacks, and foster the idea of a special Divine interference in their favour. One could not help shuddering at the thought of what might happen were an army of blacks fired with hatred and glutted with blood and booty, led by such leaders as the enthusiast who was advocating it.

It is unfortunate for the emancipation cause that so many of its sup-

porters employ means which cannot but impede its success, and the violent character of the harangue enabled us to form some idea of the temper in which the abolition movement has been carried on, and by which in part, at least, the South was exasperated to rebellion. But the fact that such a speech could be delivered in the Hall of Representatives, in a city where slavery had existed till within a few months, and the speaker escape unmobbed, was a significant indication of the spread and growing strength of anti-slavery principles.

Our special object in visiting the States was to buy books and solicit presents from the Central Government, and the different State authorities, as well as from the various literary and scientific associations, for an unfortunate society in Canada, which had lost its library by fire. In the unenviable capacity of mendicants, we met a number of the most influential men in Washington and elsewhere, but were invariably received with the utmost courtesy and kindness, and with such liberality that our mission was abundantly fruitful.

Our spare time we spent as much as possible among the soldiers, and we had, therefore, no reason to complain of that weariness which a long stay in Washington, in peaceful times, must produce; for the city itself presents no attractions to the stranger. It has no commerce or manufactures, it is devoid of historical associations and does not promise even that economic interest which attaches to the large mushroom cities of the west. It is a city in embryo—proportionally vast and magnificent, as yet neither rich nor extensive. The streets are wide and regularly laid out. Six avenues radiate from the Capitol and then are intersected by the streets which describe circles at equal distances from one another.—But the city has taken a different direction to what was anticipated, owing to the purchase by speculators of that portion of its projected site which faces the capitol, and the consequent high price of land in that direction. The Capitol, therefore, turns its back upon the city, as it now exists, and looks forward, like so much else upon this continent, to the future. The building itself is imposing, from its situation and its size. The dome is a conspicuous object from every side, and looks well from a distance, but seen near at hand appears too big for the building which supports it, and which it threatens to extinguish. Neither the Capitol nor the Treasury Offices—a magnificent building in the Doric style with monolithic columns of immense size,—situated at the further end of Pennsylvania avenue, are completed, but the work is being pushed on vigorously, the more so, it would seem, as the prospect of their being ever used grows weaker.

The interest of its present situation, however, fully compensated for any lack of interest in its permanent attractions, and, our visit occurring when it did, we witnessed more than usual activity. Long trains of am-

bulance waggons were dragging heavily through the streets night and day with provisions, munitions of war, or the wounded, who were arriving by thousands daily, from Aquia Creek ; and a sad spectacle they presented. But occasionally the hearts of the Unionists were cheered—when the eyes of sympathizers dropped at the sight of Southern prisoners marching off to their dreary quarters.

The hotels and streets literally swarmed with soldiers, in whose now dingy uniforms we saw traces of that spirit which had led them to enlist, under the impression that the war would be a good holiday frolic, for which one dresses in fantastic attire. But above all these was the strange interest of our novel situation, not knowing when the war might be transferred from the Rappahannock to the north side of the Potomac.

Till Monday evening we were in the dark as to the result of Saturday's battle, though almost within sight of the battle field, and when at last the whole was known it was curious to trace the process by which the government supposed they could cheat the people into a belief that the defeat had been almost a victory. The first despatch, that of Saturday evening, was somewhat ambiguous, but pompously expressed and hopeful. On Sunday the battle was reduced to a *reconnaissance*, and a determination was expressed to whip the enemy if the enemy were willing. On Monday it was reluctantly admitted to be what we would call a defeat, but that evening a major who had left the army at midday arrived at the Hotel, and hardly astonished us by stating the naked truth in all its disastrous fulness. Then, on Tuesday, out came the account of Burnside's masterly retrograde movement during the storm of the previous night, a retreat really so ably conducted that it covered the disgrace of the disaster which occasioned it. The government has in fact reduced lying to a science, but so systematic has it become, that by applying to any particular case, the laws deduced from repeated instances it is easy to elicit the truth.

The retreat in this instance seems, however, to be deserving of all the praise which, in the lack of something better, has been bestowed upon it. We received an amusing account of it from a civilian, who had been so fortunate as to take part in it. He had gone to Washington in search of a commission, and while waiting, had managed with much difficulty to procure a pass to the front. Having seen there enough of military life to damp his ardour he was returning homeward, rejoicing at having escaped so easily, and converted into a strenuous peace man. He had been among the last to cross the Rappahannock shortly after dawn, having lain with his brother's regiment all night under arms, watching the movements of the various corps as they defiled past, curious to know their destination, but utterly ignorant of the intended retreat till on the pontoons. He had the only half dollar we saw while in the States, ex-

cept in the money-changer's window, and that was part of the spoil taken from the Fredricksburg Bank, when the city was sacked and every house rifled from cellar to garret, with all the ruthlessness of a barbarian assault.

What I saw of the soldiers compared most favourably with their disorderly conduct on that occasion. There were 30,000 men in Washington, but we witnessed only two instances of drunkenness, and not a single act of insubordination.

All with whom we talked (and the men were always ready to enter freely into conversation) were civil and respectful. Most of them were drafted from the best class of Americans, the agricultural population, which, while as well educated as the lower class in the cities, is freer from those disagreeable habits of exaggeration in speech and action which are accepted, and not without foundation, as the characteristic traits of the American people. They seemed to possess the ingredients of a splendid army, excellent physique combined with intelligence; but they were deficient, at least while we were there, in the prime qualification of successful soldiers—enthusiasm. Few, if any, were hopeful; on the contrary despair was the prevalent feeling. Yet withal there were no symptoms of disorganization. They had enlisted and they were doomed to follow their companions to the grave, and the sooner they got there the better.—Without confidence in their commander and with a rankling jealousy of their superiors, which yet never expressed itself in a threatening tone, they hardly looked like men able to compete with the desperate spirit which pervades their enemies, from the lowest to the highest.

It will not be easy to forget a morning we spent on the Arlington Heights. We had seen a regiment of cavalry crossing the Long Bridge, and being provided with a military pass, followed them to the ground where they were preparing to pitch their tents. It was a delightful day, balmy as a May day in the South of England. That side of the Potomac had been clean swept of all that makes a country beautiful, for it had been a camping ground since the commencement of the war, and, therefore, only here and there stood a solitary tree, or little brake of brushwood. The splendid pavilion of General Lee, the present commander of the Southern army of the Potomac, which crowns the heights, looks bare and melancholy, as unpicturesque as the earthworks which share the ridge with it. But Washington on the other side, looked magnificent.—We lounged about for some time, watching the operation of camping, till, tired out, we lay down on the slope and chatted with the men. The regiment had been in existence but four months, they had had their horses but four weeks, and had received their weapons, which consisted of swords and six barrellled revolvers, only on the previous evening. Ever since their enlistment they had gradually moved towards the seat of war.—

That morning to their great dismay they had crossed the Potomac, and the vision of winter quarters was fast fading away. On the morrow they were to move again, they knew not whither; but they looked with apprehension in the direction of Fredricksburg. They candidly admitted that a hundred men would chase their whole force from the field, so utterly undrilled were both they and their horses; and from the admission we inferred they would not wait to try the experiment of resistance when occasion presented itself. What their fate has been we could not ascertain; but a report was current some days after that a Pennsylvania Regiment had been taken napping, somewhere between Washington and Fredricksburg, and made prisoners to a man. We thought it not improbable that they were our old friends. What little we saw of the officers produced a favourable impression. They appeared to be on the whole gentlemanly, and certainly were well behaved. In Willard's Hotel there could not have been less than 200 of all ranks, and we never put up at a House where the bar-room was less frequented. They naturally do not altogether share the despondency of the men, and it would be greatly to be wondered at if, when invested with command over their equals, they did not relish it.

Congress had not been sitting long enough to have got fairly under way. No great debate took place during our stay. Now and then a resolution was proposed that indicated a coming storm, but no action of importance was looked for yet awhile. The senate held short sessions all that week, the abolition section being busy organising an attack which, on the day of our departure came to a head and threatened to hasten the crisis. That crisis has not yet arrived. Party strife is not at present running as high as then, but yet the prospects of the country are no brighter. At that time when the ultra-republicans were so injudiciously abusing their power the animosity and madness of their opponents was appalling. We often heard the wish that McClellan would come forward and assume the Dictatorship. The determination boldly expressed to excite the mob against the government, and at any cost bring such a pressure to bear upon it as it would be unable to resist, and still bloodier measures proposed in imitation of the French Revolution.

We left Washington fully convinced that a victory never would be won by the army of the Potomac; for when one finds the opinion prevalent among the soldiers themselves that the enemy is invincible, there is surely but little hope of success. The second battle of Fredricksburg has not shaken the opinion.

Our return trip to New York was made in company with hundreds of wounded and invalid men, some of whom had received but slight wounds at Fredricksburg the week before, and were finding their way home to the North; others of whom had been turned out of hospital half cured, to

make room for their more needy comrades. One poor fellow died on the road, and there were many there about to follow him to the grave. Unfortunately their sufferings were aggravated by an accident which befel the train when only a few miles from Philadelphia. It was the coldest night of the season. The Delaware, on the bank of which we were running, was freezing over. While turning a curve at slackened speed, we felt a sudden and petuliar jerk, which instantly told us the train was off the track. We had just decided as to the safest posture in which to meet an accident of this sort, and therefore spontaneously fixed our knees firmly against the seat in front, so as to secure the whole body from being thrown about, and above all prevent the lower limbs from being broken; and then we awaited the catastrophe. The car heaved and jumped and cracked, as it mounted sleeper after sleeper and leaped the rails; several minutes seemed to elap e before it stopped, though probably as many moments had not passed, during which it was gradually veering over sideways, and we knew we were approaching the edge of the embankment, where a final crash would have settled all. The feelings we experienced were precisely identical. There was no terror in them. Intense curiosity to know what would come next was uppermost. The baggage car had first run off the track—how, it was impossible to determine. Though the accident occurred at a switch, no one was willing to attribute negligence to the switch-man, a noble old man, who, by his courage and presence of mind, had, on more than one occasion, prevented a fearful collision; and now he lay dead at the foot of the embankment, having been thrown from his post by a blow on the temple from one of the cars. The melancholy scene was lighted up by his burning house, which had been overturned by the train, and set on fire by the ashes from the stove, and its dreariness was intensified by the pitiable condition of the soldiers. After some hours delay a train came to our rescue. We lifted the poor fellows into it. Others grumbled and found fault, not a murmur came from any one of them; and we reached New York without further mishap twelve hours after time.

J. D.

NIAGARA.*

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

God of the mountain-height and rolling flood!
What majesty, and might and grandeur soar

* Fragment of a Seneca legend—"The White Canoe."

In one unceasing hymn of praise to Thee
 From out the turmoil of Niagara's surge.
 Roll on, proud terrorist! with sweep sublime,
 Whose merest touch is as the lusty throes
 Of a whole race of Anaks starting from
 A trance of passion gathering while it slept.
 The massive oak that wrestles with the blasts
 For centuries, is but a fragile whisp,
 A giant's toy, in thy relentless grasp;
 And man, whose pride would overawe the world,
 Is but a paltry bubble in thy hand,
 That passes into nothingness and death.
 The crash and wrack of worlds, the sway supreme
 Of nation over nation, and the rise
 And fall of mighty empires, are as nought
 Compared with thee, who 'st seen the ages pass,
 As in a mirror; thou the Merlin dread
 That beckons them to their eternal rest,
 And lulls them into silence with a psalm.
 The centuries lie buried at thy feet,
 And all their shrouded hosts rise up to pay
 The great magician homage. Thy dread voice
 Is as the thunder amid Alpine hills,
 And the sun-flash upon thine angry brow
 The awful lightning of thy wrath, that like
 The fine Damascus blade lets out the life,
 Or ere the spirit mounts the Elysian fields.
 The children of to-day will have grown old;
 Their children's children from the ample scroll
 And record where the generations trace
 Their mortal autographs, shall pass away
 And be forgotten; but thy trumpet tones,
 Wild, deep, sonorous, then as now, shall make
 The heart of man a solemn fane of praise.
 Æolus' slaves, the rude compliant winds,
 May lash the sea to fury; billows roll,
 And mountain-wave on mountain-wave be piled;
 When, lo! the spirit of the storm bows down
 Beneath the fetters of the angel, Calm:
 But thy tremendous bass confronts the skies
 With jubilee of passion evermore,
 Unchanged, unchangeable, making thy song
 The type of the eternal, without end.

THE SETTLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. HOLIWELL.

Authoress of the "The Old World and the New." "The Barles in Canada," &c.

(Continued from page 167.)

CHAPTER III.

HEMSLEY CLARIDGE.

Lawrence had spent a long dull day alone, her father left home early to transact business in the village, and intended taking a peep at Swinton's, some three or four miles off, before his return. She had tried in vain to settle to some occupation, but having so long reposed on the matured judgment of her friend, she found it difficult to mark out for herself her future division of time and employments. It was quite a relief when Maggie put her head in at the door and invited her young mistress to "come and help milk and not mope about like an owl."—Maggie McDermot had been the hired servant of Mapleton Vale for years, and with the assistance of her daughter Nelly, now nearly a woman grown, had supplied the wants of the small household, in a style quite unknown to those of their neighbours, who were always changing. Maggie was a broad faced brawny Irishwoman, who had entered Mapleton a barefooted emigrant within Lawrence's recollection. Her husband had met with a fatal railway accident at New York, and she had begged her way with her three children from Rochester to the Huron seeking rest and finding none. The mother was strong in Maggie's rugged breast, she would not give up her children, and no one would employ her with such an incumbrance. She rested in Mr. Mapleton's barn one night, and he heard her story while she was eating her breakfast, and warming her little ones by the kitchen fire. The Mapleton Vale establishment wanted a servant; he told Maggie she might stay with her children if she liked work, and would earn her wages. Nelly about Lawrence's age was to assist in light duties; she would soon be able to do more, and the younger ones could be brought up to make themselves useful.

From that time the domestic arrangements of the Lieutenant's family knew no change. Nelly had grown up a fine robust hard working girl, but a little too pretty and too independent for her safety. The younger ones were Lawrence's especial charges, and very well trained industrious girls they were, reflecting much credit on their active and high principled young mistress. Her gentle sway could always achieve more with

Nelly than her mother's coarse blustering. Nelly had often been affected to tears by Lawrence's kind yet pointed rebukes. She was far too ignorant of the world herself to apprehend any evil for the wilful girl, but she often wished she was more easily managed for her own and her mother's sake; the latter sometimes took the unwise and useless course of beating her for her faults. Nelly's dark eye was bad to look upon for hours after such treatment, and it would require all Lawrence's eloquence to bring the girl back to a proper sense of her duty.

Lawrence gladly availed herself of Maggie's invitation; there was nothing she liked better than to assist in the milking, though since Mrs. Mouncey's residence in Mapleton, Maggie had not been favoured with her company so frequently as formerly. The "milky mothers" were waiting patiently under the tall trees by the shed, turning their lustrous eyes up the path by which Maggie always came. "Oh! is it not *real* pleasant here Maggie?" exclaimed Lawrence joyfully, "give me a pail; I'll milk Snowball myself."

The young girl seated herself in a cool shady spot, and in silent enjoyment proceeded to milk her favourite cow. She threw off her hat and felt the pleasant coming breeze on her brow and lips, the pleased animal "conscious of human affection," rubbed her head against her sides, gazing benignly on her fair mistress. Lawrence had not felt so much peace in her heart through the day, and paused a moment to look around and take in all the enjoyments. "Sure, there's your pa and a gentleman watching us," broke in Maggie, "look at the gate leading from the orchard, they're a coming in now, they see we've found them out."

True enough, Lawrence's *peaceful* enjoyment was over. Take a retrospective glance at your life young maiden: it has been almost as quietly happy as your half hour at the milking; will such simple pleasures always suffice? This stranger, whom old associations and hospitality commend to your father's care, will he mar the still beauty of your life? Does he possess the magic wand that with one touch can awaken the unconscious heart to love, to exquisite joy, or still more exquisite sorrow? Do we ever think when we meet a stranger how great may be his or her influence over our future? Such thoughts were far enough from the settler's daughter as she rose to meet and greet her father. He introduced his companion as "Hemaley Claridge, son of an old and dear friend." She received him cordially, remembering their previous conversation, and feeling a strong desire to inquire if he had found out what a cheat Swinton was. However, she controlled her curiosity and walked home between the stranger and her father, for the most part silently listening to their conversation which turned on surrounding objects.—Mr. Claridge did not conceal his surprise and admiration at the beauty

of the place ; after what little he had seen of the country, under its worst auspices, Mapleton Vale seemed like a fairy land. When they reached the house, the Lieutenant left his daughter to entertain their guest, while he changed his dress after his hot and dusty walk. The young mistress did her best to amuse, but the stranger appeared moody and taciturn. She pointed out the chief objects of attraction in the pretty view the window commanded, then she drew his attention to some flowers in pots on the verandah that her father had told her were very rare in England ; he was polite, that was all. So, tired of her ineffectual attempts to make him talk, she silently scanned his appearance and features ; " curly light brown hair, handsome grey eyes, tall and stout, with an air of something about him, I don't know what, perhaps it belongs to the great world." Such were Lawrence's mental remarks.— " I wish he would say something ; perhaps he don't care about being amused, but would rather converse about real things."

" How do you like Hogg's Hill Mr. Claridge ?"

The right topic was found at last, eyes, brow and lips, all lighted up to life, contemptuous disappointed stormy life, but he was a prudent young man, and, therefore, expressed himself cautiously.

" It is very different to what I had been led to expect, but I must make the best of it, it is too late to retreat, if I can only learn what I want, I can put up with minor inconveniencies."

" I do not think you will learn much besides chopping ; I should scarcely suppose that would do you much good. He has hardly enough land cleared for a potatoe patch."

" I see you know all about him and his affairs."

" We cannot live in a small place with our eyes open and not see how it goes with our neighbours, besides, Swinton bought that farm from Papa, since I can remember ; it was bush then, and I do not think he has achieved anything wonderful in the way of clearing it."

" Are you acquainted with him at all ?"

" I have seen him occasionally, a most hateful man."

" Quite my opinion," laughed Claridge, " and his wife is as bad ; I see I may speak frankly here, but as I have to live there some time, the less I say about them to neighbours the better, I suspect, for myself."

" But can you, will you stay there, Mr. Claridge ?"

" I have no choice, Miss Mapleton, the fellow took care to be paid in advance, so after putting my family to expense and coming such a distance, I shall try and bear it ; there is one comfort, the old folks need not know how they have been taken in."

" Will you not tell them of your disappointment and your many privations ?"

"What would be the use, they would only fret about it, and they could not help me."

"But how will you fill your letters, if you do not describe what you see and meet with?"

"I shall certainly tell them I have met with charming people at Mapleton Vale. I have heard my father speak of the extraordinary fancy his friend Lieutenant Mapleton had for exploring the wilds; I had pictured to myself a very different dwelling and still more different family."

"A log house in a forest wilderness, with half a dozen strong boys," laughed Lawrence.

"Something of the sort, I must confess, so if I am painfully disappointed in Archibald Swinton, Esquire, it is amply made up for here."

"A poor compensation for you who have to live there; however, you must come here as often as you can; Papa will be able to show you more about farming than that horrid man. Are you the only pupil he can boast of?"

"At present I am, but I believe he expects another in a few weeks; I hope he will turn out a good fellow."

Lieutenant Mapleton joining them, they adjourned to the summer eating room, where Maggie had spread out her best. Mr. Claridge looked around him admiringly. This apartment, Mapleton's crotchet years ago, when Leonora was expected, was only made use of in summer. Three sides of it were enclosed by Venetian blinds, every other one now open to admit the evening breeze. Against the one wall were flower stands, well furnished with floral beauties, which scattered a delicious perfume. Lawrie's birds too were there hung about in green embowered cages. The floor was covered with matting, and the furniture restricted to a dining table and chairs.

Maggie had endeavoured to keep up the honour of the house before a stranger; fruit and flowers were on the table, of course; fresh butter in crystal ice, home baked bread, thick cream, cakes and fixings of divers kinds. Poor Claridge was actually hungry, he had recoiled with disgust from the coarse cooking of the Hogg's Hill establishment, he who under the housekeeping of a clever mother had been nurtured on the daintiest. That Mapleton Vale tea-table was a thing to be remembered, and perhaps the visitor carried away with him Lawrie's image as she sat there, the presiding genius, with bright braided hair, pink cheeks, and clear glancing eyes.

"Come Lawrence," said her father, as they rose from their repast, "we will go and sit on the verandah; I am too tired this evening to take our usual walk."

"You call your daughter Lawrence?" inquired Mr. Claridge.

"You think it an odd name for a girl, don't you? But when I first

came to Canada, thirty years ago, I made the journey up the St. Lawrence with a party of Indians in their canoes: I had seen a great deal of foreign parts, but never in my life beheld anything so fresh, so captivating, so grand as that noble river. I thought then if I ever had to choose a name it should be the euphonious one of Lawrence. It has been a household word now for more than seventeen years, and yet it sounds as sweet and refreshing as the glorious waters appeared to me, when I first saw them, a young and hopeful man."

Mr. Claridge remarked that the pleasure of seeing the river in question was in store for him, he had travelled by the New York *route*, and the conversation turned upon the chief places of interest in the sister republic. Lawrence sat on a low stool by her father and listened, watching the silver stars as they came out one by one into the summer's sky.

It was late when the stranger departed, for he seemed reluctant to return to his uncongenial and disagreeable home; however, the current of his thoughts was changed, and instead of dwelling on his misfortunes he indulged in pleasant reveries of Mapleton Vale and its inmates.

When chance or circumstance stays a young man's fickle mind on a pure woman, how seldom does he appreciate the inestimable benefit he is enjoying! It may be a mere passing fancy, occupying a few months of pleasant intercourse, perhaps an everlasting regret to her, but to him what service! These hours so innocently passed in the companionship of a fresh young mind, where would they be spent apart from her? In the society of other young men, often dangerous, or perhaps with the impure of that sex of which his beloved is the bright and spiritual type. His affections may not be deep or worthy, the object of them may be but commonplace, yet in her company he will never learn to drink, or smoke, or swear; he will hear nothing of saloons or clubs. So long as his fancy is occupied he will pursue his course far from the brutalizing temptations that beset manly youth. He will look back with gratitude when he has reached years of discretion to those sweet female friends of his youth, whose beauty of person or manner charmed his young taste, and involuntarily and unconsciously drew him from the perils of an unknown corrupt world. If these transient impressions are capable of good, how much more to be hailed with joy a deep pure love bestowed with the disinterested enthusiasm of youth on a high and lovely object. Morally high, not in a worldly sense, for after all social distinctions, nothing commands lasting respect even here, but goodness; and what can wealth and position avail in His eyes, who, in spite of the opinion of the French lady of birth, does not regard people of *haut ton*.

Hemsley Claridge had been well brought up, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. He had a thrifty, managing, ambitious mother, and an

easy going father, who preached other people's sermons, and practised the precept "charity begins at home." Mrs. Claridge for five and twenty years had struggled to bring up a large family genteelly, her anxiety seldom going beyond good schooling, and comfortable clothing. She respected her husband's profession, more for the social position it gave them, than for its heavenly mission. Her motherly heart grew wonderfully resigned to part with Hemsley, when she found that after all her instructions and labours, he was not likely to further her ambitious hopes. To have him idling about at home, getting into doubtful company, and collecting around them a class of young men more likely to mar than to make the fortunes of her grown up girls was not to be thought of. Not being studiously inclined, the learned professions were closed to him, and his father was too indolent to use his little influence to procure him a government or railway situation. They caught at Swinton's advertisement, there seemed a reasonable opening for the lad, the sum required could, with economy, be spared out of the income.—Hemsley in a few years would be provided for, and it did not sound badly either to speak of "my eldest son settled on an estate in Canada; he always loved rural life, the dear boy." How would motherly pride have felt could she have seen the *manège* at Hogg's Hill, or her maternal fears have been excited had she caught a glimpse of the whiskey barrel and pack of cards in a corner of Swinton's best room?

As Pandemonium exchanged for Paradise seemed Mapleton Vale after Hogg's Hill. Young Hemsley returned positively cheerful; from that day he felt he was only a sojourner, a swallow waiting the period of migration. He did Swinton's behests, exchanging as few words as possible with him; he steadily resisted the whiskey and the *euchre*, he suspected his host of designs on his very slender purse; but his suspicions never reached reality, for not purse alone but clothes, agreements for future labour, I O U's—all were prepared for him, the altar was ready for the sacrifice, but the victim proved restive. The youth's earnest gaze was fixed far above Hogg's Hill. In the pure atmosphere of Mapleton Vale he washed away the taint of Swinton's household; low language, unseemly oaths, rioting and drunkenness, faded into Lethe; but Mapleton's pleasant gentlemanly conversation, and Lawrence's free sunny chirping sunk deep into a heart, yet innocent, into a spirit yet unsullied, though its foundation was not of rock.

The hot harvest weather passed by, not altogether unprofitably to the stranger. He learned many things, but principally, and of prime consequence—endurance. Every hour he could appropriate to himself he spent with his new friends; through them he became acquainted with those resident in the village; all received him kindly for the sake of the

Mapletons. He had not much time then to cultivate their friendly feelings, but he promised himself both leisure and pleasure in the winter, when Swinton's miserable farm would not demand his strength and time.

Sundays were his golden days ; then he laid up memories of pleasant things to last the week. The Swinton's passed the day, or at least the best part of it, in bed, the woman creeping out at noon to prepare some coarse meal. Had Hemsley been without a refuge for that day he would have taken a potatoe with him and killed weary time in the woods, or perhaps yielded to the insidious charms of the whiskey barrel. He needed fortunately no such alternative ; the blue waves of Lake Huron offered him a delicious bath, a natural basin where the waters were glassy, and clear as crystal was his mirror ; the morning sun dried up his beautiful hair in rich bright curls. His mother's care had provided him with a suitable wardrobe, and with a heart prepared for devotion and a countenance beaming with happiness, he bent his steps to Mapleton Vale, generally arriving just as Lawrence took her seat at the breakfast table, where his chair was never forgotten. How pleasant the walk to the wooden church where an Episcopal clergyman preached every fortnight, and which old Mapleton kept open for all denominations. There had been no place of worship in the settlement until the Lieutenant reared this edifice at his own expense, and his tolerant religious views met with hearty co-operation from godly men, who, under different names, preached the same gospel.

The spiritual food imbibed in the humble building was too frequently of an ordinary description. Now and then a bright mind flashed forth its eloquent earnestness to the delight of Lawrence and the edification of the congregation generally. Claridge, with natural prejudice, declared he had heard no one to equal his father. After the service Lawrence remained to teach in the Sunday School ; her father used to wait for her reclining under a tree, or conversing with some friend well met at the door of worship. Now, however, Claridge sometimes had the exclusive honour and pleasure of escorting her home. Very dear were these Sabbath walks, though they knew not, questioned not, wherefore Mapleton invariably met them as they entered the farm, Lawrence often walking on with Maggie's children, her best scholars at the Sabbath School, while the gentlemen followed slowly discoursing of many topics. Dinner, always cold, though delicate and plentiful, was ready on their return ; then the old man would doze in the rustic chairs under the trees, while Lawrence and Claridge wandered about the pleasant grounds, or kept house while Maggie, Nellie and the children enjoyed their modicum of rest on the holy day. How happy was Hemsley giving visionary help to the young housekeeper ! how admiringly his eyes followed her swift

noiseless motions as she fitted from room to room, pausing to remark on what they had heard in the morning, or throwing out an opinion for Hemsley to oppose, cavil and finally agree to. In the evening the lamps were lit, and Mapleton with trembling voice but correct emphasis, would read aloud some simple, plain sermon turning on practical truths, remote from all doctrinal arguments or abstruse speculation. The divine teachings were not always heeded by the young listeners, still the good words if they took no deeper root were garnered up in the store house of memory to be brought forth at some future time to comfort and bless. A glass of wine, Canada's vintage and Lawrence's own brewing, an old man's blessing, a maiden's cordial hand clasp, and Hemsley's Sabbath was over, his golden day set for a week.

It was at the close of one of these pleasant evenings as Claridge neared his dismal retreat reflecting chiefly on the fact that Canada was not such a bad place to live in after all when he heard loud angry voices issuing from Swinton's log shanty. He could distinguish his coarse tones and his wife's shrill ones, but to his surprise they were answered by a clear high voice pitched in a fierce key, but in which pain trembled as much as indignation. Claridge quickened his steps and soon stood on the threshold. A stranger, young and gracious in appearance, was speaking. "Was it for such a den as this, you contemptible swindler, that you took my money? do you suppose a gentleman, a Sheldon, can breathe the same air with such a low lived reprobate as you? Give back my money, scoundrel.

"Ha, ha, very good, very good, but here is the young gentleman who lives here and is quite satisfied, let me introduce you. Mr. Claridge, my new pupil, Mr. Sheldon.

"Excuse me Mr. Swinton, I fully endorse Mr. Sheldon's opinion of you, but I do not care to bandy words with such a fellow. Glad to make your acquaintance Mr. Sheldon," holding out his hand, which the other took coldly, "Will you take a walk, the air of this place is not particularly agreeable."

The stranger had evidently been engaged in angry dispute some time for he looked harassed and exhausted, he accepted Hemsley's invitation and followed him mechanically, continuing silent in spite of his companion's attempts at conversation. During an hour's walk Claridge made very little progress with his new acquaintance who stalked on moody and taciturn, venting his temper in quick sidelong switches of his cane and vindictive mutterings. They had entered the bush a short distance when Hemsley proposed returning as it was quite dark and not by any means a lively path. Sheldon grumbled something about it being all one to him, kicking at the same time what appeared to be a

dark looking stone; to his horror it felt soft and yielded to his stroke, going off with a grunt upon all fours.

"A bear!" he exclaimed aghast, "what horrible place is this I have come to, bears without doors and brutes within."

"The bear is the best behaved brute of the two," laughed Claridge, "but come let us get home as fast as we can, I do not care to meet bears unarmed, though I believe they are only savage when hungry, which they are not likely to be at this season."

"Home! can you call such a hovel home?" returned Sheldon with unfeigned disgust.

"I can well understand your feelings at finding yourself so taken in, but I think you had better follow my example, 'grin and bear it.' The old folks at home have made an effort to pay this Swinton his exorbitant demand; they hope everything from my residence with 'so gentlemanly and clever an agriculturist,' I can't bear to tell them what a complete swindle it is, so I get on as well as I can. I have made several pleasant friends in the neighbourhood and I shall be happy to introduce you or do anything that can ameliorate your position."

Mr. Sheldon thanked him and promised to think over his suggestions. They had reached the shanty and as they passed through the rooms where Swinton was still sitting smoking, he invited the young men to take a glass of whiskey. Claridge walked on with a brief "No, I never take it," but Sheldon seized the cup and drained it to the dregs. "I shall make something of him," said Swinton to himself as the youth left the apartment. "If Sheldon takes to whiskey it will be all over with him," thought Hemsley and he began considering how he could put his new friend on his guard. The week that followed was passed in heavy field work, Sheldon gloomy and silent doing as little as he could, Claridge singing snatches of popular melodies, now a love ballad, now an air from Rossini, worked with good will, not for Swinton, but for himself. Mapleton Vale loomed before him and who could face the upright old soldier and his noble daughter without a clear conscience, duties fulfilled and work accomplished? During the many hours unavoidably passed together, Claridge learned much of Sheldon's history, though the full particulars were not known till a later date. Still he heard enough to make him quake for his future; he mostly feared he would fall into the trap so insidiously spread by Swinton. Sheldon was an only child, his father, a gentleman of family, but poor, died when he was yet an infant, bequeathing to his widow and boy poverty and a high name. She, poor, over proud, over indulgent mother, nurtured her young plant in all vanity and ease, depriving herself of necessary comforts to provide him with unnecessary ones. He went to Eton, then to a clergyman's school for young men prior to

entering college, he associated with gentlemen of fortune, clothed in fine linen and fared sumptuously. But the mother's means were well nigh exhausted, everything hinged on his getting a scholarship and thus being enabled to provide for himself, or at least partly so. But young Sheldon had lost sight of hard study and had gone off in shiftless tracks after pleasure with his aristocratic friends. So the scholarship slipped through his fingers and he returned to his mother's humble home plucked. England grew hateful to him, he saw Swinton's advertisement, his poor mother converted everything into money, paid his passage, sent a draft for the amount to the rascally Swinton, and then went into mean lodgings to live on a crust till George should attain his majority, when he would come in for £500 left by an uncle of her husband's. Then she would join him in Canada, they would buy land and live in happy seclusion for each other. So dreamed the weak, deluded mother; time will show how her schemes will end.

It must be owned Hemsley was selfish enough to regret he had a companion when on the Sunday following Sheldon's arrival he conducted him to Mapleton Vale. He had paid the Lieutenant a flying visit during the week and asked permission to bring his new friend. Sheldon's conversation always had a satirical vein even when contented and in a position he liked. How much more bitter his sarcasm was now, when every feeling was wormwood, may be imagined. Lawrence was not accustomed to his manner and her eyes flashed warning fire several times. Claridge got uncomfortable, and instead of enjoying the morning meal rejoiced when it was over. With a bad grace the stranger accompanied them to Church. Could he have appropriated the fair girl's society to himself he might have been better pleased, but she was not inclined to resign her old friend for a stranger she found far from agreeable, and Sheldon certainly did not exert himself to amuse his host.

When Hemsley and Lawrence returned from the Sunday school they found the young man smoking his cigar in the verandah, there was a run and crush of starched skirts not unheard by Lawrence whose quick eye caught a glimpse of Nellie's blue frock escaping round the corner. What had she been doing there? if passing accidentally why run like one in fault? The occurrence, trifling as it was, recurred to her mind more than once during the day. She looked annoyed at Sheldon's employment; her father never smoked, and the habit was disagreeable to her. Claridge read her thoughts but an imploring look from him arrested the rebuke that was trembling on her lips, she passed into the house without a word. Sheldon inquired if Claridge were up in biblical instruction and whether he liked teaching the girls. Fortunately Miss Mapleton was out of hearing and his companion hinted that such a style of conversation and deportment was neither acceptable nor becoming. At dinner

time he indulged in various cutting remarks on the service, the minister and the edifice. Lawrence turned on him indignantly. "You may find fault with the building, sir, as much as you please, for it is papa's and he is too good to take offence; but you shall not satirize Mr. Muckle who in spite of his broad accent, is one of the best of men without my testimony in his favour."

"I beg pardon, Miss Mapleton, I thought you were an Episcopalian."

"So I am, but that is no reason why I cannot join in a Presbyterian or any other form of Protestant worship when deprived of my own; Mr. Oughton, our own clergyman, is not welcomed more gladly here than Mr. Muckle, or Mr. Dunstan, the methodist preacher, all excellent men, earnest and charitable, and as such deserving of honour."

"You are very fortunate in your spiritual advisers Miss Mapleton," returned Sheldon with a sneer. "Father O'Neil also, always pays us a visit and thanks papa for his kindness to his small and scattered flock; we have lost nothing by our liberality of feeling for we have the little Roman Catholic children regular attendants at the common school ever since it was established."

"Your daughter takes great interest in these matters for a young lady," said Sheldon turning to Mr. Mapleton. "My daughter interests herself in everything that can be serviceable to others, it is better to try and lighten the burdens of our fellow creatures than to add to them by scorn and reproach."

An awkward pause followed, Sheldon's next happy sally was invective against Canada, but he again got his quietus from sweet, but oh! indignant lips.

"People who are not well received here Mr. Sheldon or who are not prosperous, have seldom any one to blame but themselves, they are for the most part, proud, thriftless, idle persons, who would not prosper any where, and I doubt not 'have left their country for their country's good?'"

"You are severe Miss Mapleton; do you comprehend me and my friend Mr. Claridge in the category?" "Not Mr. Claridge certainly, I have never heard him complain of the manner in which he has been received, I believe every door in Mapleton is open to him, and as to success he is on the right road to it, uprightness, energy, and good spirits invariably lead to a successful issue."

Lawrence spoke with frank enthusiasm but when she met Hemsley's grateful eye she stopped suddenly embarrassed.

"You are happy in having such an advocate Mr. Claridge, but you have not told me my fate yet Miss Mapleton."

"Conduct is fate," said the girl with dignity, yours remains to be proved."

She rose from table, her father offered his arm and led her away, they walked together under the trees conversing earnestly for some time, Claridge wandering about uncomfortably, wishing his companion far enough. When they separated in the evening Lawrence said to him aside, "Do not bring your friend here again, he has annoyed my father and made me sin this good Sabbath day." "Never" returned he, "I shall not easily forgive myself for not foreseeing as much."

Claridge hastened home by himself, his pleasant day had been spoiled, he did not wish his quiet walk to be ruined too. He had reached his room and was writing a short letter to his father, when he heard Sheldon's voice below, the snare was ready, the glass and the pipe had their charms. Hemsley fell asleep before the unfortunate boy reeled to his bed of straw. Poor, hopeful distant mother look at your work!

When Lawrence retired for the night Nellie as usual followed her to close her shutters and receive any orders for the morning, Miss Mapleton asked her what took her to the verandah when Mr. Sheldon was there. The girl's bright face flushed as she replied, "The gentleman called me to give him a match for his cigar."

"Well why did you run away?"

"He kept me talking a minute or two and when I heard you and Mr. Claridge coming, I did not like to be caught standing there chattering."

She did not add that the gentleman pinched her cheek and told her she was the prettiest girl he had seen in Canada, words of flattery, sweet to poor ignorant Nell who had no admirer but Paddy, and whose glass told her she was pleasanter to look at than most people.

Miss Mapleton kindly explained to her that she had not done well, and counselled her never to converse with her superiors except on business. Nellie's black eyes flashed angrily, she had imbibed a good many equivocal notions of equality from various strange importations of village helps, and she did not see why she might not enjoy a little politeness from a stranger as well as her mistress. She dared not unburthen her thoughts and opinions to her mother so she brooded over them in silence, and her pillow that night was haunted with visions of the proud and handsome stranger.

LINES ON FEELING.

BY SAMUEL J. DONALDSON, JR.

I.

When the golden tide of Feeling
 Softly lulls the soul to rest,
 A truer phase revealing
 Of the world within the breast,
 'Tis then I love to wander
 'Mid the hills and painted fields,
 Where pensive I may ponder
 The truths its ray reveals.

II.

Far softer than the sunlight
 Upon a hazy day,
 When the first bright beam of morning
 Hastens to roll the mists away ;
 Far kindlier than the moonlight
 That dreams its life away
 On the purple tinted landscape
 That is wearied of the day.

III.

Far milder than the twilight
 Which guards the gate of ev'n,
 When the red orb seeks his rest,
 And glooms the vault of heaven ;
 Far gentler than the starlight
 That floods the darkened dome,
 Is this golden tide of Feeling
 That calls the spirit home !

IV.

The soul—it often wanders
 From its own ethereal sphere,
 Life's truest wealth it squanders,
 Nor counts its blessings dear ;

It sighs for other treasures
Than those true thought reveals,
It seeks for other pleasures
Than those the spirit feels.

V.

Oh! were it not for Feeling,
Heart might forever roam,
No voice to guide it rightly,
No hand to point it home.
This steals upon the spirit
Ere the soul be well aware,
In spite of each demerit
It floats upon the air.

VI.

Thus,
When the golden tide of Feeling
Softly lulls the soul to rest,
A truer phase revealing
Of the world within the breast;
'Tis then I love to wander
'Mid the hills and painted fields,
Where pensive I may ponder
The truths its ray reveals.

THE LATE HON. WILLIAM HAMILTON MERRITT AND
THE RECIPROCITY TREATY.

The ratification of the treaty, generally known as the "Reciprocity Treaty," between the United States and Great Britain, by which disputes respecting fishing rights in the Bay of the St. Lawrence were settled, and a free trade in certain enumerated articles, the growth and produce of the United States and of the British Provinces of North America was secured to each of them, has become an era in the commercial history of this province. A few remarks on the ideas of the projectors of this treaty, and their anticipations of its results, as well as the effects of its operations since 1854, cannot fail to be interesting, both to our commercial men and agriculturalists, whose prosperity was expected to be so materially advanced thereby.

A principal object of all European nations in establishing colonies in the new world was to extend their trade and commerce, and the mode adopted for this purpose was to secure to themselves by the most stringent laws all communication with their newly formed settlements. Great Britain long acted on this principle, and never failed to use her large naval resources in the protection and extension of her colonial monopolies. Her colonies soon came to look upon this arrangement as a necessary result of their connection with the Empire, and rather advantageous than otherwise to their trade and commerce, as they, in return, either enjoyed a monopoly of the home markets, or had such a preference as was deemed sufficient compensation for being excluded from those of all other countries. Canada was in this position when free trade principles began to affect the commercial legislation of the mother country. Her timber, peltries and grain were admitted to home markets at a low colonial duty, while discriminating duties secured to her the trade of the colony. The pressure against the corn laws soon led to a diminution of the duty on colonial wheat, and to its admission into the British markets at a low fixed rate. This was looked upon as a boon to Canada; it urged on the cultivation of wheat in the colony, and led to extensive arrangements by which United States wheat was imported, ground in the province and sent to England as Canada flour. This state of things lasted for three years; then the British corn laws were abolished, and her markets thrown open to the corn dealers of the world.

The duties on timber gradually gave way before the same pressure; both foreign and colonial duties were lessened, and at last fixed at a low uniform rate, doing away entirely with the colonial preference in the market.

We Canadians who had imbibed the notion that the prosperity of our trade, even its very existence, as well as the settlement of our country, depended upon the long enjoyed preference in the home markets, protested against all these changes, and submitted to them with no very good grace; the immediate effect of each, deranged business operations for the time, and led to the ruin of many engaged both in the lumber and grain trade, while the benefit derived from the milling operations during the few years of the low duty on wheat, was much impaired by the next change to entire free trade in grain.

While these changes were in progress, the navigation laws of Great Britain were also abrogated, and the carrying trade of the colonies, even between them and the mother country was thrown open to the whole world. But even this we looked upon as a doubtful benefit, and as no compensation for the loss of the preference to colonial shipping under the previous arrangements. The claim of differential duties in favour of British trade, was given up, and the colony left entirely free to arrange

its own tariff on imports, provided no differential duties or bounties should be granted in favour of any country or trade.

Our claims for a continuance of preference, and compensation, were met by words of advice and encouragement, but with the decided assurance that the mother country could no longer continue a system, which led to the depression and poverty of her people, and, from the first, has proved an injury to those interests it was expected to foster and cherish; that the slow progress of many of the colonies, and the evils and losses for which we and others of them now claimed compensation, was the effect of a state of things passing away, or only to be remedied by a continuance of exertion in a more correct course of action.

Notwithstanding these changes and their serious results on the fortunes of individuals engaged in trade, the settlement of the province had been steady, and upon the whole sufficiently rapid and decided. The internal trade of the country became considerable, and was increased by our border connection with the United States, irrespective of the obstacles raised against it by hostile tariffs on each side of the line.

The importance of the transport trade was soon apparent, and increased facilities for carrying it on were demanded by the pressing wants of the day. The completion of the Erie Canal by the state of New York still continues the marked era in the history of the trade between the Western States of America with the Eastern ones and the seaboard. This canal at once became a rival to the river St. Lawrence for the petty trade that then existed along its extended line, and reflecting minds became aware of the importance of securing the transit of the immense prospective western trade along certain lines of conveyance, and the results in the advancement of that country which might ultimately succeed in doing so.

The late lamented Honourable William Hamilton Merritt would seem to have been one of the few Canadians who, in those early days, saw the immediate effect of the opening of this Canal to the existing trade on the lakes, and who fully realized the importance to Canada of securing the prospective traffic of the west through her limits, as well as the immediate necessity of improving her means of transit, in order to compete with her too successful rival. Fortunately for the province, he was one of those peculiarly constituted individuals, on whose temperament a strong impression of this kind drove into immediate and persistent action; every succeeding year strengthened his sense of the importance of the object, and brought out those points in his character, that enabled him ultimately to accomplish the task that he undertook, for the benefit of his country.

He lived at St. Catharines on the isthmus between Lakes Erie and Ontario, and had become well acquainted with the traffic on these lakes and the River St. Lawrence, as well as the mode and means by which it was car-

ried on. He saw the peculiar advantages of this route impaired, and Lake Ontario and the river, as it were, turned, by the opening of the Canal from the foot of Lake Erie to tide water at the City of New York, but at the same time was fully impressed with the idea that what had been lost by one Canal might be regained by another, and instantly started the project of connecting these Lakes by a navigable canal, on the Canada side, and threw his whole soul into the agitation of the project.

We must give Mr. Merritt full credit for the strength of his views and the correctness of his anticipations, so far beyond those of any of his contemporaries, and neither judge him by the petty project by which he proposed to carry them out, or by the means he was forced to resort to in order to accomplish even this. He wanted the Canal, but was no engineer, and at the time, that part of the country could neither furnish instruments or men, to make a preliminary survey, far less to prepare plans and estimates for the work. He was looked upon as mad to suppose that by any means he could find money to carry even this into effect.

It is not our intention to write a memoir of Mr. Merritt, or a history of the Welland Canal—this task will, we trust, fall into abler hands; suffice it to add, that notwithstanding the predictions of the late Chief Justice Robinson, "Merritt's calf did become a cow," and he lived to see, not only the Welland Canal permanently finished, but the River St. Lawrence also improved by a series of most magnificent works, in the course and progress of which he took the greatest possible interest.

The attention called to the country by our extensive public works and the large sums of money expended on them soon brought us new settlers, and stimulated the exertions of the farmers by a steady demand for their produce, at fair prices, notwithstanding the loss of a preference in the home market.

The timber trade also rapidly recovered from the effects of the change of tariff, and the annual exports varied considerably in value, yet the increase had been steady and the prices paid remunerative.

The temporary existence of the Canada wheat duty in the British tariff had led to the erection of a number of large flouring mills on the line of the Welland Canal and at other points accessible to wheat from the ports of the United States, and a very large trade had sprung up between them and the province, which was not confined to wheat alone, but as the wants of the localities became known to each other, became diversified and extended, to the profit and advantage of all concerned. The competition between the Canals for freight to the seaboard also began to be talked about, and was in some measure felt in the course of trade to the seaboard. All the American wheat converted into flour in the province found its way to Europe by the St. Lawrence. The American forwarders looked upon this change as detrimental to them, and as rob-

bing the Erie Canal of so much freight that ought to have reached New York through that route, and began to devise means by which such a loss to their business might be prevented, and not only the American trade be secured, but the Canada trade also directed from the St. Lawrence, and guided on its way to the seaboard at New York.

The derangement of the trade and losses consequent to the last change in the British Corn Laws took place while the contest between Montreal and New York for the carrying trade was in agitation, and as our produce dealers were more than ever anxious to secure cheap transport, the American forwarders were urged to remove every obstacle from the trade with New York. Their government, following the example of England, had adopted a warehousing and bonding system by which a large share of the supply of tea and sugar to the province had been imported by New York instead of by the St. Lawrence. The same system was now extended to grain and produce *in transitu* from the West to New York, which was allowed to be exported from the ware-house free of duty, by which the carrying routes were so far placed on an equality, and the forwarders allowed to conduct their business without that obstacle, though still subject to the inconvenience of bonds. The Hon. Mr. Merritt was still the moving spirit of our Canadian agitation. His interest in the success of the canals was now increased by the large engagements into which he had entered in the wheat and flour trade. He had full confidence in the success of the Canadian line of transport, and became most anxious to remove every obstacle from the trade and to make it as far as possible free.

The statistics of the trade in animals and their products, and in agricultural products were then imperfectly kept and little known in the country. It was supposed that a large surplus of both existed for which we were interested in finding a market, while we continued to exclude American produce by large import duties; our neighbours acted on the same principle though their surplus was much more apparent than ours. Notwithstanding these obstacles, a large trade in such articles had grown up along the lines, and the inconvenience of the duties was complained of by the traders on both sides, though the politicians and people still clamoured for protection and scouted a free trade as something very like ruin to their best interests. The fallacy that the producers and not the consumers paid the duty had taken hold of their minds, the Americans declaring that the value of their pork was lessened by our duties, while we in our turn, were convinced that we lost twenty per cent on the real value of our cattle and wheat by that amount of duty being imposed by the United States on the quantities that now daily entered their markets for their home consumption.

Mr. Merritt's mind was eminently practical, and all his exertions

tended to an ultimate object irrespective of the principles or even theoretical difficulties that might lie in his way. He thought the establishment of a free trade in bread stuffs between the United States and Europe or Canada to be neither desirable or attainable. That this trade between the United States and Canada had something peculiar in it, and ought to be arranged between the two countries on a special footing, by which the bread stuffs and natural products of each might be admitted into the other free of duty, so that each would have the choice of two markets, and all produce find its way to the seaboard by the cheapest and most expeditious route.

He got hold of the early ideas of the late Mr. Huskisson on Reciprocity Treaties, which had been so long and vainly urged by Great Britain on all the other nations, but had ultimately been abandoned for an entirely different principle of action. He declared for a Reciprocity Treaty with the United States, by which the objects stated might be attained, and the canals on either side of the lines opened to the produce of the other, subject only to local arrangement and passing tolls, and kept up the agitation with his wonted energy and perseverance. The anticipated benefit of such an arrangement to the Millers and Forwarders on the frontiers, and along the line of the communications in both countries, at once secured him the assistance of a large party in urging on his project; indeed the idea of such a Treaty became popular in Canada, and the Legislature was induced to move in the question, though the government of Great Britain and the United States were slow to see the importance of the object, or to acknowledge the correctness of the mode by which it was proposed to be attained. His communications with the Free Traders of the United Kingdom were not satisfactory. He complained that Mr. Cobden could not see the position in which the trade between Canada and the United States was placed, or the propriety of adopting any peculiar arrangement respecting it, regarding it only as a trade in articles of which both countries had a surplus that would find its way to the seaboard for exportation by the cheapest route.

This idea was doubtless correct and announced a principle that would ultimately govern the trade; yet there can be little doubt that this had in some measure become peculiar, by many of the articles from each country entering into the consumption of the other and thereby setting free an equivalent of their own for exportation. The carrying trade was also an important element in the transaction, and had a strong effect on the prevailing opinion on the subject in both countries.

The occurrence of disputes respecting the fisheries in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence and on the coasts of the British Provinces led to the appointment of the Earl of Elgin, then Governor General of Canada, as special ambassador to Washington for the purpose of settling these and

arranging other questions then pending between the United States and the different British American Colonies. The Reciprocity Treaty was the consequence, and by it the colonial questions were arranged in accordance with the ideas then prevailing, and in a manner somewhat resembling that adopted in the recent treaty with France that has proved so beneficial to all parties concerned. No monopoly whatever was granted, or new duties imposed, all changes being in favour of free intercourse and the removal of duties, though these were limited to certain articles equally the growth or produce of the respective countries, and not made general or extended to other nations.

The operation of the treaty has been strictly confined to the articles enumerated, all others being excluded by both parties. These comprehend nearly all articles included in the Custom House tables of animals and their products; agricultural products; the products of the fisheries, the mines, and the forest; and with the exception of a few—such as turpentine, unmanufactured tobacco, rice, and cotton-wool—are equally the products of both countries. A large portion of them had been admitted into Canada free of duty even before the treaty, though subject to one of from twenty to twenty-five per cent. on importation into the United States for consumption.

The following statement of the trade in the produce of the farm between the United States and Canada, will illustrate what has been asserted, and show the working of the treaty from 1855 to the end of 1862.

It came into operation towards the end of 1855, yet that year, and the year 1853, may fairly be looked upon as exhibiting the state of the trade previously existing when duties existed on both sides of the frontier line. We have excluded unmanufactured tobacco, turpentine, rice, and cotton-wool, from the statement, as the produce of a tropical climate, and not to be set off against the agricultural products of Canada, any more than sugar and tea, equally agricultural products.

1853.—A glance at the figures for 1853 contained in the Trade Returns, will show a considerable trade then going on, and a large interchange of articles between the countries, irrespective of the duties. More than half of our surplus of animals and their products went to the United States. Of agricultural products, the import is small (mostly wheat for the mills on the canals), while the export to that country is large—equal to more than half of our net exports.

1854.—The export of animals and their products falls off, and the imports increase; so that, after deducting a small export by the St. Lawrence, we require an import of \$558,699 to supply our home demand. Of agricultural products, the exports by the United States is double that by the St. Lawrence.

1855.—The trade in animals and their products increases over last

year; but we require an import of \$221,173 to supply our home demand. The export of agricultural products is as *six to one against* the St. Lawrence.

1856.—Trade in animals and their products increased; an import of \$197,052 still required. The export of agricultural products as *seven to three against* the St. Lawrence.

1857.—The trade in animals and their products much the same. An import of \$216,044 still required for home demand. *Nearly half of* the small net export of agricultural products is by the St. Lawrence.

1858.—The net export of animals and their products is \$960,324—two-thirds of it to the United States. In agricultural products the trade is small. *Nearly one half of the net export* is by the St. Lawrence.

1859.—Net export of animals and their products, \$2,043,795, *not one-fourth* of which is by the St. Lawrence. The export of agricultural products is the smallest in the series—*nearly two-thirds* of it to the United States.

1860.—Of animals and their products, a net export of \$2,540,940—*two-thirds* to United States. Of agricultural products, a large trade, and increase of net export from \$2,902,874 to \$9,857,282—*over one-half* to the United States.

1861.—*Two-thirds* of the net exports of animals, &c., to United States. A large export of agricultural products—*nearly five to one* in favour of the St. Lawrence.

1862.—Of animals and products, only \$26,282 of the net export is to the United States, and \$1,237,091 by the St. Lawrence. A large trade in agricultural produce with the States, and a small net export on account of bad crops—viz.: \$5,221,726—which, with \$1,725,644 of surplus import from the United States, is exported by the St. Lawrence, being the first instance of the kind that has taken place in the series of years included in the tables.

To individuals who have taken their ideas of the agricultural wealth of the Province from the Tables of Trade and Navigation issued by the Government, the above statements may be startling, yet they are carefully compiled from the public reports, and the result produced by deducting the imports from the exports, as given in those tables.

The fact of the large export of our surplus to the United States instead of to Europe, by the St. Lawrence, must not be taken as a decided indication of the advantage or cheapness of that route over the river as a means of transit to that market, though the figures evidently point that way; in fact the special circumstances of the trade alluded to by Mr. Merritt have been acting with greater force, and in a different manner from what he had anticipated; and in order to modify the effects of the figures, we must notice several of these circumstances.

From the year 1853 to 1856 inclusive, our exports of agricultural produce consisted almost entirely of white winter wheat. Our crops were good, and the produce in great demand in the United States, where, from the ravages of the insects, their crops had failed, and was bought up for their home consumption, or for mixing with inferior Western wheat. Hence the falling off in the exports by the St. Lawrence, as the prices paid prohibited the export to Europe.

In 1857, the effects of the insects on our crops appear by the falling off of the exports of wheat from 7,536,925 bushels in 1856, to 3,841,536 bushels in 1857, and to 1,035,606 bushels in 1859. During these years, the little fall wheat we had was readily bought up for the United States, while a large part of our own consumption consisted of inferior Western wheat and flour.

In 1860, the crops were good, but consisted of red spring wheat, instead of white winter wheat. Their effects on the returns of that year are only partial, though these now begin to be swelled by the increasing export of spring grains to the United States and Europe, consisting chiefly of barley and peas.

During these years, the surplus of the United States had also been affected by the state of their crops. The prices of wheat and flour had often been higher in their markets than in Liverpool, and the percentage of the grain import into England from the United States fell to under five per cent. of their ordinary quantity—a very different state of things from what we have just seen in 1862, when it exceeded seventy-five per cent. of a quantity double what had been imported in any previous year.

A normal state of trade only took place in 1861 and 1862, when the price of the surplus produce in America was regulated by that in Europe, and the traders in the United States and Canada could fairly come into competition as exporters by the different routes—in the first of these years we find the value of our net export to the States \$1,940,444, and by the St. Lawrence \$9,540,495, and in 1862 we export by the St. Lawrence, for the first time, an amount equivalent in value to the whole of our net exports, and \$1,699,362 of our surplus imports from the United States; so that the transit routes *are now only beginning* to be fairly brought into competition for the conveyance of agricultural produce.

Another peculiarity of the trade, unforeseen by Mr. Merritt, has become apparent during the last few years. He looked forward to a large trade for the mills on the canals in preparing flour for exportation both to Europe and to the United States; this has fallen off greatly, and would seem about to be extinguished, as wheat on navigable waters has borne a larger relative value than its equivalent in flour for exportation,

a state of things that the improved means of handling and transporting it will likely keep up.

TRADE IN THE PRODUCTS OF THE FOREST.

Canada had long exported lumber to the United States even when an import duty of twenty per cent was placed on it. The trade was evidently increased by the removal of the duties, yet has never much exceeded that of 1855, the first year of the treaty, and the import is evidently more for consumption in the States than for re-exportation, and consequently not capable of much extension.

The Canada imports consist of ashes, tan bark, pitch and tar, and a small supply of timber and lumber for localities adjacent to the timber markets of the States.

The large aggregate trade between the two countries cannot fail to demonstrate the advantages resulting from the treaty.

Each country was supposed to possess within itself a sufficiency of all the articles for its own use, as well as its own means of disposing of and transporting its surplus to Europe. A trade for the disposal of the mere surplus would have amounted to little, and would scarcely have been known in the commerce of either country. It is the free and constant interchange of commodities especially of the produce of the farm, by which the people and commerce of the one country would seem to have been fed by the produce of the other, that has given rise to the result.

It is a pity that this should remain dependent on a mere Reciprocity Treaty, liable to be disturbed at any moment by the caprices of interested traders. As both countries have a surplus to dispose of, the value of this must depend on the state of the markets where a demand exists, and not on any enhanced rate that may be put on it by import duties at the place of production, where it ought to be kept as cheap as possible to increase the profits on its foreign sale.

THE CITED CURATE.

BY MISS MURRAY.

(Continued from page 125.)

CHAPTER IV.

"So you know that fellow," said Eardley, after he had proceeded a few paces in silence.

"Yes ; he's an old ally of mine."

"Are you not afraid that some day or other he may give you up to the tender mercies of a troop of Rockites or Whiteboys?"

I laughed. "No, poor fellow, I don't see how that would profit him. But do you really think he has anything to do with such gentry?"

"I really do ; he seems to me a most cunning and mischievous knave."

"Cunning, perhaps, yet honest, too, after his own fashion."

"Honest" said Eardley, contemptuously—"only honest when it suits his own interest to be so."

"Eardley—how does he differ from the rest of the world in that, according to your account?"

"Well, well.—I know you are shocked to see me here, Walter ; come speak out your thoughts like a man."

"Then in the first place, Eardley, I think it a pity that you should mimic the cant of those shallow worldlings who fancy they prove their wisdom and acumen, by finding hypocrisy, humbug, and food for ridicule in every noble deed and generous sentiment. It is natural enough that the false and selfish should excuse themselves by asserting that what they cannot find in their own breasts, has no existence in any other ; and that those who never treated their fellow men with anything but insincerity, heartlessness and pretence, should be paid back in the same coin they have dealt to others is not very surprising. One may even understand how the weak and foolish who have been the dupes of their own blindness and folly, and the treachery and imposition of others, should lose that faith in truth and honesty which instead of having a solid foundation in their own souls depended on the conduct of those around them, and after having been deceived should become deceivers themselves and call it the way of the world ;—but that you should adopt the contemptible jargon of those who suffer themselves to be mastered by every petty circumstance that grows up about them, and have no insight to see beyond the narrow circle that environs them, does indeed surprise me."

"That is not so badly said, Walter, and you need not look as if you thought I was going to dispute its truth. I know just as well as you do, that though there is an awful amount of falsehood and dishonesty in the world, there is a great deal of truth and faithfulness to be found in it too—though, unfortunately those same virtues have a provoking knack of hiding themselves in obscure corners of the earth, "dark, unfathomed caves," and so forth ;—still I believe that if they are the jewels we most prize, and if we have discrimination enough to distinguish the true gem from the counterfeit we shall be apt to find them. But this belief does not change my nature or the world's manner of acting. I am not philosophical enough to live upon truth alone."

"And therefore you have adopted a profession and mode of life from

which your real aims, motives, and aspirations are as widely removed as those of Warren Hastings from the life and labours of Henry Martyn."

"Well, what would you have? I am not trying to excuse myself; I know what I am doing. I sin with my eyes open. A hollow tree, a crust of bread and a clear conscience may do very well for those who ~~can~~ live on such thin diet. I cannot. I scorn, hate and despise hypocrisy, shams and lies, as much as you can do; but does not the world condemn all those who will not actively or passively act them, to idleness and obscurity, and idle I will not, cannot remain. Truth and freedom may be your divinities, but fame and power are mine, and as I had no other means of rendering them propitious, I have offered up conscience and sincerity on their shrine, and I suppose you will not tell me that I am the first who ever did so."

"No, but I had hoped better things from you, Eardley."

"I wonder why," he said bitterly. "Walter I am no transcendentalist; gold, and fame, and power—the things that rule and sway mankind—are the things I covet, and that my hand, if I live, shall yet grasp. Once I had more faith in my ability to achieve them honestly and openly; once I thought I had only to raise my voice and the waves that lay between me and the promised land would roll back, and let me walk over dry shod. But I over-rated my powers, or at least the world's estimate of them, and so I have been compelled to assume the yoke, with the hope of one day being strong enough to throw it off, and prove my title to be one of the world's conquerors and leaders, not its victim and slave."

"Conqueror of what land? leader to what goal?" I asked.

"No Utopia, or city in the clouds, such as you would have me seek, but something very real and earthly; something that I can touch and hold and enjoy now, on earth, while my nerves and muscles, and heart and brain, are strong and active and full of life; before desire and hope shall fail, and the grasshopper become a burden, and I go where there is neither work, nor device, nor knowledge.

"While you are quoting Solomon you ought to remember what he found to be the result of ambition," I said.

"Whatever result he arrived at, he gained it by his own experience, and so must I. There is no use in talking, Walter, I must go my own way; you must accept me as I am, bear with my faults, or worse than faults, and love me still, if you can, or if not——"

"There is no *if*, Eardley, and you know that right or wrong, bad or good, do or say what you will, I'm afraid I must love you still."

"I believe it, old fellow!" and pressing my arm against his side, he turned on me one of those warm, bright, affectionate looks which at rare moments softened his face, and contrasted so strangely with the selfish and worldly conduct he so often displayed; a sudden gleam, it seemed,

from a fountain of deep feeling hidden in his heart, kept closely covered, and sealed, by the stern ambition and iron will that subdued and dominated over all the better qualities of his nature.

"And now you shall hear what brought me to this out of the way spot," he said, relapsing into his usual gay and careless tone, "You remember that I was to accompany young Lord Cassils to the continent, and that on my return his friends were to get me into parliament. We went first to Paris, just then in the height of its gayest season, and though according to our programme our stay there ought to have been short, Cassils could not tear himself from all the fascinations he now for the first time encountered. Nor was Paris without its charms for me too; Cassils had been properly introduced into the very *crème de la crème* of Parisian society, the most brilliant, the most attractive and the most artificial in the world. Of course I accompanied him every where, and found myself quite as well received as my companion, and, in spite of my philosophy, I found the smiles, and flattery, bon mots, and persiflage that surrounded me very delightful. Yet one night, when for the first time, I saw a fair young English girl enter one of their saloons, her very presence, like the touch of Ithuriel, seemed to suddenly make visible all the falseness of the atmosphere into which she had entered. She looked pure and fresh as some rose just gathered in the open air, with heaven's fragrance and heaven's dew yet lingering on its leaves, might have looked among groups of forced unhealthy hot-house flowers, redolent of artificial perfumes, and unfolding their blossoms beneath the flames of gas instead of the sun's clear rays."

"What, Eardley, is it possible? in love?" I exclaimed.

"Not in the least," he replied, "but Cassils was, or thought so, and was absurd enough to entreat me to act as a sort of medium, by which he might make his approaches. He expected me to take his place at her side when he was obliged to be absent, and keep other suitors at a distance, and he looked to me, when he was present, to cover his awkwardness, repair his mistakes, polish his flatteries, and in a word, transfer my best qualities, such as they are, to him for the nonce and make them all his own."

I could not help laughing, for young Lord Cassils was as ordinary and gauche in person and manner as Eardley was handsome and graceful. "I am afraid that was not so easy a matter," I said; "but what was the end?"

"Perhaps you suspect me of mistaking my part and wooing the lady in the first person instead of the third; but if so, you are mistaken. It is only to that great abstraction, the world, I am false, not to my friends. Cassils had been kind to me, I liked him, he had trusted me; and besides, I cared nothing about this little girl, pretty and charming as she was; so

I did my very best to make her like the fellow. But it was all in vain; she would not have him and so she made him understand very plainly and positively. For this he thought proper to blame me—very unjustly though, for if he was right in supposing that she preferred me, whom he would have had her regard as nothing but his umbra, to one whom all the world as well as himself, would have deemed so much better worth her favour, it was an honour equally unexpected and unsought by me. Just then, I was more anxious to make myself a power within the walls of St. Stephens, than to please any lady under the sun. However, nothing could persuade Cassils that I had not played him false; and in his anger he thought proper to treat me with insolence before the young lady, and when I resented it, he even went so far as to taunt me with my poverty and dependence. I liked him, as I said before, he was honest and good-natured, and I tolerated his frivolity and egotism as it is easy for a mind—not small, to tolerate the follies and inanities of a weaker nature; but towards intentional insult and injustice I am not patient, and I gave him a lesson which certainly could not have raised him much in the lady's estimation, or that of any one present, and which I venture to predict he will never require from me again. Henceforth we were as far severed as shame and dislike on his part and contempt on mine could divide us, and I was driven to seek another road to fortune.

I returned to Dublin and there learned that you had gone to Norway. My uncle, the Fellow in Trinity, my only relation, was highly annoyed at my quarrels with Cassils whom he had long looked on as the ladder by which I was to climb to fortune; he seemed to think self respect, and independence, the peculiar appanage of those who are rich enough to afford such expensive luxuries, and all manifestations of such qualities by those who have to win their way to fame and fortune the worst species of insanity. I was then in no mood to submit to his reproofs or listen to his lectures. I told him that a strong will and haughty spirit had been my best birthright, and should never be bartered by me for a mess of pottage; that my own clear brain and firm heart were able to win me fame and power without the pitiful help of any booby lord in Christendom, and our interview ended by my uncle's declaring that he washed his hands of all concern in my doings from that hour. I then recollected old Dean Sandys. You remember how delighted he was with those Greek epigrams of mine?"

"Yes, and with every thing about you; I heard him declare you had more talent than all the other young men he knew put together."

"Well, I went to him; he received me very kindly, but told me he had no interest except in the church; there he had a good deal, and it should all be warmly used in my favour. He declared himself most anxious to see what he called my great talents dedicated to the service of religion,

and when I hinted something about conscientious scruples—for I have a conscience, Walter, though I can stifle it when I choose—he asserted that the best way to satisfy all such doubts was to have an interest in silencing them.”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Oh, he did not use exactly those words, but he spoke common-places about the power of truth, and so forth, and said that as the church had assuredly truth on her side, I had only to undertake to convince others and I would find the arguments I used irresistible to my own reason. He used some curious arguments too, to reconcile me to a clerical life, all tending to prove, as far as I could understand them, that usage and prescription allowed various shades of belief in the pulpit of the Established Church.

But at last the good Dean hit on a method of persuasion that moved me more than any that had preceded it. ‘If you enter the church,’ he said, ‘I can promise you a curacy the moment you are ordained. Archdeacon Denzil, the rector of Ardcross in the county Wicklow, requires a curate, and has desired me to find one for him; and you shall have it. It is obscure, I know, but I am much mistaken, if such genius and eloquence as you possess will not speedily make it a stepping stone to the highest honours the church can bestow.’”

Here Eardley suddenly withdrew his arm from mine, and picking up a sharp stone, pointed to a cluster of hazel nuts hanging high above our heads from a crevice of the rock, through which the slender twig on which they grew had forced itself. “Now shall I hit them with my first throw or not?” he asked.

“Of course you’ll hit them,” I said, “I never knew you miss your mark.”

“I’ve missed it sometimes, for all that. But here goes”—and the next moment the cluster of nuts, closely wrapped in their sheltering husks, fell at his feet. He took them up, looked at them, and threw them carelessly away. “They were not worth so much trouble,” he said indifferently. Then taking my arm again, and walking on, he continued, “Did I tell you that the young lady about whom Cassils did me the honour of being jealous is the daughter of Sir Francis Denzil and the sister of the rector of this parish?”

“No, you did not tell me, but what then?”

“Would you approve of my marrying for money, Walter? It seemed to me very like a temptation thrown in my way just then. No other resource than the one Dean Sandys offered me, except such drudgery as my very soul abhorred, lay open to me;—and so—I yielded, though not without some self reproach and self contempt. And now my confession is ended.”

"But about this girl—the Denzils never come here."

"You are mistaken; they are coming here very soon. And in the meantime, I believe, they have heard of me. I can tell you, master Walter, my fame as a preacher has gone much farther than this little county, though it did not reach your deaf ears."

"But it seems to me that such sermons as I have heard to-day must greatly puzzle and astonish your hearers."

"Not at all. As long as I bring in a few orthodox shibboleths, they will quite be satisfied. They think nothing about sense or consistency; fine words and a good delivery are all they require. But I don't often indulge in such outbreaks as you heard to-day; still the smothered fire will burst out occasionally, the dammed up current overleap its barrier; if I didn't open a safety valve for them sometimes, I couldn't answer for the consequences. But look there. How do you like my hermitage?"

CHAPTER V.

The curate's dwelling was a low grey cottage standing in a recess of the glen. A stone fence, with a little iron gate in the centre, surrounded a small green patch in front, which was bordered with evergreen shrubs, and divided by a gravel walk. At one end was a kitchen garden, with a yard and stable behind, and the wild rocky boundary of the glen approached so close as at a little distance to seem actually overhanging the cottage. Though humble, it was a pretty and peaceful looking abode, the sound of falling water making a gentle music never silent, thick grass lying green and soft in the sheltered nooks of the glen, and wreaths of purple heath garlanding every crag.

"What a picturesque dwelling!" I cried.

"Is it?" said Eardley. "I'll tell you what it is—a capital place

'To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run;
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish out the year,
How many years a mortal man may —'

not live—stagnate would be the better word. A charming abode for Henry VI., perhaps; a den of lingering torture to Warwick." He turned the handle of the door, pushed it open, and we entered. The parlour was of course small, and did not look very comfortable. It contained a well filled book case, however, and half hidden between it and the dark green window curtain was a narrow door, which Eardley opened. "Come

in here," he said, "this is my sanctum, which no one but myself ever enters. Now feast your eyes from yonder window while I speak to my old dame about our dinner."

As I looked round, I could have fancied I was again at Eardley's rooms at college. Piles of music, a flute and violin, two or three beautiful statuettes, some fine engravings, colour-boxes, pencils, brushes, half finished sketches, and written sheets of paper lay scattered about, and piled on tables, chairs, and shelves were books of science, philosophy, and light literature. I noticed, besides, a cigar case and a pair of pistols which had been the envy of all his acquaintances. The window, for there was but one, was open, and beside it was a chair with an open volume lying on it. A glance showed me that the book was an old friend, a beautiful little edition of Horace that I had often heard read with a perfect appreciation of the poet's rare genius, which always seemed to me inimitable. There was his name written on the fly-leaf in those bold, clear, yet delicate and even characters that I knew so well. Eardley had always loved Horace, and yet how different was the sybaritical indolent philosophy of the epicurean poet, teaching from the brevity and uncertainty of life the wisdom of evading its burdens and enjoying its pleasures, from the restless, devouring, insatiable thirst for glory, for action, for power, which filled the young curate's soul. But did not both views of life spring from the same want of faith in humanity, the same disbelief in true heroism and self sacrifice, the same scepticism in the full satisfaction and final triumph of truth? Thus thinking I threw down the book, and turned to the window. The view from thence was truly a feast for the eyes, as Eardley had said. Through an opening in the rocks that shut in the glen, a beautiful expanse of country could be seen, rich in wood, water, hill and dale; then came the white buildings of a seaport town, and beyond the blue waves of ocean melted into the sunlit horizon. After a few minutes' admiring gaze, I was turning away, when I spied a little flower-pot standing on the window sill, containing a tiny plant which I at first concluded must be some strange botanical curiosity or it would not have been thought worthy of Eardley's care. While I was yet examining it, and becoming more puzzled every moment, my friend entered. "What have you got here?" I asked; "I suppose it must be some vegetable wonder, but it looks to me very like a sprig of heath."

"It is a sprig of heath," he answered, taking it out of my hand and restoring it to its place, and then shutting the window, "common mountain heath, but fresh and fragrant as bee ever sipped or morning dew sparkled on."

"But not different from the heath that grows all around, is it? Yet

surely there must be something more than common about it to make it worth keeping."

But while I was still speaking, I caught sight of an object that made me forget what I was about to say, and for the moment banished everything but itself from my mind. It was a picture hanging on the wall—the most perfect likeness of the lovely country girl I had seen at church that morning. Involuntarily I uttered an exclamation of surprise, which I believe Eardley attributed to admiration.

"She is lovely, is she not?" he asked, his gaze following mine.

"Lovely indeed! But who is she?"

"I bought it some time ago from an old Jew picture dealer, who swore by everything a Jew ever held sacred that it was an antique—the portrait of Francesca di Rimini, perhaps by Giotto himself. I bought it, not because I believed his absurd lies, of course, but because I was charmed with the exceeding beauty of the face; and besides there is a simplicity and truth in the painting that is almost pre-Raphaelite."

This was true. The picture though deficient in grace, colouring and finish, had the charm which reality and the absence of artifice always give; and though she whose hapless fate has furnished Dante with the most pathetic passage pen ever wrote could scarcely have been fairer than this fair woman, it was impossible to believe that it was only some painter's dream. There was the stamp of life and nature, of real thought, and genuine emotion, of happiness sighed for, of suffering endured, in every line and stroke whose combination had resulted in such expressive loveliness, and the more I looked the more plainly I seemed to see again the face that had so charmed and attracted me a few hours before. The simplicity of the costume and of the painter's style seemed to increase the resemblance. She wore a loose dark robe, just fastened at the waist and throat, and her long abundant tresses, wound several times round her head, were without flower or gem. She sat at a table on which a tall light was burning; an open book lay before her but she was not reading; she had raised her eyes from the page, and was looking at something far away, and only visible to her mental eye. All the room except the small circle within the candle's light, lay in the deepest shadow, and as she seemed to gaze with a longing intensity, and yet a something of anxious fear, into the dim obscurity, it was impossible for an imaginative spectator to help a strange feeling of terror coming over him, as if he believed some dread fate lurked in the dark background, and beckoned the beautiful maiden to her doom.

"Poor Francesca," I said, "one could fancy her sitting thus alone and looking into the dark future with a vague dread of what it was to bring, sighing, no doubt, that she had not been born in some lowlier sphere

where there would have been no need to marry for wealth and grandeur instead of happiness and love."

"Aye, many women would think so, I suppose," said Eardley, "but very few men. There are not many Antonys now-a-days who would give up the world for a woman."

"Do you think you could be tempted to sacrifice ambition on the shrine of such a lovely divinity?" I asked.

"No, not even to *her*!" he spoke vehemently, and turning away, looked out of the window.

"Eardley," I said after a short pause, "I have seen a face as like that picture as any portrait I ever beheld was to its original."

"Aye, indeed?" he exclaimed, looking round with a start "where was that?"

"In church this morning."

"Oh, you jest," he said, turning away with apparent carelessness.

"No such thing. Hidden under a rustic straw bonnet, I saw that same enchanting face this morning."

Eardley laughed. "A vision from fairy-land, I suppose, visible only to you and concealed from less favoured eyes. Well, I always knew your powers of imagination, but this caps all."

"There is no imagination in the case. I tell you the living face and the picture are as much alike as flesh and blood and painted canvass can be."

"Nonsense, Walter, what a fellow you are! you saw a pretty country girl, I dare say, but by what strange process you have exalted her into the likeness of my beautiful Francesca, it would be hard to tell. However, I beg you will remember that your thoughts are very apt to roam into the gorgeous cloudland of fancy, a land which I never visit, and whose laws and customs can never by any stretch of imagination be applied to me. And now in good time, here comes Bridget to tell us that dinner is ready. You shall have some prime trout old fellow, and a bottle of good wine. I suppose I may be allowed to drink it, as it was a present from Dean Sandys."

"The Dean would join you himself if he were here. He is no total abstinence fanatic, but likes to enjoy the good things of the earth in a gentlemanly moderate sort of way."

"Well, we'll drink his health, and his speedy elevation to a bishopric."

"He could play a bishop's part right well, I have no doubt. But as for you, Eardley, would it not have been a better choice had you followed the bent of your inclinations and started for Australia?"

"Who knows?" said Eardley, gloomily. "Time must decide, now, come in to dinner."

During the rest of the evening I had so much to tell and to hear, and there were so many topics of deep interest to both to be discussed between us that I did not think any more about the beautiful mountain maid, or the strange resemblance she bore to the picture Eardley called his Francesca. It was truly a pleasant evening to me, for a more agreeable companion than Eardley Temple never lived, and in spite of the great dissimilarity in our characters and sentiments, I loved him with the strongest affection. He too loved me, and tried earnestly to make me stay a few days with him, but I was compelled to return to Dublin the next day; and before we parted for the night he had promised to accompany me.

NORTH-WEST BRITISH AMERICA.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from page 178.)

THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.—COMPARISON BETWEEN A ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC IN THE UNITED STATES AND IN BRITISH AMERICA.

When the present sagacious chief of the Southern Confederation, President Jefferson Davis, was the United States Secretary of War, he addressed an able and critical Report to the Speaker of the House of Representatives on the several Railroad explorations between the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean. It is an interesting coincidence that among his subordinates then was one Captain Geo. B. McClellan, of the corps of Engineers, who was employed on the survey of the Cascade Mountains, on the route of the line near the 47th parallel. Mr. Secretary Davis speaks of Captain (now Major General) George B. McClellan in the following words: "The examination of the approaches and passes of the Cascade Mountains, made by Capt. McClellan of the Corps of Engineers, presents a reconnaissance of great value, and though performed under adverse circumstances, exhibits all the information necessary to determine the practicability of this portion of the route, and reflects the highest credit on the capacity and resources of that officer."

Mr. Secretary Davis, in 1855, described with considerable minutiae the physical features of the United States between the Mississippi and the Pacific. Very many of those parlour geographers who are accustomed

to judge, write, and talk of the capabilities of a vast extent of the earth's surface by its situation between particular parallels of latitude, will be surprised to learn that at least one third of the United States of America, or over one million square miles, is absolutely unfitted for the abode of civilized man, on account of a naturally sterile soil and an arid climate. It seems almost incredible that a region equal to twelve times that of England in area should be altogether incapable of supporting any other population than a widely scattered pastoral race, yet such is the destiny of one third of the country commonly called the United States of America, west of the 100th degree of longitude. The late Secretary of War of the United States has pointed out that destiny in very marked terms, just as marked, indeed, as far as language goes, as the deeds by which Mr. Davis and his able generals have shaped the destiny of nearly one half of the inhabited portion of the once undivided republic. A brief abstract of the conclusions which this able man arrived at after a careful study of the numerous reports on the different Pacific Railway routes, ought to satisfy those who still adhere to vain ideas of the indefinite expansion of the United States beyond two or three hundred miles west of the Mississippi; and convince them of the illusory nature of those future states which are "destined" to occupy the desert on the east and west of the Rocky Mountains, not excluding even the territories bounded by the Pacific.

The lines of exploration for the Pacific Railroad in the United States were five in number, and are designated as follows:—First, the route near the 47th and 49th parallels of latitude; second, near the 41st and 42nd parallels; third, near the 38th and 39th parallels; fourth, near the 35th parallel; and fifth, near the 32nd parallel. The lines of exploration traversed "three different divisions or regions of country lying parallel to each other, and extending north and south through the whole of the western possessions of the United States. The first is that of the country between the Mississippi and the eastern edge of the sterile belt, having a varying width of from 500 to 600 miles. The second is the sterile region, varying in width from 200 to 400 miles; and the third, the mountain region, having a breadth of from 500 to 900 miles.

Explorations show that the surface of the first division, with few exceptions, rises in gentle slopes from the Mississippi to its western boundary, at the rate of about six feet to the mile, and that it offers no material obstacle to the construction of a railroad. It is therefore west of this that the difficulties are to be overcome.

The concurrent testimony of reliable observers, had indicated that the second division, or that called the sterile region, was so inferior in vegetation and character of soil, and so deficient in moisture, that it had

received, and probably deserved, the name of "the desert." This opinion is confirmed by the results of the recent explorations, which prove that the soil of the greater part of this region is, from its constituent parts, necessarily sterile; and that of the remaining part, although well constituted for fertility, is, from the absence of rains at certain seasons—except where capable of irrigation—as uncultivable and unproductive as the other.

This general character of extreme sterility likewise belongs to the country embraced in the mountain region. From the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains to the 112th meridian, or the western limit of the basin of the Colorado, the soil generally is of the same formation as that lying east of that mountain crest—mixed, in the latitudes of 35° and 32°, with igneous rocks; and the region being one of great aridity, especially in the summer, the areas of cultivable land are limited."

Mr. Secretary Davis sums up the comparison of the different routes, as regards the character of the country through which they pass. The following is an abbreviation of the summary:

Route near the 47th and 49th parallel, from St. Paul to	
Vancouver	1,864 miles.
Number of miles through arable land	374 "
Number of miles through land generally uncultivable ;	
arable soil being found in small areas	1,490 "

The greatest number of miles of route through arable land on any one of the lines surveyed is 670 miles, in a distance of 2,290 miles. The least number of miles of route through generally uncultivable soil, is 1,210, on a line of 1,618 miles in length, near the 32nd parallel.

The general aridity of the Missouri Basin may be inferred from the fact, that although the basin it drains is nearly two and-a-half times as large as that of the Ohio, its annual discharge is only about three-quarters that of the eastern tributary of the Mississippi. The total area drained by the Missouri is 518,000 square miles, or more than 120,000 square miles in excess of the Basin of Lake Winnipeg within British territory. The mean downfall of rain in the Missouri Basin is 20.9 inches. The mean downfall in the Upper Mississippi is 35.2. The mean downfall in the Ohio Basin is 40.5, or double that of the Missouri Basin.*

The arid region in the Missouri valley commences west of the 100th degree of longitude; but the 100th degree of longitude divides the United States into two nearly equal parts on the 40th parallel of latitude. The

* Humphrey's and Abbott's Report on the Mississippi River.

eastern half is the present fertile and peopled part of the country. The western half is a comparative desert all the way to the Pacific.

It is in comparison with this immense desert that the Fertile Belt at the edge of the woods, stretching in the Saskatchewan valley from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, stands out in such surprising contrast. The 80,000 square miles of arable land in British Central America, mark out the true pathway across the continent, the only one capable of sustaining an efficient means of communication, whether in the form of a stage road, or ultimately of a railway, by the growth of a local population. But the favourable comparison does not rest here. The Rocky Mountain region, which offers such a difficult barrier to communication between the Pacific and the valley of the Mississippi, possesses peculiarities in British America of a very striking character, and quite sufficient to establish the vast superiority of the line cutting diagonally the 50th, 51st, 52nd and 53rd parallels, in point of physical conformation, to any lines of route which have been explored in British America or the United States.

The great plateau upon which the Rocky Mountains rest, has its greatest elevation in Mexico; it thence declines to its lowest point in latitude 32° , where it has an altitude of 5,200 feet. From this parallel it increases in altitude northward, and reaches its maximum near the 38th parallel, where it is about 10,000 feet high. Thence it declines again towards the north, and in latitude $42^{\circ} 24'$ it has an elevation of 7,490 feet; in latitude 47° it is about 6,040.* In British America it still continues to diminish in altitude, being, at the 49th parallel, 4,300 feet above the sea. Where Bow River emerges on the plains, the elevation is 3,900, and where the Athabasca leaves the chain, in latitude $53^{\circ} 12'$ it is only 3,300 feet above the level of the sea.† These elevations, tabulated, show the following rapid decline towards the Athabasca :

		Elevation of the Rocky Mountain Plateau above the sea, in feet.
38th Parallel	10,000
$42^{\circ} 24'$ "	7,490
47th "	6,040
49th "	4,300
$51^{\circ} 9'$ " (Bow River)	3,900
$53^{\circ} 12'$ " (Athabasca)	3,300

The gentle rise of the country between Carlton and the foot of the mountains where the Athabasca River issues from them, is shown by the small difference of level which exists between those distant points. Fort

* Pacific Railway Report. Vol. I., page 4.

† Hector—Proceedings of the Geological Society.

Carlton is 1,878 feet above the sea, having only 1,422 feet less elevation than the Athabasca where it issues from the mountains, although the distance, as in an air line, is about 550 miles, being at the rate of a little less than three feet in a mile. As the Rocky Mountains are cut by valleys nearly to the level of the plateau on which they rest, it is possible that the altitude of the Leather Pass, which communicates directly with the Frazer River, does not much exceed 4,000 feet over the sea level.

TABLE of comparison between the different passes in the Rocky Mountains in the United States and in British territory, north of latitude 38°:

UNITED STATES :

	Altitude of Pass. Feet.
Surveyed route between the 38th and 39th parallels of latitude...	10,032
Route between the 41st and 42nd parallels	8,373
Route between the 47th and 49th parallels	6,044

BRITISH TERRITORY :

Kananaski Pass, from the South Saskatchewan to the Kootanie River	5,985
Kicking Horse Pass, from the South Saskatchewan to the Columbia	5,420
Vermillion Pass, from the South Saskatchewan to the Kootanie River	4,944
"Old Columbia Trail," or Leather Pass, from the Athabasca to the Frazer (the Canadian emigrant route), probably below	4,500

The breadth of country forming a continuous mountain region is far greater in the United States than in British America. The United States is crossed by three great systems of mountains, extending generally from north to south. The first system, beginning with the Sierra Madre, and terminating in the Black Hills of Nebraska Territory, is partially gorged by the Rio Grande, completely cut through by the North Platte and the Sweet Water Rivers, and turned by the Missouri. It does not extend into British America. The total breadth of mountainous country, in the proper acceptance of the term, within the limits of the United States, varies from 500 to 900 miles. In British Columbia, on the Athabasca, the greatest length is not more than 380 miles from the Leather Portage to the Pacific; and the actual distance, in an air line from the Leather Portage to the extremity of Belhoula Inlet, the possible terminus of a route, does not exceed 400 miles. Other natural advantages possessed exclusively by the British American Route, will be noticed in a subsequent article.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN ART.

Man is endowed with noble intellectual powers, sensibility and will. He has performed great and important works in agriculture, manufacture, commerce, science, and art. Though he has to earn his bread in the sweat of his brow, and perform the sterner duties of life, yet his chief end is not mechanical labour and toil.

He has capabilities for higher exercises, more wonderful achievements, and a conscious craving after, and longing for their gratification.

As man was made in the image and likeness of God, it is doubtless the desire of our Creator that he should rise to higher, purer, and more refined enjoyments. And though we do not mean to affirm that the fine arts can impart spiritual life, or implant pure moral principles in any man's bosom, yet, if these virtues do exist in the mind, the fine arts have a power to charm, to elevate, to purify, to refine, and to enoble all the sensibilities of the soul.

Much has been said and written on the *beautiful* in nature, and in art, by thinkers, as well as by many who are thoughtless. We shall not attempt to define what *beauty* is, lest we should by the attempt only reveal our own ignorance.

Perhaps it is its own best definition. At all events we believe it to be difficult if not perilous to undertake the task. *Beauty* is a word so complex, so full of thought, and so expressive, that we shall neither try to define, nor explain it. We speak of a beautiful house, a beautiful city, a beautiful flower, and a beautiful bird. But to philosophize upon the word, to attempt to define it, and explain it by terms which themselves need to be defined and explained, is surely to darken counsel by words without knowledge, and take away much that is rich, comprehensive and elegant from that exceedingly beautiful and expressive word which we call *beauty*.

Rusken, a British author of eminence and power, who has written extensively on the fine arts, describes beauty, or rather we should say, the term beautiful, as follows: "Any material object which can give us pleasure in the simple contemplation of its outward qualities without any direct and definite exertion of the intellect, I call in some way, or in some degree beautiful. Why we receive pleasure from some forms and colors, and not from others, is no more to be asked or answered than why we like sugar and dislike wormwood."

Spenser's song on this subject is beautifully true, as well as truly beautiful.

"That beauty is not, as fond men misdeem,
An outward show of things that only seem

But that fair lamp, from whose celestial ray
 That light proceeds, which kindleth lover's fire,
 Shall never be extinguished nor decay.
 But when the vital spirits do expire,
 Unto her native planet shall retire,
 For it is heavenly born and cannot die,
 Being a parcel of the purest sky."

The great majority of men hurry along life's pathway without ever noticing unnumbered objects of interest, attraction and beauty. You will, however, seldom see an educated man with a refined cast of mind, who has not a natural passion for the beautiful. Indeed, we have come to the conclusion, after long and careful observation, that the man who is sordid in his desires, uncultivated in his mind, or sensual in his habits, is very rarely fond of the fine arts

His desires run after and terminate upon other objects. He seeing sees not, he hearing hears not, and perceiving he does not perceive.—He is blind to beauty. The works of the great and Infinite Artist may be spread out before him, above him, and around him in all their variety, their beauty, and perfection, but they fail to charm or move him. The productions of a Michael Angelo, a Raphael, or a Turner have no charm for him, and the reason is because he has no eyes to see the soul of things.

"A primrose by the river's brim,
 A yellow primrose is to him,
 And it is nothing more."

Surely man was not made to be a grovelling worm of the dust, a mere money-making machine, with no loftier end in view than to live a while, digging all his life in the dust, and then lie down in it forever. No! man was made to learn, admire and love, whatever is beautiful in nature, art, intellect, or morals.

Our beneficent Creator who is infinitely pure, perfect, and beautiful, loves whatsoever is lovely. He delights to contemplate, as well as to create the beautiful; and since we are called upon to let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, we should, as a duty and a privilege, cultivate this refined and refining taste.

There is not a star that twinkles in the firmament of heaven but tells us in the plainest language that God loves the beautiful. The myriads of dew drops that sparkle like as many diamonds in the morning sunbeams, tell us that God loves the beautiful. Yes, the benevolent and all-wise Creator who has garnished the heavens, and spread out the earth with its majestic and lofty mountains, its fruitful valleys, its lovely

lakes, its flowing rivers, its murmuring streams, its forests of evergreen, its richly colored, variegated and fragrant flowers, and its ten thousand other attractive, charming and fascinating objects, all tell us in unmistakable language that He who is clothed with light as with a garment has a holy love for the beautiful.

Now if all this be true we should take pleasure in contemplating the Creator's works, and not only become acquainted with the beautiful in nature, but be thereby fitted for appreciating, if not of producing the beautiful in art. The celebrated French Philosopher, Cousin, has well said, "Man is not made only to know and love the beautiful in the works of nature, he is endowed with the power of reproducing it. At the sight of a natural beauty, whatever it may be, physical or moral, his first need is to feel and admire. He is penetrated, ravished, as it were, overwhelmed with the sentiment of beauty. But when the sentiment is energetic, he is not a long time sterile. We wish to see again, we wish to feel again what caused us so vivid a pleasure, and for that end we attempt to revive the beauty that charmed us, not as it was, but as our imagination represents it to us. Hence a work original and peculiar to man, a work of art. Art is the free reproduction of beauty, and the power in us capable of reproducing it is called genius."

The artist, whether he be a gardener as the first man was, or a musician as Jubal was, or, whether he be a painter, or a poet, is not a mere copyist; he conceives, originates, creates. He gives being to thoughts, to ideas, and he embodies these conceptions in forms, or sounds, or colors, as the case may be. No good artist is a mere slave of nature. It is true, he loves to study nature, for nature is his school, and his best schoolmaster; but when we say that the artist is not a mere slave of nature, we mean that he can originate ideas, can and does give them "a local habitation and a name," that they may be seen and felt and admired. It is when we look at the philosophy of art from this standpoint that we see the true dignity of man in one of its important aspects. The all-wise and infinite Artist has endowed the finite artist with those very powers which enable him to conceive, and to execute. To express in forms and beautiful colors a favourite original conception, has often been in the bosoms of great artists, an inexpressible and inextinguishable passion, a passion all but irresistible. It is impossible to read the lives of Raffaele, Rubens, Vandyke, West, Barry, Feuseli, and Wilson, without being not only convinced of this, but also to some extent inoculated with the same spirit, and constrained to cherish greater fondness than ever for the fine arts.

Every man worthy of the name of an artist throws his whole heart and soul into the work which he is executing, and on this very account

every work of art worthy of the name, has its own vitality and life; a living soul omnipresent in, and looking through all its members.

When you gaze at a first class painting from the pencil of a first class artist you perceive at once, oneness, completeness, truthfulness, symmetrical proportions, contrast, variety, life expression, without ever for a moment thinking about any one of these distinguishing characteristics of a work of art.

It is worthy of notice, that though the Creator has endowed us with five senses through one or other of which we get all our knowledge, all our impressions, and all our emotions from the world, and the wide universe around us, yet, art addresses only two of them. Hence the art has been divided into two great classes—those which are addressed to the mind through the sense of *hearing*, and those which are addressed to the mind through the sense of *sight*.

Music, and poetry are addressed to the *ear*; engraving, gardening, sculpture, architecture, and painting are addressed to the *eye*.

We live in a lovely world, with beautiful objects all around us. May we cultivate more and more a taste for the beautiful in nature, in art, in intellect, in morals, and thus by letting the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, we shall enjoy a pleasure purer than a ray of light, and a satisfaction which it is impossible adequately to describe.

Iota.

THE EMIGRANTS.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

(Continued from page 154.)

XXV.

Poor Edith trembled like a leaf,

While these wild words of passion flowed;

But yet her answer, cold and brief,

No trace of indecision showed;

Although a sharp pang thrilled her heart,

When she his look of suffering mark'd;

As tho' the words, so coldly spoken,

His throbbing heart had crushed and broken.

But soon that look of suffering fled,

And haughtily he reared his head ;
 And in his wild and burning eyes,
 A glance of vengeance seemed to rise.

"And so," he hoarsely said, "'t is plain
 That I must woo thee fruitlessly ;

I, who have seldom woo'd in vain,
 Until I made my suit to thee.

I see it now ! that stripling mild,
 Whose song e'en now was sung by thee ;

He has thy maiden heart beguiled
 With his untutor'd minstrelsy.

Yet can it be, a boy shall dare
 To rival Clifford in his love ?

If so, then let him well beware :
 For here I vow, by heaven above,

That he had better cross the path
 Of the hot lava's rushing stream,

Or the wild whirlwind, in its wrath,
 Than dare my ire, or fondly dream

That my dark soul would bear to see
 Him basking in those smiles of thine,

Which beam like sunlight on the sea,
 Making all bright where'er they shine.

No, Edith ! it can never be—
 You must be, nay, you *shall be* mine !"

XXVI.

Edith was gentle, I have said,

And yet her father's courage dwelt
 Within the heart of that young maid,

Altho', as yet, 't had been unfelt.

While Clifford, with respect, did tell
 How wildly he had loved and well.

She fear'd him, yet she felt the pain
 Of saying that his hopes were vain.

But when with hate and anger gleaming,
 Flashed the fierce glances of his eye,

Like the quick light'ning wildly gleaming,
 From out some dark and troubled sky.

His threat'ning look, and kindling ire,
 Seem'd to arouse a kindred fire ;

For fear and trembling fled apace,

And courage came and took their place ;
 And shone both from her bright'ning eye,
 And in her bearing, proud and high.
 "Thine !" she exclaimed ; what! *shall* be thine !
 Yes ! when the stars of heaven shall shine
 In the bright noon, or when the light
 Shall wed the dark and chilly night.
 But ne'er till then, whate'er betide,
 Will I consent to be the bride
 Of one who speaks of love to me,
 And yet forgets all courtesy ;
 Wasting his courage idly, too,
 In boasting of the deeds he'll do
 Upon a poor and luckless wight,
 Who never shews *his* bravery
 By startling a poor maid with fright ;
 Making, forsooth, his love the plea
 For treating her insultingly.
 Stand from my path ! nor dare to stay
 Me longer on my homeward way ;
 And never speak again as thou
 Hast ventured to address me now."

XXVII.

Edith swept past him like a Queen,
 With dauntless step and gleaming eye,
 Until the woods that came between,
 Concealed her from his scrutiny ;
 Then, like some startled wild fawn, bounding
 Thro' the green woods, so Edith fled ;
 And like some gushing brooklet sounding
 Over its steep and broken bed,
 So rushed the wild blood through her veins,
 As her light foot its swiftness strains,
 When once concealed from Clifford's view
 By the thick clust'ring trees that grew
 Beside the short yet devious way
 That led to where the clearing lay.
 She paused beside the zig-zag fence
 Parting the forest from the field ;
 Her trembling limbs, her reeling sense,
 Obedience now refused to yield ;

And on an old and upturned tree
 She sank, all faint and breathlessly.
 'T was like a dream ; and had she dared
 Clifford's dark spirit to incense ;
 That hot, fierce heart, which few men cared
 To waken into violence.
 Could it, in very deed, be true
 That she had scorned his wildest mood ;
 Denied him when he knelt to sue,
 There in the forest's solitude ?
 But for her faint and panting heart,
 She could have deemed that it must be
 Some merry prank, or playful art,
 Of a young maiden's fantasy.
 But though herself she feared him not,
 Yet thoughts of others o'er her stole ;
 His threat'ning words of vengeance shot
 Dark fears into her inmost soul ;
 And made her lift her prayer on high,
 With quiv'ring heart, and moisten'd eye,
 To Him whose mandate can control
 The waves, when they in fury roll ;
 Seeking that He would sooth to rest
 The tempest wild in Clifford's breast.

XXVIII.

And where was Clifford ? With amaze
 He heard the maiden's proud reply ;
 And when she'd vanished from the gaze
 Of his dark passion-lighted eye,
 Through his clenched teeth he swore that he
 Would wreak his vengeance fearfully
 On him who, more than ever, now
 He deemed his rival. And his brow
 Lowered with a darker frown, as he
 Strode thro' the wildwood rapidly,
 Towards where, upon the slumb'ring bay,
 His light skiff at its moorings lay.
 With stalwart arm he seized the oar,
 And sent her dancing from the shore ;
 As tho' his vengeful dire intent,
 Fresh vigour to each muscle lent.

The sun had set—his parting glance
 Linger'd in flame upon the sky ;
 The dark'ning waters, in a trance,
 Seemed to be sleeping tranquilly.
 But fiercer far was Clifford's ire
 Than even the sun's last glance of fire ;
 And darker were his thoughts of ill
 Than those deep waters, dark and still.
 " Could I," he mutter'd, " e'er have dreamt
 A beardless stripling, such as he,
 Would prove a rival, I'd have sent
 Him shrieking to eternity.
 Is it for this my nature, I
 Have school'd to gentleness and rest,
 Teaching my spirit to deny
 Each impulse that it loveth best.
 Madness ! to think that I, who ne'er
 Restrained the fierceness of my wrath—
 Which, like the lightning's lurid glare,
 Blasted whatever crossed its path—
 Should now be baffled by a boy,
 Whose sickly verse, and girlish tone,
 Has withered far the deepest joy
 That my wild heart has ever known.
 But there's an hour of reck'ning yet
 To come between himself and I ;
 For e'er to-morrow's sun shall set,
 One, or perhaps both, of us shall die.
 And it were joy, indeed, to sink
 Into the strange dark sleep of death,
 If my fast-closing ear could drink
 The gaspings of his dying breath."

XXIX.

Oh ! 't was a fearful thing to trace
 The shade those thoughts of evil cast
 Upon his dark and manly face,
 As o'er his writhing soul they past.
 He fiercely plied his oar, as tho'
 He struggled with his mortal foe ;
 And his light bark so swift did glide,
 The startled waters leapt aside
 To give it room, as tho' in fear

They fled before its wild career.
But other passions seemed to rise
 Within his soul. The passionate ray
That glowed from out his fiery eyes,
 Died like the dying light away :
And in its stead, a dreamy gaze,
That told of thoughts of other days,
Rose like the twilight's soften'd beam,
In some still summer eve serene.
The slack'ning motion of his oar,
Proclaimed the storm of passion o'er ;
And idly now his tiny boat
Does on the lake's dark waters float.

XXX.

"But yet," he murmur'd "would to heaven
 Weston was not my rival: he
Seems to possess a strange power, given
 As if to overmaster me.
I've marked within his mild brown eye,
 A gentle yet mysterious light,
That wakes vague thoughts, like those that rise
 In some wild vision of the night ;
And which the memory strives in vain
 To grasp, in many a waking hour ;
Like childhood struggling to regain
 A wild bird just escaped its power.
And then his voice : there's many a tone
 That, gurgling from his quiet lays,
Comes o'er me when I am alone,
 And bears me back to other days ;
And rouses thoughts I deemed had fled
 For ever from my sin-scorch'd soul ;
And feelings that have long been dead,
 And sadness that disdains control,
For then it seems (I know not why)
 As tho' I were a child again ;
And but that my proud heart is dry,
 The very tears would flow like rain,
To think of those bright days of glee,
 In childhood's pure and holy time,
When sporting by my mother's knee,

I neither knew nor dreamt of crime.
 Why is it thus ? I never met
 One of his name or race before ;
 And he was in his childhood yet,
 When last I looked on England's shore.
 Strange ! that my wild and evil heart
 Should from the first have yearn'd to one
 Who would with fear and loathing start
 From the dark course that I have run ;
 And whom I would, in other days,
 With curling lip, have laughed to scorn ;
 And felt as tho' his gentle ways
 Could ne'er midst manly hearts be borne.
 And now this boy, with serpent's wile,
 Has blighted hopes of happier days.
 Curses upon his treacherous smile ;
 Curses upon his fawning ways.
 Hence, every calmer, holier thought,
 Vengeance ! henceforward I am thine ;
 I'll strive to hate him, as I ought
 To hate, the deadliest foe of mine."

XXXI.

Awaken'd by his kindling hate,
 Again he plied his bending oar ;
 While darkness, like the frown of fate,
 Was brooding over lake and shore.
 He moored his skiff, in ireful mood,
 Then strode to where his cabin stood.
 A birch-bark torch's lurid ray,
 Its rude, fantastic walls display.
 Logs from the forest, filled between
 With woodland moss of russet green.
 A chimney huge, and black as night,
 Where danced that fierce and smoky light ;
 As if it loved to see its beams
 Reflected in the brilliant gleams
 Cast by rich arms of various mould.
 Some plain, and some inlaid with gold,
 Hung from some stag's wide-branching horns,
 Which here and there the wall adorns.
 Traces of wealth and travel there

Are mingled with the woodman's fare ;
Making it no unfit abode
For him who now across it strode ;
Who never, from his earliest day,
Would suffer man to cross his way.

XXXII.

He took his choicest weapons down,
And scanned them with a careful eye ;
And o'er his brow, his threat'ning frown
Was glooming still, portentously.
His was a dark and tameless soul
As ever was to mortal given ;
And brooked the thought of man's control
Less than the clouds, when toss'd and riven,
They on the storm's wide pinions roll
Across the darken'd vault of heaven.
No one could tell from whence he came ;
And tho' he bore an ancient name,
He never spoke of friends or home.
Indeed, he seemed to be alone
In the wide world. His brow was dark
With travel-stain, and bore the mark
Of tropic climes ; and often he
Would speak (tho' still with mystery)
Of many a strange and perilous scene
In the far lands where he had been.
His manner—reckless, daring, bold—
Of danger met and conquered told ;
Tho', when he pleased, no lack had he
Of frank and pleasing courtesy.
Why he had come, no one could tell,
In that wild woodland home to dwell ;
For that he had no lack of gold,
Full many a token plainly told.
O'er him some five-and-thirty years
Had passed with all their hopes and fears.
Noble his features and his form,
Save that too oft the passion-storm
Did leave its dark and boding trace
Upon his ever-changing face ;
Which, smiling then, and frowning now,

Seem'd darken'd by some secret sin ;
 Like the dark cloud on Etna's brow,
 That tells of seething fires within.

XXXIII.

Backwards and forth for hours he paced ;
 And tho' the past each token traced
 That led him to the madd'ning thought
 That Weston lov'd the maid he sought,
 And that it was for Weston she
 Had treated him contemptuously.
 And so, in truth, had Clifford's eye
 (Quickened by love and jealousy)
 Of late, by many a trace, detected
 That love (tho' almost unsuspected
 E'en by themselves) had fixed his dart
 Deep in each young and glowing heart.
 "T was with this vague but sick'ning thought
 That Clifford had fair Edith sought ;
 And there beside the still lake's side,
 Poured forth his passion's foaming tide.
 "And now," he muttered, "I have learned
 The truth my boding fears foretold,
 That my deep love is unreturned—
 That to'ards me her young heart is cold.
 And now *one* fear alone is mine ;
 And that is, lest my *saintly* foe
 Should, by some law he deems divine,
 Refuse the strife I covet so.
 But no ! if there is lingering yet
 One trace of manhood in his soul,
 I'll taunt him till he shall forget
 His canting and his self-control.
 Yes ! I remember well where he
 To-morrow will his toil pursue ;
 Beneath the lonely greenwood tree,
 Secluded far from human view.
 There will I seek him—and I'll tear
 Edith's bright image from his heart.
 We two shall be alone ; and there
 I'll sorely test his swordsman's art.
 I know him skill'd in fence full well ;

He says his sire did ever prize
 A youth who could his mates excel
 In every manly exercise.
 'Tis well ! a worthier foe is mine :
 His very skill will aid the strife ;
 For habit will with fear combine
 In making him defend his life."

XXXIV.

Clifford *knew* Weston was sincere,
 And that 't would never be the fear
 Of human wrath or earthly might
 Would cause him to decline the fight.
 It once had chanced that they had been
 Together midst a perilous scene,
 When brave hearts sunk, and death seemed nigh,
 And parted lips, with horror dry,
 Grew voiceless in their agony.
Then had young Weston's bearing brave—
 His look so calm, altho' so grave—
 Told of an inward peace that took
 The dread from Death's most withering look ;
 And by his tranquil self-control,
 Show'd his to be no dastard soul.
 But never, at the world's command,
 Would he have calmly ta'en his stand
 Where he must be, whate'er betide,
 A murderer, or a suicide.
 He ne'er could have agreed to slay,
 Tho' in this "honourable" way,
 Some friend, because he could not brook
 Some passing word or slighting look.
 He thought even murder, "*a la mode*,"
 Forbidden by the laws of God ;
 And so unfashionable he
 As to obey them reverently.
 This Clifford knew ; and hence the snare
 Which now he laid, with malice deep,
 To place a rapier unaware
 Within his hand—then on him heap
 Insult, and scorn, and onset—all
 Forcing him thus to fight or fall.

The birch-bark's light that still the while,
 Cast its wild glare o'er Clifford's room,
 Was like the fierce and demon smile
 That flitted o'er his face of gloom ;
 When, with clenched hands, he thought how he
 Would vent his anger bitterly
 On him whom now he seemed to clasp
 Within his dire and deadly grasp.

XXXV.

The dastard night is growing pale,
 Her trembling wings are spread for flight ;
 No longer may her power prevail—
 Young Day is coming in his might.
 Nature's glad voice in triumph rings
 To see the dark'ning shades retire ;
 And welcome, on his ruby wings,
 Is Morning, with his glance of fire.
 See how his laughing smile hath brighten'd
 The summit of yon wood-crown'd hill ;
 And now 't has fall'n upon and lighten'd
 The lake's deep waters, pure and still.
 Oh ! where shall Darkness find a spot
 Curtain'd with gloom, where she may die
 More gently than can be her lot
 Beneath the bright sun's burning eye ?
 Oh ! glorious Day ! methinks that thou
 An emblem fit, tho' faint may be,
 Of Him who, on thy dazzling brow,
 Has stamped His own Divinity.
 Thou comest with thy form of light,
 Robed in light clouds of golden hue ;
 And travellest in thy matchless might,
 Through the vast region of the blue.
 And while thy smile doth wake delight
 In bosoms that are pure and true,
 Dark-hearted Crime, the child of Night,
 Shrinks trembling from thy searching view.
 Each tiny leaf is richly dight
 With pearl-drops of the glittering dew ;
 Like tears that had been shed by night,
 Ere from the conquering Day she flew.

The drowy hinds are still asleep.
 The lake like burnished silver lies,
 Reflecting in its bosom deep
 The blushing clouds most gorgeous dyes ;
 And over water, wood, and stream,
 Gladness and glory reign supreme.

SKETCHES OF INDIAN LIFE.

BY THE EDITOR.*

I.

THE ABENAQUIS' STORY.

'I was going along my line of traps, when I met an Indian with a sledge hauled by two dogs. He was a Montagnais, so that I could not understand much of his language, but he spoke English a little, and we could easily make one another out. I said to him, "You have a heavy load on your sledge." "A heavy load," he replied, in a mournful tone.

'I saw he did not like to talk, so I asked him to come to my lodge and pass the night. We got there early, and cooked some supper. The Indian had plenty of caribou meat with him, and gave me some, which he took from the sledge. After a smoke he began to talk, and said he came from St. Marguerite, which enters the gulf a few miles above Seven Islands. He had a nice little pack of furs with him, more than I had ; and the caribou were numerous about seventy miles up the river, but there was a camp of Nasquapees there who were killing them off. After a while, just as it was growing dusk, he asked me if he might bring his sledge into my lodge ; "for," said he, "I have a body there, and I am afraid the dogs will eat it if it is left outside."

'He brought the body in and laid it in the coldest part of the lodge, where there was a little snow drifted through a crack.

"Oh !" said the Indian, "if the snow does not melt here the body will take no hurt."

'We sat and smoked together.

'After a while, I said, "Did you bring the body far ?"

* From Explorations in the Interior of the Labrador Peninsula ; the country of the Montagnais and Nasquapee Indians. By Henry Y. Hind, M.A. F.R.G.S. Two volumes, with maps and numerous illustrations. Longman's ; London. In the Press.

"Six days up the St. Marguerite: perhaps eight days from here.— I came with some Nasquapees across the country, who had come from the Trinity River, and were following the caribou. The Nasquapees got enough meat, and went back. I came on to go down the Moisie to Seven Islands, and leave the body there till the spring.

"How did he die?" I said at length.

The Indian looked at the fire and said nothing. I knew that there was some very sorrowful tale to tell, or he would have spoken at once.

After a long pause the Indian said, "He is my cousin; I am taking him to be buried at the Post. He asked me; I promised him. It is a long journey in winter; but he wished it, and he will soon be there.

The Indian then began to tell me how it happened. "He and I," he said, pointing to the body—but he mentioned no name—"were hunting together; we came upon the track of a cat." *

'By cat you mean lynx, of course,' said one of the listeners.

'Yes; we always call them cats: many white folk call them lynx.— It's an animal about the size of a big dog, only lower and stronger, with sharp pointed ears, and a tuft at the end of each,'

'Yes, that's the lynx. Go on.'

Well, the Indian said, "We came upon the track of a cat, and followed it. My cousin was first, and he turned round and said to me, 'I'll go round that mountain, if you go up the valley with the dogs, and we are sure to get him.' We separated. In an hour I heard a gun, and then sat down, and I waited long. Night was coming on; I thought I would go and look. I could find nothing, so, as it was getting dark, I fired my gun; no answer. I fired again; no answer. Something, I said, has happened to my cousin; I must follow his track as soon as it is daylight.

"I pulled some sapin, † made a bed on the snow, drew some branches over me, and slept well. Next morning I followed the tracks, and before I got half round the mountain I saw my cousin. He was nearly dead—could just speak. Close to him was the cat, frozen stiff. My cousin had slipped into a crack of the rock just after he had fired and wounded the cat, when he was within twenty yards of it. One of his legs was broken. As soon as he fell, the cat sprang upon him, and tore off part of his scalp; he killed it with his knife, but could not get out of the crack on account of his broken leg; he could not reach his gun to fire it off, and let me know. There he must have remained, and have died alone, if I had not chanced to come. I lifted him out of the crack, but his fingers snapped off—they were frozen. He just said to me,

* Cat, or Lynx.

† Branches of the spruce.

‘Nipi! nipi!’—water! water! I quickly made a fire, put some snow in my blanket, held it over the flame, and got him some water. He told me to take him to Seven Islands or the Moisie, and bury him there. He pointed to his gun. I brought it to him; he put it into my hand, turned round his head, and died.”

‘The Indian sat looking at the fire for many minutes. I did not want to interrupt his thoughts. After a while I filled his pipe, put a coal in it, and gave it to him. He took it, still looking at the fire. Perhaps he saw the spirit of his cousin there, as Indians often say they do. He smoked for a long time. At length he spoke, looking at the body, and pointing to it, saying, “He said last winter that some one would die before the year was out.

‘I knew well enough that it was one of their superstitions that had troubled him, for he was a heathen not more than a year ago; and a man does not get rid of his heathen notions by being touched with a drop of Manitou water. So I said to him, “Did he see anything?”

“He came across tracks.”

“Tracks?”

“A Wendigo,” said the Indian.

“Have you ever seen one?” I asked him.

“I have seen tracks.”

“Where?”

“On the St. Marguerite, the Mingan, the Manitou, the Oa-na-ma-ne, My cousin saw tracks on the Manitou last winter, and he said to me and to many of us, ‘Something will happen.’”

“What were the tracks like?” I said to him.

“Wendigoes,” he replied.

“Well, but how big were they?”

‘He looked at me and said nothing, nor would he speak on the subject again.

‘These Montagnais think,’ continued Pierre, ‘that the Wendigoes are giant cannibals, twenty and thirty feet high. They think that they live on human flesh, and that many Indians who have gone hunting, and have never afterwards been heard of, have been devoured by Wendigoes. They are dreadfully superstitious in the woods, but brave enough when they get on the coast.

II.

A NASQUAPEE’S DREAM.

The magnificent sandy beach on the east side of the Bay of Seven Islands, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, with its fringe of beautiful but

small white and balsam spruce, forming the boundary of the forest which covers the flat country in the rear, is a most attractive camp-ground, ample enough for ten thousand Montagnais lodges. On a summer day, with a gentle breeze blowing, to drive mosquitos away, it becomes a delightful but very lonely lounge; and at the entrance to the channel, opposite the great Boule island, with the sea in front, the calm rippling bay at your feet, the silent forest just behind, backed by the everlasting hills, inconceivably desolate and wild, which stretch for a thousand miles towards the west, it is a fit spot for old memories to renew themselves, old sorrows to burst out afresh. So, evidently, Otelne, a Nasquappe from the far interior of the Labrador Peninsula, thought and found; for as I was bathing about a mile from the mission, on the Friday after our arrival, I saw an Indian sitting among the tall coarse grass which grew on the edge of the sloping beach. After a plunge in the cold water, observing him still retaining his posture, I went up to him, and when he turned at my approach, I saw it was Otelne ("The Tongue.") He made no sign, but, without expression of any kind, took the seal-skin tobacco-pouch I offered him, filled his pipe, brought out his flint and steel, struck a light, and, turning in silence towards the ocean, smoked without saying a word. After a short time, I uttered the Ojibway word for sun, calling his attention by pointing with the finger to the light which the setting sun was casting upon the Seven Islands. He watched it with apparent interest as it slowly rose up the side of the Grande Boule, when the sun descended behind the range of hills in the rear of the bay.

As soon as the last rose-tint fled from the summit, he shook the ashes out of his pipe, and touching me, while still squatting on the ground, pointed to the summit of the great Boule. Rising on his knees, he began to speak, pointing to different directions of the compass, then to himself, then particularly to the west, and, at the same time, accompanying his address with such admirable signs that, although I could understand but very few of the words he was saying, yet knowing something of his history, it was evident to me that he spoke of his coming to Seven Islands Bay from a great distance; that his party, when he arrived, consisted of some fifteen persons; that six or seven had died, four gone to the west again, and four remained behind; the numbers he represented by holding up his fingers. After a long speech, he sank down again on the sand, and looked at the rising tide, paying no attention to my second offer of the tobacco-pouch. I returned to the mission, determined to get an interpretation of the long speech he had made. This was effected in the following manner:—A young Montagnais, who could speak English well, and who went with Père Arnaud up the Manicouagan River, came after night-fall to bring me a map he had drawn,

and I told him about Otelne. "Oh!" said he, "it is nothing; he has been dreaming."

"Dreaming?" said I; "what do you mean?"

"I mean he has been thinking about his own country. He and the other Nasquapees often do it; they want to get back."

"Can you bring Otelne to my tent?" I said, "and interpret the long speech he made to me?"

"Certainly," he replied. "Ask Otelne to have some tea and a little molasses, and he will tell his dream over again."

"Will he tell it truthfully?" I asked.

"If you want it, he will say to you just what he said on the beach."

Otelne came in half an hour; and, after a very hearty supper, the young Montagnais explained my wish to know what he was saying to me during the afternoon.

"I was dreaming," said Otelne.

"Then let me hear what you dreamt," I replied.

The Indian smiled, said he would tell what he was dreaming about, and hoped that it might be of some use to him and his people.

The interpretation of his "dream" occupied a long time; and if I have not given it literally or at length, it still contains the thoughts of the poor Indian, expressed perhaps less fully than in his own tongue, but more intelligibly to those who are not familiar with the style of an Indian's thoughts, or the forms of expression which he gives to his feelings in words.

OTELNE'S DREAM.

"I looked upon the sea for the first time, two summers ago. I was hunting on Ashwanipi, when these Montagnais told me of the *Robe Noire*, of what he would do for me; they told me of the sea, of ships, and of many things. We held a council at Petichikapaw; many were present—my father, my brothers and uncles, my cousins, and many friends.

"My father is old. He spoke and said:—'Do not believe what these Montagnais say: the country is far—you will never come back; where are those who went two summers ago? Three only have returned, the rest are dead. They have seen the *Robe Noire*—seen the great waters; are they wiser and better than we are now? Can they hunt better, kill more caribou, collect more furs? No. My counsel is—do not go.'

"My uncle is an old man. He spoke and said:—'Two summers since, twice ten men, and women and children went to the south, and where are they now? Are there not many here who have seen the great

waters to the west? Are they better than we are? If the *Robe Noire* wants to see us, let him come here. My counsel is—do not go.'

"Others spoke—old men—they all said, 'Do not go.'

"One spoke, a young man—he lies there now; he is dead! He said: 'We are young and strong, we can go and see the *Robe Noire*. If we find that the country is poor, we can come back at once. What can we do here? Do not all see that the caribou are gone? We must soon starve if we stay where we are. I shall go.'

"Others spoke—young men. They said they were strong, and would go. They lie there now: they are dead; their wives are dead, their little children are dead.'

"I spoke, and said I was strong, I would go and see the *Robe Noire*.

"When the ice went away, we came down the Moisie, fifteen people; others came down the St. Marguerite beyond there, others went down the Trinity. Many soon fell sick and died; some went back after they had seen the *Robe Noire*. Last year I wanted to go back, but was too weak. Only four of those who came with me still remain here; what are we to do? If we go back, we shall not see the priest again; he cannot come to our country, it is too far; we shall soon forget what he has taught us; our children will be heathens again. I believe in God, a great and good God, and all that he has done for us. Shall I go back to the wilderness, where I shall never hear of God? shall I take my children back to be afraid of devils? shall I stay here and die, or see them die, one by one before my eyes—see my wife die, and feel that I am dying myself? What shall I do?

"Look at that sea, it is clear and bright, but to-morrow, it may be, there will be fog, fog; and then what shall I feel here? pain, pain! and I shall know then that I am going to follow those who lingered a little while and then died.

"I am not in my own country; I do not breathe my own air; I have not hunted a caribou since I came to the coast; I have not my old strength; I am weak and full of care. If I were in my own country, I should be strong and happy, if I should not forget what he (the priest) has taught me. I do not know what to do!

"This is what I was thinking of when you saw me on the beach. This is my dream."

Poor Otelne! well might he sit on that beautiful shore and "dream." His fate, and that of all who remain on the coast, is sealed.

The Nasquapees cannot endure the changes of temperature, the fog, and the damp on the coast; they have been accustomed to dry cold, however severe. The simple yet excellent artifices they employ to keep themselves from freezing on the coldest night, are useless against the penetrating damp of spring. A Nasquapee, on the bleak and cheerless

mountains of the interior, has his leathern tent, his bag full of eider down, his deer-skin robe, his kettle, and a little Caribou meat. At the approach of night, he throws his limbs into the leather bag, and arranges the down about him, rolls himself in his robe, draws his knees to his chin, and, under the half shelter of his little tent, sleeps soundly, however cold and piercing may be the driving snow. But, on the coast, the damp penetrates to his bones; he sits shivering over a smoky fire, looses heart, and sinks under repeated attacks of influenza, brought on by changes in the temperature.

III.

THE WINDING SHEET.—MINGAN.

Five hundred Montagnais had pitched their tents at Mingan, a fortnight before we arrived, there to dispose of their furs, the produce of the winter's hunt, and to join in the religious ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church under the ministration of Père Arnaud. They had assembled from all parts of their wintering grounds between the St. John's River and the Straits of Belle Isle—some coming in canoes, others in boats purchased from the American fishermen on the coast, others on foot. A large number had already procured their supplies and started for the most easterly of the Mingan Islands and different parts of the coast in consequence of an epidemic which had already carried off ten victims. Others were preparing to start, and only waiting for a favourable wind; a few still lingered in their birch bark lodges, some of these being ill and unable to move. The poor creatures seemed to be attacked with influenza, which rapidly prostrated them.

I went with one of the clerks into the Hudson's Bay Company's Store, where a group of Indians were assembled waiting to obtain their supplies. Among them I observed a woman, who stood aloof until the others were served, and then repeated some words in Indian in a low tone of voice. I found that she asked for a winding-sheet for her husband, whose death she expected at sunset.

I followed her to the beach, and saw her husband lying at the bottom of a boat, with two or three Indians near him waiting for the tide. As we approached he turned his head round, looked at me, then at his wife, then at the winding-sheet, which she carried on her arm. The eyes of the sick man rested for a few moments on his shroud, and then turned to the setting sun. The wife stepped into the boat, and taking her place at the feet of her husband, rolled up the cloth, and placing it upon her knees, sat motionless as a statue. A dog sat on one of the seats of the boat; every now and then he raised his head, and howled low and long as if he were baying at the sun.

I turned away, not wishing to intrude upon the silent sorrows of the poor Indians ; and on looking back, when some distance from the shore I saw them still in the same position, and heard again the long low howl of the apparently conscious dog, bidding farewell to the sun, which at that moment dipped below the western waves. Early on the next morning I went to look for the boat, but it was gone : I enquired of some Indians who were just returning with a seal they had shot in the harbour, whether the man was dead ; they said, ' No, not when they started, but he'll die to-morrow night.'

IV.

THE WINDING SHEET—SEVEN ISLANDS.

The burying-ground at Seven Islands is close to the chapel. It contains the remains of Nasquapees, who have come from their distant hunting grounds to see the *robe noire*. To many of these people the visit to the coast is a journey to the grave ; comparatively few return. " They die," said an old French Canadian half-breed to me, " they die like rotten sheep as soon as they get here ; the climate kills them ; they cannot stand the damp sea air ; they catch cold and go off at once."

" What brings them here ? " I asked.

" Well, sir, it's the priest. He tells Domenique, Bartelmi, and a lot of others, who go to winter in the Nasquapee country, to bring them down, and as soon as they come they die—some in a month, some in a year. Look at those who came here last year : they can't hunt ; they'll die before next spring."

" But is not the priest quite right to induce these heathen Indians to come and learn something about the Christian religion ? "

" Ah ! that's another thing. No doubt it's for the good of their souls, but the poor creatures die off as soon as they come, and, to my mind, they might just as well live a few years in their own country. It's no use coming here to die. But then there's the religion—it's a difficult matter ; perhaps it's better to die a Christian than to live a heathen."

" Wiser and better men than you and I have made the same remark before."

" Perhaps so, sir. I am an ignorant man—a trapper, and nothing more than a trapper ; but I am sorry to see these poor creatures come down to the coast and die. They don't show their trouble before other people, but when they are alone, how I have seen them heave and cry as if their hearts would burst ! "

" Are you speaking of the Nasquapees ? "

"Yes; I was thinking of them, but the Montagnais are the same. It's not a year since a fine young Nasquapee, with two wives, came down the St. Marguerite to Seven Islands. He died of influenza before he had been here six months. The women came to me to buy his winding-sheet. I said to one of them, 'Is Appe-muskis* dead?' 'Not yet,' she replied. 'Had you not better wait a while?' I said to his wives, for I felt sorry for them, and did not want to take the marten skin they brought to pay for it. They shook their heads. 'No, no!' said one; 'he will die with the setting sun; give me the winding-sheet.' Now, to look at these women's faces, you would not think that there was much the matter with them; but then it's their custom; both Montagnais and Nasquapees always do it.

"Well, sir, two days after that poor fellow was buried, I was away in the woods on the other side of the bay. I walked to the beach and saw a canoe lying; I knew it was one of Appe-muskis' wives, so I went into the woods and listened, thinking I heard her coming through the bush. I crept near to look. She was sitting crouched up on a fallen tree; her head was bent down on her knees. She was moaning out some words in Nasquapee, which, though very like Montagnais, I can't always understand. At last I caught her saying several times, 'To die so far, far, far from home!' I knew then what she was sobbing about, and crept back to the beach.

"When I got there I fired off my gun. In two minutes the squaw came from the woods, chewing a bit of gum, but to look at her, you wouldn't have thought she'd a care on her mind. I glanced at her close to make sure, and I saw where she had brushed off her tears; but she chewed away at her bit of gum as if nothing was the matter with her."

V.

WINTER LIFE ON THE TABLE LAND OF THE LABRADOR PENINSULA.

This is one of the winter hunting grounds† of the tribe of Montagnais of which Domenique is chief. No doubt, before the fire occurred three years ago, caribou moss was very abundant, and the deer sufficiently numerous to sustain a few families. How utterly desolate I thought the whole Ashwanipi valley must be, if Domenique preferred living last winter on the shores of the lake before us, with such a wide expanse to the north-east and north to choose from!

He himself killed in this neighbourhood thirty caribou; and yester-

* Appe-muskis signifies a "spit" or stick on which game is cooked.

† On the edge of the table land of the Labrador Peninsula, 140 miles north of Anticosti.

day Michel pointed triumphantly to the last lake we had crossed, saying, "Here I killed a caribou last winter." What a life to lead among these rocks and frozen lakes! But no doubt when a pure mantle of white covers rocks, blackened trees, lakes, boulders, and burnt land, the aspect of nature changes, and assumes the same outline as in all other undulating regions where snow falls deep and lasts long. Five or six families wintered on the other side of the low dividing ridge in the valley of the Ashwanipi. They were Nasquapees, and Michel told me that his father's tribe and they were accustomed to pay visits, for the purpose of holding a feast, when either party had been successful in killing two or more caribou.

Savage life, in such a wilderness as the one I am describing, is sometimes joyous to the Indians themselves, when they can kill enough to eat. The excitement of the chase, the pride, delight, and temporary comfort of success, more than compensate for privations to which they are accustomed, or for the anxieties which they do not trouble themselves about. They kill a caribou, store away a little, make a glutinous and wasteful feast of the greater part, sing, boast, and sleep, until hunger awakens them, and the cold reality of their desolation is before them again, to be relieved and forgotten in never-changing routine.

At no time does an Indian look so well, and, if fine-featured, so really handsome, as when just returning from a successful and not too fatiguing hunt in the winter. His step is firm and proud, his eye dilated, clear and brilliant—not bloodshot and contracted, as it usually is from exposure to smoke in his lodge. His cheek is perceptibly tinged with crimson, seen through the dark skin; his hair is soft and drooping, wet with severe toil, notwithstanding the intense cold. He enters his lodge with a loud shout of greeting, throws down his burden, cuts off a slice, hands it to a relative, saying: "Eat; run and tell so and so to come; I have killed a deer; we will feast." Michel told me of a great feast his father made last winter, when he had killed a fat bear,—how he and one of his cousins were sent on a message of invitation across the Dividing Ridge to the people of his own tribe, bearing also with them a small supply of meat for the squaws and children who could not come such a long distance—a full day's journey on snow-shoes,—that when he was close to their lodges, he met two hunters coming to Dominique's camp, bringing part of a caribou, and an invitation to a feast; for they had killed four. The whole party returned to the Nasquapee camp bringing the news, and on the following morning nine in all set out, each with a little present of meat, and arrived late in the evening at Dominique's camp. The feast then began: the bear was cut into two halves, and one half placed on each

side of a large fire in Dominique's lodge. Each Indian had a short stick and a knife. They cut off bits of meat, roasted it for a minute, and ate it, and so continued feasting until the bear was demolished. Some of them, when satisfied, would lie down, and, after a short time, rise again and renew their meal. The bear was not completely eaten until daylight on the following morning. They slept during the whole of that day and the following night. On the third morning, Dominique and several other Montagnais went back with the Nasquapees to their camp, and had a similar feast of caribou. Michel spoke of this savage enjoyment without much emotion; but poor Louis, who eagerly interpreted his friend's narrative, was painfully affected. To use a common but expressive phrase, "his mouth watered;" he wished he had been there. It did not often happen to the lazy Louis to be the invited guest to such a feast, and his diet during the winter had been seals, which he said were very good, yet not so good as bear. "Nothing like bear—fat bear very fine."

"On which side of the lake did you hunt last winter?" I enquired of Michel, who was surveying the country from the summit of a knoll near Caribou Lake. Louis had to repeat the question thrice before Michel answered, and even then I saw him looking towards the east, moving his hand gently up and down, and apparently following some imaginary object. His face was particularly bright and intelligent, and when he suddenly turned round to Louis and pointed towards the north and north-east, I was very much struck with the peculiar excited expression of his face. "What's the matter with Michel?" I exclaimed.

Louis made due enquiries; but although Michel spoke rapidly, and pointed in various directions, yet Louis answered not. Arousing him, I said—

"What is he saying, Louis?"

"Tell you soon; wait a bit;" was the only reply I could elicit. Louis now began to question Michel, and an animated conversation sprang up between them, in which Michel made many references to the surrounding country, and Louis listened with more than ordinary attention. At last, with his face brighter than I ever observed it before, he told me the reason of Michel's excited manner and the subject of conversation.

It appeared that last winter Michel and two of his cousins had been stationed near Caribou Lake by Dominique to watch for caribou, and prevent them from taking a certain path over precipitous rocks which they were known to frequent, and over which the hunters could not follow them swiftly enough when only a little snow was on the ground. The object of the hunters was to drive the caribou through a favourable pass which would make the death of some of them a matter of cer-

tainty. Michel, when we first saw him on the knoll, was mentally reviewing the incidents of that day's hunt, and indicating with the undulatory motion of his hand the direction the caribou had taken. The story which he was telling related to a singular incident which happened to himself. He had been watching for some hours with his companion, when they heard the clatter of hoofs over the rocks. Looking in a direction from which they least expected caribou would come, they saw two caribou pursued by a small band of wolves, making directly for the spot where they were lying. They were not more than three hundred yards away, but coming with tremendous bounds, and fast increasing the distance between themselves and the wolves, who had evidently surprised them only a short time before. Neither Michel nor his companion had fire-arms, but each was provided with his bow and arrows. The deer came on; the Indians lay in the snow ready to shoot. The unsuspecting animals darted past the hunters like the wind, but each received an arrow, and one dropped. Instantly taking a fresh arrow, they waited for the wolves. With a long and steady gallop these ravenous creatures followed their prey, but when they came within ten yards of the Indians, the latter suddenly rose, each discharged an arrow at the amazed brutes, and succeeded in transfixing one with a second arrow before it got out of reach. Leaving the wolves, they hastened after the caribou. "There," said Louis, "quite close to that steep rock, the caribou which Michel shot was dead: he had hit it in the eye, and it could not go far. Michel stopped to guard his caribou, as the wolves were about; one of his cousins went after the deer he had hit, the other went back after the wolves which had been wounded. The wolf-cousin had not gone far back when he heard a loud yelling and howling. He knew what the wolves were at; they had turned upon their wounded companion, and were quarreling over the meal. The Indian ran on, and came quite close to the wolves, who made so much noise, and were so greedily devouring the first he had shot, that he approached quite close to them, and shot another, killing it at once. The caribou-cousin had to go a long distance before he got his deer."

Such was the substance of Louis' narration of Michel's story; and the excited manner and heightened colour of the Nasquapee arose from his killing the caribou over again, in a happy mental renewal of the wild hunt which he and cousins had so triumphantly brought to a close.

"Did you always have plenty to eat during last winter in this part of the country, Michel?" I asked.

The bright eye soon resumed its natural lustreless expression as the young Nasquapee's thoughts reverted to painful scenes of distress, arising from want of necessary food, and even absolute starvation, the

which he had been an eye-witness, not three months since, in these same dreary wilds.

In the spring of the year, before the geese began to arrive, the caribou left this part of the country, travelling north. Dominique could not follow them, as it was impossible to transport his family across the country when the snow was beginning to go. The ptarmigan, or white partridge, passed away with the deer, and the interval between the disappearance of these animals and the arrival of the geese is always one of suffering to the improvident Indians of this country.

"What did you eat?" I said to Michel.

He pointed to some patches of tripe de roche which were growing on the rock close to us.

"Is that all?" I asked.

He advanced a step or two, looked round about him, then said something to Louis.

"He says they made broth of the birch buds."

"Tripe de roche and broth of birch buds! anything else?"

"Nothing."

Ask him whether he ever heard of Indians eating one another? Louis asked the question, but Michel made no answer. Louis, however, volunteered the information, that Indians did eat one another when they were starving, naively saying, "if they did not, all would starve."

NIGHT AND DAY.

"For there shall be no night there."

The golden day succeeds the dusky night,
And every progress is but fuller light.
The course of time is one long-breaking dawn,
And what once seemed the day, when far withdrawn,
To us is night low brooding on the hills.

Here mellow moonlight dims the stars and fills,
The lakes with silver, silvers all the streams;
Slow drift the whitened clouds beneath its beams,
And rise, and pass to nothingness, and die;
The stars are pale adeep i' the purple sky;
The poplars shiver in the tremulous air,
And far away a dog barks, low and clear,
No other sound molests night's silent way—
If this is night, how fair shall be the Day!

A. G. L. T.

MINING.

I HAD occasion to visit Acton Vale lately, and did not neglect the opportunity then afforded me of inspecting the celebrated copper mines, which have so changed the present, and promise to revolutionize the future of a great part of Lower Canada and its traditional inhabitants.

Having fully determined to get a glimpse of the mine, I soon reached its mouth, accompanied by a friend, when suddenly a voice spoke, "so far shalt thou go, and no farther." On inquiring the reason of this injunction I was informed that the rocks were about to be blasted. As I gazed, a host of human beings came scampering and running to the mouth of the shaft, like the rushing of ants, when one overturns their hill. The blasting having ceased, these human ants soon found their place and work. I then took a survey of the inside of the shaft, a deep, wide, yawning, irregular chasm cut into the rocks. All over its surface, laboured hundreds of miners; and the sonorous, clanking sounds of their hammers swept upwards from the almost abysmal darkness of the place to the free air of heaven above. Somehow, the appearance of the cavernous hollow—its enormous extent and height—its jagged ruts and fissures—startled me. There seemed something connected with the terrible, grand and sublime about it. Polyphemus and the Cyclops, instead of forging Jupiter's thunderbolts in the interior of Mount *Ætna*, should have worked in the shaft of a huge mine.

I next visited the places where they washed and ground the ore. Formerly, boys performed this labour—now machines, worked by steam, take their place. Of course the slush and slime occasioned by the rinsing, impeded my progress slightly, but the glittering copper scattered through the *debris*, sparkled all the more brilliantly from the contrast. Formerly there were nine hundred, but now there are only four hundred men employed in the mine. It is expected that during the summer the numbers will reach six hundred. For those who do not know the fact, I may state that a barrel of copper ore ranges in price, according to quality, from eighteen to thirty-three dollars each.

There are mines in the neighbourhood about being worked, and others which are partially opened. I write concerning that one which, if report is true, has made and marred the fortunes of many. One person especially, who, some years since, had to leave Montreal in consequence of certain importunate creditors, now thrives in Acton Vale on superabundant wealth. Others have retired in unknown lands, on vast riches. I wonder if the increase of their store will prove a *mine* of good to themselves and to others? whether they will enjoy and use rightly

what a benignant fortune has suddenly showered on them? whether their gold will prove a blessing or a curse in their hands?

Men clutch at the glittering metal, worship its substance, and gloat over its possession. But there are other priceless possessions on earth for man to enjoy, and these he often heeds not. I am not a preacher, and do not wish to moralize; but I must remark that my companions evinced no delight, when I pointed out, for their edification, a forest of pines and firs, covered with their deep, dusky foliage of evergreen, and towering upwards in majesty, glory, and strength. No doubt copper is very useful and valuable; mines are often very productive, and the mineral resources of a country are not to be despised; but all these things, and everything appertaining to them, are liable to flee and change; but the solemn, beautiful pine and fir trees have unchanging elements in them, and, unless the hand of man cuts them down, are as immutable and fixed as the One who made them live and grow to beautify the earth, and strike awe in the heart of man. To this moment, then, I cannot pardon the dull, cold apathy of my friends towards this real *mine* of grandeur.

One of my companions had previously purchased the right of mining a certain tract of land. On the day of our visit he intended to get it parcelled and measured. We had made several vain enquiries in the place for some one to perform this work. At last a certain individual was introduced to us, who declared himself capable. He was an attenuated, keen-looking, smiling-faced, shabby, youthful Yankee. In reply to our queries as to whether he knew French measure, his answer of "certainly" was given with such a bold, swaggering air of confidence, as to give me the idea that, if asked, he would make pretensions to know everything, and do anything. We found him nimble, smart, quick-witted, and loquacious. There was nothing sluggish in *his* nature. He had nothing in common with the *habitant* farmer. An American may be always boastful of success, but failure does not damp his energies. He may be a braggart, but he does not wail over misfortune. The schemes emanating from his keen, active mind may sometimes prove futile, but he plans so much, that at some time or other, sooner or later, success must crown his efforts. Even his boastfulness proceeds from excess of hope. Our Canadian papers are sometimes very unsparring in their comments on the defects and peculiarities of the Yankee; but, taking him all and all, his character must command admiration from all those who can estimate truly energy of mind and fertility of resources.

Having called for the owner of the land, a *habitant* farmer, we proceeded through his farm to the woods. Everywhere fragments of the rocks had been crushed, in the hope of finding *indications* of copper. I allowed my companions to busy themselves with the object they had in view, while I wandered through the woods,

remarking other *indications* more suitable to my taste. Everywhere there were signs of the beautiful spring time. Young trees and old trees, slender maples and wide-spreading beeches, shrubs and plants, were putting forth their young shoots and leaves. Everything was unfolding life and beauty! The tenderly green foliage, sparkling in the May sunbeams, was a truly gladdening sight. I thought how each successive year—the miracle of the spring-time—regenerated life issuing from decay—loveliness bursting forth from darkness—appears to

“Seize upon the mind—arrest, and search, and shake it,”

and, let me add, elevate, and thus improve it. The surrounding influences, however, did not seem to awaken these ideas in my companions—other indications had completely enthralled them. Soon I discovered other mines of pleasure, wild flowers. Rapture now took the place of joy. I plucked them eagerly, I may almost say, wildly; and I have vague recollections of having behaved very much like a child in so doing. My confession of this fact is not tinted with any regret. I do not want to repeat here any homilies about flowers. They have always wrought a spell upon the greatest minds, the finest imaginations, and the truest hearts; and any human being who cannot admire flowers is deficient in a faculty; more than this, if we cannot appreciate loveliness there must be something *unlovely* in our composition. The pure-minded, innocent, and artless, always hunger and thirst after these revelations of God's love. They are an everlasting theme for the poet; for beautiful objects must always inspire beautiful thoughts. All children are attracted by them, and exult over them. I think the study of botany is one of the most humanizing of all studies, when pursued in a true spirit. But a knowledge of names, and terms, and definitions alone, will never refine our minds. We must consider them in their relations to human life and human thought—to nature and to God; then the pursuit will enlarge and elevate our faculties.

I was drinking keen enjoyment from this new mine of beauty, when I chanced on some wild violets, not hidden under mossy stones, according to Wordsworth's fancy, but profusely scattered in many open spots. It seemed a shame, almost, that ungainly feet should tread on them and lacerate their soft blue splendour. This thought suggested and recalled a dainty fancy of Goethe about a violet. My readers may not remember it. The translation is by that celebrated wit, Theodore Martin.

THE VIOLET.

" A violet blossom'd on the lea,
 Half hidden from the eye,
 As fair a flower as you might see ;
 When there came tripping by
 A shepherd maiden, fair and young,
 Lightly, lightly o'er the lea.
 Care she knew not, and she sung
 Merrily !

" ' O ! were I but the fairest flower
 That blossoms on the lea ;
 If only for one little hour,
 That she might gather me—
 Clasp me in her bonny breast !'
 Thought the little flower.
 ' O ! that in it I might rest
 But an hour !'

" Lack-a-day ! Up came the lass,
 Heeded not the violet,
 Trod it down into the grass ;
 Though it died 'twas happy yet.
 ' Trodden down although I lie,
 Yet my death is very sweet—
 O ! the happiness to die
 At her feet !' "

Destruction, in the natural course of things, must take place ; but I don't understand how any one destroy anything willfully, for mere amusement. I was almost enraged with my friend the *habitant* for cutting down a young stripling maple, *pour passer le temps*. I reprimanded him on the subject, and he said, "bah." To him it was no harm, to me it seemed a pity. There the felled and mangled maple lay, deprived of life, cut off from all enjoyment, and the power of giving enjoyment to others. Yet my dull and lethargic *habitant* could only say "bah," and chuckle over my annoyance. As a matter of course, he could never have read Morris' pathetic and wonderful poem, "Woodman, spare that tree," or else he would never have committed such a thoughtless act. I hope I do not speak irreverently of sermons when I say that the teachings embodied in a true lyrical poem are often more potent and effectual than some sermons I have heard.

O! dear friends, destroy less and preserve more!

“Woodman, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough,
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now!”

Is there not something heart-stirring in this expression of gratitude to the tree! Is not this appeal to spare very eloquent and touching?

Soon we returned to Montreal, amid the demoniacal screeches and hissings of that ugly iron horse, through tracts of wilderness, over which the shadows of the night had settled; under the canopy of heaven, through which glittered a galaxy of myriad worlds, whose everlasting glory to me seems always rebuking man's little triumphs, and petty schemes, and narrow desires.

REVIEWS.

Christopher North: a memoir of John Wilson, compiled from family papers and other sources. By his daughter, Mrs. Gordon, with an introduction by R. Shelton Mackenzie, D.C.L. W. J. Widdleton, New York. Rollo & Adam, Toronto. 1863.

John Wilson, late professor of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, possessed that remarkable cast of face which when once seen could never be forgotten. In the memories of many now residing in Canada the intellectual countenance and easy dignified bearing of that gifted man are still vividly impressed. In Blackwood's Magazine for upwards of a generation his genius is seen and felt.

John Wilson was born at Paisley in May, 1785. He was a beautiful and animated child, full of fun and fond of sport, especially angling, which so charmed him, that when addressing his sisters from a nursery pulpit at the age of five years, he took for his text “There was a fish, and it was a deil of a fish, and it was ill to its young anes.” In after years he wonderfully described his own emotions when a young lad, lost in a storm on the moor: “The mist becomes a shower, and the shower a flood, and the flood a storm, and the storm a tempest, and the tempest thunder and lightning, heavenquake and earthquake, till the heart of poor wee Kit quaked and almost died within him. In this age of confessions need we be ashamed to own, in the face of the whole world, that he sat down and cried! The small brown moorland bird, as dry as a toast, hopped out of his heather-hole, and cheerfully chirped comfort. With crest just a thought lowered by the rain, the green-backed, white breasted peaseweeps, walked close by us in the mist, and sight of wonder, that

made even in that quandary by the quagmire our heart beat with joy—lo ! never seen before, and seldom since, three wee peaseweeps, not three days old, little bigger than shrew-mice, all covered with blackish down interspersed with long white hair, running after their mother ! But the large hazel eye of the she peaseweeps, restless even in the mist's utter solitude, soon spied us glowering at her, and at her young ones, through our tears ; and not for a moment doubting (heaven forgive her for the shrewd but cruel suspicion !) that we were Lord Eglintoun's gamekeeper, with a sudden shrill cry that thrilled to the marrow in our cold back bone, flapped and fluttered herself away into the mist, while the little black bits of down disappeared, like devils, into the moss."

When at Glasgow College he kept a diary in which his memoranda are mixed up in humorous contrast ; "Feb. 13th, called on my grandmother ; went to the sale of books ; had a boxing match—match of three rounds with Floyd—beat him."

Wilson early "fell in love." John Wilson and "Margaret" had many rides and walks together ; a few years of bright spring-tide of youth, "and one feels the gentle quiet of its womanly interest gliding insensibly and surely into something more deep and agitating, as does the dewy colour of daybreak into the fervent splendour of noon.

In 1803 Wilson went to Magdalen College, Oxford. He was a hard reader by fits and starts only, although he passed a very creditable examination. He possessed extraordinary physical powers, which enabled him to work much longer at a time than his weaker rivals. As a skilful pugilist he soon acquired a high reputation. Meeting one day with a noted member of the ring, who showed an inclination to pick a quarrel, Wilson offered to fight him, and so punished his rival, that he exclaimed, "You can only be one of the two, you are either Jack Wilson or the Devil." He shut up a proctor, who was disturbed by an uproar in High Street, of which John Wilson was the prime author, by repeating with imperturbable gravity nearly the whole of Pope's "Essay on man." When Master of Arts one of his amusements used to consist in going to the 'Angel Inn' about midnight, where many of the up and down London coaches met ; there he was in the habit of presiding at the passengers' supper-table, carving for them, inquiring all about their respective journeys why and wherefore they were made, &c., and in return astonishing them with his wit and pleasantry, and sending them off wondering who and what he could be ! From the 'Angel' he would frequently go to the 'Fox and Goose' where he found the coachmen and guards, a willing audience.

In 1807 he left Oxford and selected a home on the banks of Windermere.—Here he enjoyed the society of many kindred spirits and indulged in his favourite out-door pastimes. One of these was characteristic. It consisted in hunting a neighbour's bull across the country, on horse back, and with spears, not in the broad day light, but in the gloom of night. The owner of the bull was astonished at occasionally seeing the bull exhibiting the effects of a hard run early in the morning. Wilson married in 1811 and spent several happy years at his cottage home. But in an evil hour, through the treachery of a relative he lost his fortune, and was compelled to return to Edinburgh and read for the bar.

In 1817 he commenced that connection with Blackwood which lasted for more than a generation and established the name and influence of *Maga*, wherever the English language is spoken. The following letter besides being extremely amusing shows more of Wilson's character than any description :—

"MY DEAR HOGG,—I am in Edinboro', and wish to be out of it. Mrs. Wilson and I walked 320 miles in the Highlands, between the 5th of July and the 26th of August, sojourning in divers glens from Sabbath unto Sabbath, fishing, eating, and staring. I purpose appearing in Glasgow on Thursday, where I shall stay till the Circuit is over. I then go to Ellerray, in the character of a Benedictine monk, till the beginning of November. Now pause and attend. If you will meet me at Moffat on October 6th, I will walk or mail it with you to Ellerray, and treat you there with fowls and Irish whiskey. Immediately on the receipt of this, write a letter to me at Mr. Strutt's book-shop, Hutcheson Street, Glasgow, saying positively if you will or will not do so. If you don't, *I will lick you*, and fish up the Douglas burn before you next time I come to Ettrick. I saw a letter from you to M. the other day, by which you seem to be alive and well. You are right in not making verses when you can catch trout. Francis Jeffrey leaves Edinboro' this day for Holland and France. I presume, after destroying the King of the Netherlands, he intends to annex that kingdom to France, and assume the supreme power of the united countries, under the title of Geoffrey the First. You he will make Poet Laureate and Fishmonger, and me Admiral of the Mosquito fleet.

'If you have occasion soon to write to Murray, pray introduce something about the "*City of the Plague*," as I shall probably offer him that poem in about a fortnight, or sooner. Of course I do not wish you to say that the poem is utterly worthless. I think that a bold eulogy from you, if administered immediately, would be of service to me; but if you do write about it, do not tell him that I have any intention of offering it to him, but you may say that you hear I am going to offer it to a London book-seller.

'We stayed seven days at Mrs. Izett's, at Kinnaird, and were most kindly received. Mrs. Izett is a great ally of yours, and is a fine creature. I killed in the Highlands 170 dozen trout; one day nineteen dozen and a half; another, seven dozen. I one morning killed ten trouts that weighed nine pounds. In Lochawe, in three days, I killed seventy-six pounds weight of fish, all with the fly. The Gaels were astonished. I shot two roebucks, and had nearly caught a red deer by the tail. *I was within half a mile of it at furthest*. The good folks in the Highlands are not dirty; they are clean, decent, hospitable, ugly people. We domiciliated with many, and found no remains of the great plague of fleas, &c., that devastated the country from the time of Ossian to the accession of George the Third. We were at Loch Katrine, Loch Lomond, Inverary, Dalmelly, Loch Etive, Glen Etive, Dalness, Appin, Ballahulish, Fort William, Moy, Dalwhinny, Loch Ericht, (you dog!), Loch Rannoch, Glen Lyon, Taymouth, Blair, Athol, Bruar, Perth, Edinboro'. Is not Mrs. Wilson immortalized?

'I know of Cona.* It is very creditable to our excellent friend, but will

* 'Cona, or the Vale of Clwyd, and other Poems,' by Mr. James Gray, one of the Masters of the Edinburgh Grammar School.

not sell any more than the "Isle of Palma," or the "White Doe." The "White Doe" is not in season; venison is not liked in Edinboro'; it wants flavour. A good Ettrick wether is preferable. Wordsworth has more of the poetical character than any living writer, but he is not a man of first-rate intellect. His genius oversets him. Southey's "Roderick" is not a first-rate work. The remorse of Roderick is that of a christian devotee rather than that of a dethroned monarch. His battles are ill-fought; there is no processional march of events in the poem; there is no tendency to one great end, like a river increasing in majesty till it reaches the sea. Neither is there national character, Spanish or Moorish; no sublime imagery; no profound passion. Southey wrote it, and Southey is a man of talent; but it is his worst poem.

'Scott's "Field of Waterloo" I have seen. What a poem! such bald and nerveless language, mean imagery, commonplace sentiments, and clumsy versification! It is beneath criticism. Unless the latter part of the battle be very fine indeed, this poem will injure him.

'Wordsworth is dished, Southey is in purgatory, Scott is dying, and Byron is married. Herbert is frozen to death in Scandinavia; Moore has lost his manliness; Coleridge is always in a fog; Johanna Bailey is writing a system of cookery; Montgomery is in a mad-house, or ought to be; Campbell is sick of a constipation in the bowels; Hogg is herding sheep in Ettrick forest; and Wilson has taken the plague. Oh! wretched writers! unfortunate bards! What is Bobby Miller's back-shop to do this winter? Alas! alas! alas! a wild doe is a noble animal! Write an address to me, and it shall be inferior to one I have written—for half a barrel of red herrings.

'The Highlanders are not a poetical people; they are too national, too proud of their history. They imagine that a colley shangy, between the McGregors and Campbell's is a sublime event, and they overlook mountains 4000 feet high. If Ossian did write the poems attributed to him, or any poems like them, he was a dull dog, and deserved never to taste whiskey as long as he lived. A man who lives for ever among mists and mountains knows better than to be always prosing about them. Methinks I feel about objects familiar to infancy and manhood, but when we speak of them it is only upon great occasions, and in situations of deep passion. Ossian was probably born in a flat country.

'Scott has written good lines in the "Lord of the Isles," but he has not done justice to the Sound of Mull, which is a glorious strait.

'The Northern Highlanders do not admire "Waverley," so I presume the South Highlanders despise "Guy Mannering." The Westmoreland peasants think Wordsworth a god. In Borrowdale, Southey is not known to exist. I met ten men in Hawick who did not think Hogg a poet; and the whole city of Glasgow thinks me a madman. So much for the voice of the people being the voice of God. I left my snuff-box in your cottage; take care of it. The Anstruther Bards have advertised their anniversary; I forgot the day.

'I wish Lieutenant Gray, of the Marines, had been devoured by the lion he once carried on board his ship to the Dey of Algiers; or that he was kept a perpetual prisoner by the Moors in Barbary. Did you hear that Tennant

had been taken before the Session for an offence against good morals? If you did not, neither did I; indeed, it is on many accounts exceedingly improbable.

'Yours truly.'

In 1820 Wilson was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. As a lecturer he soon became unrivalled. 'As he spoke the bright blue eyes looked with a strange gaze into vacancy, sometimes sparkling with a coming joke, sometimes darkening before a rush of indignant eloquence; the tremulous upper lip curving with every wave of thought or hint of passion and the golden grey hair floating on the old man's mighty shoulders, if, indeed, that could be called age, which seemed but the immortality of a more majestic youth. And occasionally, in the finer phrenzy of his more imaginative passages—as when he spoke of Alexander clay-cold at Babylon, with the world lying conquered around his tomb, or of the Highland hills that pour the rage of cataracts adown their riven clefts, or even of the human mind with its primeval granitic truths—the grand old face flushed with the proud thought, and the eyes grew dim with tears, and the magnificent frame quivered with universal emotion. It was something to have seen Professor Wilson—this, all confessed; but it was something also, but more than is generally understood, to have studied under him.'

In 1851 he resigned his professorship in consequence of ill health. At this time, as a slight testimony to his great talents, Her Majesty settled £300 a year on the now decaying poet, philosopher and critic. He died on the last day of April 1854, surrounded by his children and grandchildren, "All who were near and dear to him."

"At five o'clock his breathing became more difficult. Evening sent its deepening shadows across his couch—darker ones were soon to follow. Still that sad and heavy breathing, as if life were unwilling to quit the strong heart. Towards midnight he passed his hand frequently across his eyes and head, as if to remove something obtruding his vision. A bitter expression for one instant crossed his face—the veil was being drawn down. A moment more, and as the clock chimed the hour of twelve, that heaving heart was still."

Not only must Wilson's life be read, but his works must be read in order that his genius and character may be appreciated. His life has yet to be written by a man. He was himself so thoroughly a man, in the best sense of the word, so much above the ordinary run of mortals, that many years will elapse before we can have a satisfactory 'life' of Wilson. Mrs. Gordon's memoir is very attractive, but she has left a wide field wholly untouched in her picture of Wilson's life.

God's Glory in the Heavens. By William Leitch, D.D., Principal and Primarius Professor of Theology, University of Queen's College, Kingston. London: Alex. Strahan & Co. Toronto: Rollo & Adam. 1863.

The author tells us that the object of this work is to present a survey of

recent astronomical discovery and speculation, in connexion with the religious questions to which they give rise. The first chapter is a description of 'a journey through Space,' and the vehicle which the author selects is a comet. He enters his cometary car at some point beyond the known confines of our solar system, and as Halley's comet makes an excursion three hundred million of miles beyond Neptune, there is no difficulty in getting far enough away from the sun. The speed of comets is thus familiarly described :— "Sometimes it moves so slowly, that a child might keep up with it ; at another, it speeds round with lightning velocity. It is like a coach going down a declivity without a drag. It increases its velocity till it comes to the bottom of the hill, and the momentum acquired carries it up the opposite side, till it gradually slackens and assumes a snail's pace. The comet approaching the sun is going down hill, and when it reaches the nearest point it wheels round, and then ascends till its speed is gradually arrested. It is reined in by the sun, from which there are invisible lines of force dragging it back ; and, if its momentum be not too great, it is effectually checked, and brought back to pursue its former course. Most frequently, however, its course is so impetuous that all the strength of the sun, in reining back, avails nothing. It breaks loose, like a fiery steed from its master ; speeds off into space, and is heard of no more."

"The Moon, is it inhabited ?" is followed by a very interesting chapter on "The Moon's invisible side." "Until lately, no conjecture could be formed of the state of things on the other side of the moon. It was regarded as one of those inscrutable mysteries which it would be folly to attempt to unveil. Human genius has triumphed over the difficulty, and has thrown a curious light on that which has hitherto been involved in deepest darkness. And, in such cases, one feels at a loss which to admire most—the wonders of God's works, or the genius with which He has endowed man to explore these works. It is to M. Hansen that the credit of the discovery is due. Mr. Airy, the Astronomer Royal, supplied him, no doubt, with the data, but the merit of the solution is all his own. The Astronomer Royal has, as it were, dug up from some Assyrian mound, a tablet with mystic cuneiform characters, and M. Hansen has supplied the key to the interpretation. The moon is so eagerly scrutinised at Greenwich, that any deviation from the prescribed path is soon detected. M. Hansen had already, on more than one occasion, vindicated the law of gravitation, by reducing unexplained lunar irregularities to its dominion. When again applied to, he set to work to discover the cause of the irregularity. The deviation was slight, but if the moon does not keep time to a very second, some explanation is required ; and, on this, as on all former occasions, M. Hansen was triumphant. He has given a most marvellous solution, but one in which all astronomers have acquiesced.

"The scientific statement of the solution is, that the moon's centre of gravity and her centre of figure are not coincident, the one being distant about 37 miles from the other. Most momentous results flow from this. The one hemisphere must be lighter than the other. This, indeed, is but another way of stating the discovery. The sphere of the moon may be re-

garded as made up of a light half and a heavy one—the lighter being always turned towards the earth.

“But how could such a strange discovery be made? It would not be easy to give a popular explanation of the mathematical process by which M. Hansen arrived at this result, but there is no difficulty in understanding the general principles on which it is founded. In discharging a ball from a gun, calculation can predict the trajectory it will describe. But if the ball is not equally dense on opposite sides, it will not pursue the same path it would do if homogeneous. Let us suppose, that while the ball is perfectly spherical, one half is iron and the other cork, the curve described will be different, both in range and form, from that which would be described by a ball equally dense throughout. Balls have been, indeed, purposely so cast, to increase the range—the sphere being hollow, but having one side thicker than the other. Given the difference of density, the curve can be laid down, and given the curve, the difference of density can be determined. This last case is that of the moon. It differs in no respect from a ball discharged from a gun, and, in examining the curve it describes, the conclusion is, that while she is quite or nearly spherical, the hemisphere, turned towards us, is lighter than the opposite one.

“But how does this tell on the question of inhabitants? The application is very direct and startling. Supposing the sphere of the moon originally covered with water, and enveloped in an atmosphere, both water and air would flow to the heavier side, and leave the lighter side destitute of both, just as water and air leave the summits of our mountains, and gravitate towards the valleys. They seek the lowest level, or, in other words, the point least distant from the centre of gravity.

“In the case of the moon, the side turned to us is virtually one enormous mountain, and the opposite side the corresponding valley. We could not expect to find traces of air on the summit of a terrestrial mountain 134 miles high. The conclusion, therefore, is, that though the near hemisphere is a lifeless desert, having neither water nor air to sustain life, the hidden hemisphere may have a teeming population, rejoicing in all the comforts and amenities of life. The imagination is set free to picture broad oceans, bearing on their bosom the commerce of this new world, rivers fertilising the valleys through which they flow, a luxuriant vegetation, and buildings of colossal size.

“This, however, only increases the mystery, and the longing to see farther round the limb of the moon. If there was mystery before, when life was not dreamt of, how much is that mystery increased, when we now know that there may be life—that there may be another world the counterpart of our own! Everything on this side of the moon, is fixed in the rigidity of death. No movement, indicating life or action, is observed. How different would be the other side, were we only permitted to obtain a glimpse! Its ever-changing atmosphere would be a source of continual interest. We could study its weather, as easily as our own; and, if the atmosphere was not too dense, we could watch the progress of agriculture, and the growth of cities. If it is a world of strife, we could distinguish, on the battle-field, the colour of the

uniforms of the opposing masses. All this could be accomplished by our present optical means; and, as our powers of vision increased, we could descend to the minuter details of life. We could readily conceive a code of signals by which telegraphic communication might be carried on between us and our lunar neighbours. The moon, however, sternly withholds from us her great secret, and for ever turns from us her hidden hemisphere."

The chapter on the discovery of the new planet Vulcan, contains a most interesting account of the patient but most striking labour of its discoverer, the village-doctor of Orgères, Lescarbault. In September, 1859, the celebrated Leverrier laid before the Academy of Science, the proofs which had led him to the conclusion that there must be a planet within the orbit of Mercury. He, at the same time, warned all observers to keep a sharp lookout upon the sun's disc, as the only hope of discovering it. In December, 1859, Leverrier received a letter from Lescarbault, announcing that he had, on the 26th March preceding, observed a small planet cross the disc of the sun. Leverrier lost no time in sifting this matter, and the following description of this investigation is given by Dr. Leitch.

"We shall follow the version of the Abbé Moigno, who heard Leverrier detail the incidents to a brilliant throng in the *salon* of his father-in-law, M. Choquet. It was on the 30th of September, that Leverrier started from Paris for the village of Orgères. He must have had a secret conviction that the story of the discovery might be true; but, to guard himself against the laugh of Paris, he went ostensibly for the purpose of punishing the impudent attempt to hoax so high an official as the Director of the Imperial Observatory. It was not probable that the discovery could be made by a man who was never heard of in science, and about whom no one knew anything. Besides, it was unlikely that a Frenchman would, for so many months, keep the secret to himself. If true to his national instinct, he would at once have proclaimed the discovery, and reaped the glory. These reasons weighed much; still the story *might* be true, and on this possibility he acted. To preserve his dignity, and to be a check on any bias he might feel, he took with him a M. Vallée, a civil engineer, who might witness the severity with which he would treat the culprit.

"They started by railway; but the station at which they stopped, was about twelve miles from Orgères. They had to trudge along this weary distance over a most miserable road. Foot-sore, and in no pleasant mood, Leverrier reached the village, and at once went up and knocked at the doctor's door. The door was opened by M. Lescarbault himself. The great man at once gave his name and titles, with an air that was meant to be very imposing. But we must now employ the very words of the Abbé Moigno. 'One would require to have seen M. Lescarbault, so simple, so modest, so timid, to comprehend the agitation with which he was seized, when the interrogator, drawing himself up to his full height, and with that *brusque* intonation, which he can assume when he pleases, said to him, with severe look, 'Is it you, sir, who pretend to have discovered the intra-Mercurial planet, and who have committed the grave offence of keeping your observation secret for nine months? I have to tell you, that I come with the intention of exposing your pretensions, and of demonstrating your great delusion, if not your dishonesty.

Tell me, at once, categorically, what you have seen? The lamb trembled all over at this rude summons of the lion; he tried to speak, but he only stammered out the following reply:—"At four o'clock, on the 26th of March last, faithful to my constant habit, I looked through my telescope, and observed the disc of the sun, when, all at once, I detected, near the eastern edge, a small black point, perfectly round, and sharply defined, passing across the disc, with a very sensible motion. It gradually, though quite perceptibly, increased its distance from the edge, but"—

"Let us leave the Abbé Moigno's account to pause on this *but*. How awkwardly and fatally are *buts* often interjected in the smooth current of life! How often, too, is the dignity of science offended, and its success marred by *contre-temps* so ludicrous, or so little, that a man would not do well to be angry at them. A whisk of Diamond's tail, in Newton's study, set his papers on fire, and destroyed the labours of many years. The great philosopher shewed an equanimity worthy of his fame, when his only remark on the catastrophe was, "O Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!" M. Lescarbault's *but* was nearly as fatal to the discovery he was on the brink of making. At the most interesting moment of the observation, a knock was heard on the counter of the laboratory below. He listened for a moment without moving. The knocking became more emphatic; it was a patient demanding medical relief. He would fain look on, and follow the dark spot rapidly travelling across the sun's disk. But it may not be. The call of duty must be obeyed; and no villager could say that the good doctor ever forgot his patients in his devotion to the stars. Fortunately, it was not a call to go abroad. A soothing draught was all that was needed. He scrupulously measured out the ingredients, corked and labelled the bottle; and not till then did the conscientious doctor feel at liberty to rush up to his little observatory, and eagerly apply his eye to the telescope. It is not too late; the strange planet is still upon the disc.

"He marked precisely the time when he saw it near the eastern edge. He must now carefully watch the moment when it leaves the disc. Having noted these times, and measured the size and position of the segment of the sun's disc cut off by the path of the planet, he has branded the object, so that it can ever afterwards be identified. Had he been only able to report that he had seen a black point, his observation would have been of little value, and no one would know where to look for it again. By simply ascertaining how long it took to cross an ascertained portion of the sun's disc, its distance from the sun and its period of revolution could at once be deduced, and thus the chief elements of identity would be determined. These essential points were not observed when the knock was heard, and we can well conceive the painful suspense of the observer, till his eye was once more applied to the tube.

"Let us now return to the cross questioning of the Imperial astronomer. In order to be convinced that the story is not a fabrication, he must have proof that the observer had proper instrumental means for making the observation. The astronomer must be so exact in his observation, that seconds and fractions of seconds must be taken into account. He must be able, for example, to tell the precise second when Vulcan, in his progress across the sun's disc, touches the border. He listens to the beats of a pendulum, counting them

all the time, and he must be able to note the second that coincides with the instant of contact; nay, more, it may happen that the contact takes place between two successive beats; and, in that case, he must be able to estimate to the tenth of a second. Leverrier interrogates, still maintaining the grand attitude of the lion, "Where is your chronometer, sir?" "My chronometer! I have only this minute watch, the faithful companion of all my professional visits." "What! with that old watch, marking only minutes, do you dare to speak of estimating seconds? I fear my suspicions are too well founded." The doctor shewed to his satisfaction how he accomplished the object. With the aid of a ball hung by a silk thread, and swinging seconds, combined with the counting of his pulse while observing, he attained the requisite accuracy. It is the mark of genius to obtain valuable results by imperfect instruments. We know what good service has been rendered to chemical science by blacking pots in the hands of a Priestly.

"The next point was the telescope. Was it good enough to see the small black point? Here Lescarbault spoke with more confidence. He had, after great privation and suffering, saved enough to buy a lens. The optician, seeing his enthusiasm and poverty, gave it cheap. He made the tube himself, and all the fittings necessary to mount it properly. He, then, went into some technical details, to explain how, by means of threads stretched across the focus of the telescope, he was able to measure distances on the sun's disc.

"Leverrier being thoroughly satisfied as to the means of making the observation, next turned to the observation itself. It might be, after all, a fabrication, such things being known in the history of astronomy. He, therefore, demanded the original jotting of the observation, to see if it tallied with the deduced statement. Lescarbault now got somewhat alarmed, as he was in the habit of burning the scraps of paper on which he had jotted down his observations, after he had fairly entered them. He, however, rummaged every corner, and at last found the scrap in his nautical almanac, serving as a book-mark. Leverrier seized it eagerly. It was a square powder-paper, which had seen some service in the shop, being spotted with grease and lutanum. An apparent discrepancy was at once detected. The figures did not quite coincide with the deduced observation which had been transmitted to him. Lescarbault met this difficulty with ease, as he shewed that, in the reduced observation, there was an allowance made for the clock error.

"He was next asked, if he had made any attempt to calculate the distance of the planet from the sun. His answer was that he was no mathematician, that he had been long trying to come to a definite result, and that one motive in delaying his discovery, was his wish to be able to announce the distance and the period of revolution, at the same time that he announced the discovery. "You must send me the rough draught of these calculations." "My rough draught! Your request embarrasses me much. Paper is a scarce article with me. I am somewhat of a carpenter as well as astronomer, and I make all my calculations in my workshop. I write with chalk upon the boards which I am using, and I have to plane the boards over again, when I wish to use the surface for new calculation. I fear that I have obliterated the calculations in question; but come and see." They descended to the ground-floor, and, happily, the calculations were still traceable. The car-

penter's board formed the climax of the investigation. Leverrier could no longer resist the evidence. "The time had now come," says the Abbé Moigno, "for the lion to soften down, and to give heart to the trembling lamb. Leverrier did this with perfect grace—with a dignity full of kindness. M. Lescarbault felt the blood rushing to his heart; he breathed with difficulty when the Director of the Imperial Observatory expressed his perfect satisfaction, and gave him the most cordial congratulations." Leverrier, as he meditated something generous, was anxious to obtain some information about the general character of the discoverer. He therefore called on the village authorities, who all united in describing him as a skilful and laborious practitioner, and a most benevolent and pious man. He lost no time in publishing the discovery to the world, and representing his claims to the Emperor. The result is, that the village-doctor is now decorated with the order of the Legion of Honour."

The chapter on Astronomy in America, proves that much has been done for this science in the United States, and all by private liberality. The civil war has arrested the progress of several observatories which gave promise of great things. But the recent work on Donati's Comet published at Cambridge, will be a lasting memorial of the peaceful progress of science amidst the distractions and turmoil of civil war. Dr. Leitch's book is illustrated with some of the most remarkable views of the moon, spiral nebulae, and other heavenly bodies. The style in which the work is written is very attractive, and as a popular exposition of the present condition of our knowledge of astronomy, it commends itself to the attentive perusal of all to whom God has given the power to appreciate 'His Glory in the Heavens.'

The Races of the Old World: A Manual of Ethnology. By Charles L. Brace.
New York: Charles Scribner; Toronto: Rollo & Adam.

The author of this volume has rendered good service, if to none others, at least to the student of history. In the present advanced state of science, it is impossible for any man, no matter how great his capacity may be, to attain to eminence in all branches of learning. He must, if he would rise above mediocrity, devote himself to one particular line of study, and sacrificing all else, keep to it. But it matters little to what he turns his attention; a difficulty meets him at the very outset. He finds that it is necessary to educate himself for the study he has selected, by gaining some familiarity with a multitude of other matters, all having more or less bearing upon the course of his enquiry, all contributing something to the composition of the matter whose elements he would understand. The farther he advances, the greater does the difficulty become, until he finds it impossible to examine everything himself. He cannot trace every stream to its source, he is compelled to receive the testimony of others who have devoted themselves to each particular branch. No matter how small the apparent area, first chosen, whether it be confined to a limited period of history, to a language, or to a race, it is not given to

any one man to be an "authority" upon all matters which may be traced into connection with it.

One of the most popular studies of the present day is history. The student in the course of his investigations finds that certain elements appear in the character of a people, which have gone far to make them what they now are, or what they once have been. He seeks to trace those elements to their source, and in so doing, soon arrives at a period where written records fail him. He may confine his further enquiries to the monuments his favourite race have left behind; he may endeavour to pierce the past by tracing the connections their laws and institutions had with those of other peoples, he may study the physical type they presented, or he may analyze their language and trace it upwards until it mingles with other tongues spoken by men, whose common origin would scarcely have been suspected, had not revelation proclaimed it. Should he decide upon the latter course he will find in the treatise of Mr. Brace, most material aid. It has been compiled professedly, "not so much for the learned, as for the large number of persons who are interested in the study of history * * * who desire to ascertain readily the position of a certain tribe or people among the races of man, or at least to know the latest conclusions of scholars in regard to them." In the task thus set forth, he has most completely succeeded. Believing that language is the best mark of race, he has adopted it as his guide. He has traced out the main conclusions to be derived from it, and has brought to the support of these conclusions the testimony of thinkers, each of whom in his own separate sphere, has thrown so much light, of late years, upon the workings of nature in the world, and especially upon her dealings with mankind. The labour has been great, involving an immense amount of reading, which only those who have endeavoured to collate the multitudinous authorities consulted, can appreciate. It has been brought down to the latest period, involving quotations even from the most recent works of Sir Charles Lyell, and Professor Daniel Wilson.

We do not claim for the treatise, neither would Mr. Brace claim for it, much originality. It is a compilation possessing little thought beyond that by which the testimony of different writers has been brought to bear upon the successive questions dealt with. It would perhaps have been better, if in more of those portions which are original Mr. Brace had allowed his American nationality to "stick" out less prominently.

We have not space for a detailed criticism, but must just allude to one point made by the author. At page 388 he says:—"The Roman blood has had little influence on the English race, and although the Keltic has had vastly more power and has mingled to a much greater extent than many warm Anglo-Saxons would have us believe, still the two races and languages never seem to have united closely on English soil." We will not perplex ourselves with an enquiry into the composition of the Roman legions who invaded Britain, and who settled there, but we remark that the only way in which the Anglo-Saxons could have inherited through them, was through the Kelts. The question then remains, to what extent did the Anglo-Saxons inherit from the latter.—The proposition involved in the language used by Mr. Brace is indefinite, we grant. It may mean very little or very much, according to the taste of the

reader, but in support of it, he quotes seven words in English use, to which Mr. Donaldson ascribes a Keltic origin. It is to be doubted, however, with respect to some of these, whether this really be the case. Excluding the termination to names of places which indicate a Keltic origin—but which are no more proof of Keltic blood existing in the people than are the Indian names in Canada proof that Canadians amalgamated with the aborigines—there are according to Mr. Garnett only thirty-two Keltic words in the English language. Even if all the words be added to those about which there may be reasonable controversy, the total number will not be more than forty. For this and other reasons; not in the face of them as Mr. Brace appears to insinuate; Mr. Marsh—than whom no higher authority can be quoted—says that the English language is indebted to the Keltic “far less than to any other tongues with which the Anglo-Saxon race has ever been brought widely into contact,” while “it is very certain the few we have derived from the distant Arabic, are infinitely more closely connected with us than the somewhat greater number which we take from the contiguous Keltic.”

The work winds up with dissertations upon the antiquity and origin of man, the author coming to the bold, unproven and unorthodox conclusion that the human race has existed upon this earth “for many hundreds of thousands of years before any of the received dates of the creation,” but inclining, nevertheless to the belief that it is the product of one common pair. The subject is presented in language, free to a great extent from those obtruse technicalities, which in others of a similar kind, embarrass to so great an extent the general reader.

Marian Grey, or the Heiress of Redstone Hall. By Mrs. Mary Holmes. Carleton, New York. 1863.

This is a singularly romantic tale, which may be interesting to those who are fond of the marvellous. We shall endeavour to give an analysis of the plot:—The heroine, Marian Lindsay, is a ward of Colonel Raymond, a wealthy landholder in Kentucky, she having been left to his care by her father, who died on the voyage from England. Colonel Raymond, a fellow passenger, soothed his dying moments, and promised to be a father to his little girl. Mr. Lindsay was a miser, and though apparently poor, had amassed great wealth. This Colonel Raymond received as well as the child, and on his arrival in America, appropriated it to his own use, by purchasing and improving the estate of Redstone Hall, in Kentucky, relieving his conscience by thinking he was doing his duty to Marian in treating her with a father's love. When he felt his end approaching, he was much troubled, and wished his son Frederic, a fashionable, handsome young man, to marry her, and thus restore her fortune and save his father's name from disgrace. Frederic, unaware of his father's motive, and being much enamoured of his cousin Isabel Huntington, a beautiful girl with whose mother he boarded, objects to marrying Marian, who is then a rather plain, shy, red haired girl of 15. However, his father on his death bed, overrules his scruples, and he promises to

try her if she consents, which she does, not knowing that she is the heiress of Redstone Hall. Shortly after Col. Raymond's death the marriage takes place. The same evening Marian reads one of two letters, written by Col. Raymond to each in case of his not seeing Frederic before his death, stating his wishes and his reasons for them. The letters are undirected; she reads the wrong one, and discovers that Frederic regards her with indifference and the thoughts of his marriage with aversion. That night she leaves her home writing to Frederic that she has discovered all, and begging him to keep the property; enclosing an affectionate farewell to a sweet little blind orphan cousin living with them, to whom she is much attached. She goes to New York and is kindly received by Mrs. Burt, formerly Col. Raymond's house-keeper, and her son Ben, after some trouble and great good luck in finding them. Marian accidentally leaves her gloves and handkerchief at the river side, near Redstone Hall, and the impression with all but little Alice is that she is married. Frederic is very unhappy, and feels her loss much. Soon Mrs. Huntington and her daughter come to visit him, and they remain, one as house-keeper, the other as the governess of little Alice. After a while, Marian, anxious to hear of her husband, to whom she is much attached, writes to him. Isabel, who is as unprincipled as beautiful, receives the letter and returns it unopened, with "Isabel Huntington is Mistress of Redstone Hall," on the outside, in a good imitation of Frederic's handwriting. This brings on a severe illness on Marian, who is obliged to have her obnoxious husband removed. Her amiable character and sorrow so excites the pity of Ben Burt, that he goes as a pedlar to Kentucky, and finds that all remember Marian with love, and with the exception of Alice, think her dead. So, that Isabel is only the governess, though using every art to become Frederic's wife. Once or twice when she has nearly succeeded, Alice, like a radiant angel, urges the idea on Frederic that Marian is not dead. He at last requests to go to New York, and is ill there. Mrs. Burt manages to be engaged as sick nurse. Marian assists her, and is with him only while he is delirious. He goes home impressed with the idea that he has found Marian, though he could not find her whereabouts. Getting low spirited he leaves Kentucky, and goes to an estate on the Hudson. Isabel being unsuccessful in her plans leaves; another governess is wanted. Marian, who during the intervening time has improved in person, her red hair having become a beautiful auburn, and her excellent abilities having received the best cultivation through the exertions of the honest Ben Burt, wishes to go again. Another has forestalled her who fills the situation for some time. Marian, under the assumed name of Grey, undertakes the charge of her dying and dearly loved Alice, who is the only person, with the exception of one of the negroes and the old house dog, who seems to trace a resemblance to the plain, simple Marian Raymond, and the beautiful, accomplished Marian Grey. Ere long the object of her *incognito* is gained. Frederick falls deeply in love with her, and seeing that she reciprocates the feeling, as a matter of duty writes to her that they must part. She resists and will know his name, then follows the denouement. Little Alice tells him that Marian Grey and Marian Raymond are one, and all ends brightly and blissfully.

Chemistry. By William Thomas Brande, D.C.L., of Her Majesty's Mint; and Alfred Swaine Taylor, M.D. Blanchard and Lea, Philadelphia; Rollo and Adam, Toronto. Roy. Oc. pp. 696. 1863.

The American Edition of this excellent work brings it within the reach of students of Chemistry in the United States and Canada. As a manual of Chemistry it is unsurpassed, and for some years to come it will occupy a prominent place as a guide for advanced students and for practical chemists. The preparation and properties of different substances both elementary and compound are given with great exactness and minutiae although no diagrams or pictorial illustrations are used in the work. The chemical relations are exhibited by means of equations in the text so that no space is lost. As an instance of the minuteness with which the physical properties of bodies are described we may mention "ice." The contraction of this substance by diminution of temperature gives rise to many important phenomena in our climate; and we are told that the contraction of ice by diminution of temperature exceeds that of any other solid; its density at 32° being 0,918 at 18° it is 0,919 and at 0°, 0,929. The metals Cesium and Rubidium are grouped and described with Lithium, and Thallium is noticed at the close of the inorganic part, on page 495 and not 498 as stated in the index. Spectrum analysis also takes its place among the recent improved methods of investigation. In a note to the preface the authors state that the limits of the work have not allowed them to occupy space with a separate essay on physics, yet we find that the most important relations of bodies to heat, light, electricity, and magnetism have been well described in the first 70 pages of the work. Under the head of Matter and its Properties, Dimorphism, Isomorphism, Chemical affinity, Solution, &c., &c., many interesting and valuable facts are mentioned which do not usually appear in works of this character.

The detection of poisons, minutely described, is a valuable recommendation to the medical student.

Great credit is due to the enterprising publishers for having so speedily presented this admirable work to the students of Chemistry in America.

Eighty Years' Progress of British North America. By H. Y. Hind, M.A., F.R.G.S.; T. C. Kesfer, C.E.; J. G. Hodgins, LL.B., F.R.G.S.; Charles Robb, Min. Eng.; H. M. P. Perley, Esq., and Rev. William Murray. Illustrated; Oc., pp. 776. Toronto: L. Stebbins.

This work will receive a more extended notice in a subsequent number of the *Magazine*. It has not yet, we understand, assumed the form in which it will be presented to subscribers generally. Among the alterations will be the taking out of one or two engravings inserted by the publisher, to which the authors of articles they are intended to illustrate decidedly object. The picture entitled "The Aborigines," illustrating the article on the North-West Territory, created a considerable amount of astonishment in the mind of the author, whose experience among "the aborigines" immediately suggested the idea, that the artist employed by the publisher must have sought his model from among the imaginary characters of Cooper's novels, rather than in the forests and prairies of Canada or the United States.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLIES.*

LONDON QUARTERLY.—APRIL, 1863.

*"Industrial Resources of British India."**"Port Sumpter to Fredericksburgh."*—Our readers are familiar with all the events described in this article.*"History of Cyclopædia."*

"The Salmon Question."—Here we have an article on a subject of very great interest to Canadians. Few countries possess such magnificent salmon fisheries as Canada; and although immense damage has been done to them, yet by proper artifices and wise regulations, strictly kept, they may yet become a source of immense annual revenue to the country. The salmon fisheries in Ireland alone were once worth £300,000 sterling per annum; now they are scarcely worth £10,000. The natural and commercial history of this fish are so interwoven that it is difficult to separate them. Parr are the young of salmon, and they used to be slaughtered by millions when they were thought to be a distinct species. The grilse is a virgin salmon. This fish, in the several stages of its growth, is known by the names of the parr, the smolt, the grilse, and the salmon. In addition to legislation on the preservation of salmon, the introduction of pisciculture is strongly recommended. The French people has recreated their fisheries—why should not we do it?

"Biblical Criticism—Colenso and Davidson."—The judgment of upright and honourable minds would preclude the Bishop of Natal from ministering in the church, unless his opinions should undergo a change. His withdrawal might perhaps be only for a season—that he might be received for ever—and unspeakable would be the blessing to him if he returned a wiser and an humbler man, taught by reflection to know the wretched shallowness of his present views. For the present he can only be regarded as one eminently lacking wisdom and knowledge; one whom no formularies can bind, and in whose sight the most solemn vows may be broken with impunity.

*"Poland."**"Sensation Papers."**"Kinglake's Crimea."*

Important private and official materials have been largely applied by Mr. Kinglake for the purposes of a violent partisan, and not for the object of writing a lasting and truthful history. Whether as inflicting unnecessary pain upon the living, or as wantonly damaging the reputation of the dead—whether as injurious to the fame of English literature, or as hurtful to the national character—the reviewer feels himself compelled to coincide in the verdict that has been almost unanimously pronounced upon Mr. Kinglake's work—that it is in every sense of the word "a mischievous book."

* The American reprints of the British Quarterlies, together with *Blackwood's Magazine*, can be procured from Messrs. Bello & Adam, Toronto.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW.—MAY, 1863.

*"Disintegration of Empires."**"Danish Literature, Past and Present."**"Kingleake's Invasion of the Crimea."*

"Vegetable Epidemics."—The remarks of the reviewer on the potato disease, are so interesting and instructive that we shall give them in full :—
 "One of the most remarkable epidemics connected with fungi is the potato disease. All at once, in the years 1845 and 1846, this valuable esculent was attacked with an epidemic which spread over the greater part of Europe. The theory, however, most generally adopted among the best authorities at present is, that an improper system of cultivation carried on for many generations has gradually induced changes in the cells of the plant, rendering it peculiarly liable to disease, while a parasitic fungus is present, accelerating the morbid action, and causing it to assume a peculiar form. That a predisposition to disease existed in the potato before the outbreak of the epidemic, is pretty generally admitted. We have every reason to believe that the plant has progressively deteriorated and become weakened in constitution ever since its introduction to Europe. In proof of this, we need only appeal to the experience and observation of every farmer for the last fifty years. During this period, the partial failure of sets when planted, the increased tendency to decay in the pits, the exceeding rarity of blossoms and fruit, are all indisputable evidences of the degenerate condition of the plant; the same symptoms having been observed in every country where it is cultivated, under every variety of conditions and circumstances, from the Arctic zone to the tropics, and from the sea-shore to the mountain plateau. This inherent weakness is the accumulative result of several adverse influences operating through successive generations. One cause is especially notorious. It is a law of nature that no plant can be propagated indefinitely by any other agency than that of seed. Plants can be reproduced to an incalculable extent by cuttings; but ultimately the power to reproduce in this manner becomes exhausted. The perennial plant puts forth phyton after phyton, but the seed is necessary to its perpetuation. Numerous lower animals are also reproduced to a vast extent by segmentation or allied processes, but ultimately a recurrence to sexual admixture becomes necessary for the perpetuation of the species. Now, the tubers of the potato are merely underground stems, wisely provided by nature as a supplementary mode of reproduction to insure the propagation of the plant, if unfavourable circumstances should prevent the development of the ordinary blossoms and apples. This mode will prove effective for a time, and it is one which, from the very nature of the case, will bear any kind of rough treatment; but recourse must be had in the end to the more natural and primary method, to save the plant from degenerating and becoming extinct. We have been trying, on the contrary (as it has been well put by one author on the subject), with a marvellous perversity, to make individual varieties cultivated in this abnormal manner live for ever, while nature intended them to live only for a time, and then from parents feeble and old we have vainly expected offspring hardy and strong. By these mal-practices we have gradually reduced the constitution

of successive generations and varieties of the potato, and at the same time gradually increased the activity and power of these morbid agencies provided by nature for ridding the earth of feeble and degenerate organisms, and admonishing and punishing those who violate her immutable laws.

The parasitic fungus attending and accelerating the epidemic of 1845 and 1846, is the *Botrytis infestans*, consisting of a number of interwoven cottony threads or filaments, producing upright branched stalks bearing the seeds in oval cases. It first attacks the leaves, entering by the stomata or breathing pores, and covering them with brown blotches, as if they had been burnt by the action of sulphuric or nitric acid, and running its course in a few hours ; so that the period for examination of the leaves is often passed over. It speedily spreads from the leaves to the tubers, penetrating them with its spawn and completely destroying them. The decay of the tubers, however, is often caused, not by the presence of the parasite in them, but by its action on the leaves preventing the elaboration of sap, and obstructing the admission of air and transpired fluids, until by this means the stem is overcharged with moisture and ultimately rots ; thus depriving the half-ripe tubers of the necessary nutriment. The potato-botrytis belongs to a large genus of very destructive fungi, affecting most of our vegetables and fruits ; but as a species it is a comparatively recent introduction. Facts derived from numerous sources, lead to the conclusion that it did not exist in this country previous to the autumn of 1844. All the naturalists who examined it then, declared it to be quite new to them. It is considered by the most eminent botanists to be of American origin, peculiar to the potato, and accompanying it wherever it grows wild in its native country, as the smut accompanies the corn in this. From South America it was first brought to St. Helena by the north-east trade winds, which bring from the same continent those singular red dust clouds, which the microscope of Ehrenberg found to be composed of vegetable organisms, and which have served in an extraordinary manner as tallies upon the viewless winds, indicating with the utmost certainty the course of their currents, however complex. St. Helena lies in the same latitude with Peru, and is nearer the native habitat of the potato than any other country in which the disease has been subsequently experienced. In this island, finding the conditions of moisture and temperature favourable to its development, it increased with amazing rapidity, loading the air with myriads of its impalpable seeds. Thence it seems to have been carried by the winds to Madeira and North America ; and so has progressed from country to country, gaining new accessions of strength and numbers from every field, speedily making its dread presence known wherever it alighted. It reached England in the autumn of 1844, and seems at first to have been confined exclusively to the south-western districts. From Kent it travelled west and north, halting midway in the south of Scotland ; so that the crops in the Highlands were that year free from the pest. The whole of Ireland was devastated, and the fearful consequences of the visit of the epidemic to that unhappy country are yet fresh in the recollection of all : the hundreds of thousands reduced to the most abject poverty, dying of starvation in their houses and by the waysides ; and the hundreds of thousands more compelled to emigrate, in order to obtain the simple necessities of life. In 1846, it proceeded through-

out the north of Scotland, where its effects in certain districts were scarcely less disastrous; thence on to the Shetland and Faroe islands, and to northern latitudes, as far as the limits of the cultivation of the potato in that direction extended. On the Continent, it has been observed to progress in a similar manner; its geographical limits, as well as its intensity, becoming more extended and marked with each succeeding year. It is extremely interesting to trace the distribution of the epidemic from its original source in the mountains of South America, to the various European countries over which it passed, as it affords a clear and convincing proof of its vegetable nature; this distribution, as we have seen, being gradual and progressive, not capricious and accidental, but spreading from place to place in obedience to certain well-known laws of climate, proximity and currents of air—exactly in the manner in which we should have anticipated. Why the fungus should have been introduced in 1845, and not in previous years, and why it should then all at once have acquired such fearful power, we cannot positively tell,—no more than we can tell why the memorable plague of London, or these deadly pestilences which swept over Europe, decimating the inhabitants, should have sprung up so suddenly and unexpectedly as they did. All the circumstantial predisposing causes are unknown; but it may be safely asserted, that the potato in 1845—deteriorated for generations, as we have seen it to be—had passed that limit of endurance which sooner or later will occur in the constitution of every plant cultivated in the same abnormal manner, so that it possessed no strength to resist the attack of the fungi which came in such immense numbers, armed with such formidable powers of destruction, and peculiarly favoured by the great excess of moisture, sudden variations of temperature, and great electrical vicissitudes which then prevailed. All the oldest varieties, worn out and enfeebled, perished at once, and they are now extirpated,—a red Irish potato, once the sole variety cultivated, being now one of the greatest rarities; while the newer kinds raised from seed have been able to struggle on ever since, offering some show of resistance to the enemy, though every year threatening to succumb, and leave us altogether without this valuable article of food, unless we arrest the calamity by a timely rearing of new plants from seed, obtained, not from any varieties existing in this country—which would infallibly inherit their parents' weakness of constitution and predisposition to disease—but fresh from the genuinely wild potato on the South American hills. This is the only effectual and lasting cure. It is to be feared, however,—as such a method will necessarily involve considerable sacrifices, and the exercise of patience for some years, till the wild potato has reached a remunerative size, and acquired a palatable taste,—that it will not be generally adopted, at least until matters are much worse than they are at present."

"*Hill Tribes in India.*"

"*Modern Preaching.*"

"*M. Saisset and Spinoza.*"

"*British Intervention in Foreign Struggles.*"—In America, the loss of a white man is being paid down for that of every black man who has perished by the lash or disease in the cotton lands or the cotton swamps, and the wailing of a white mother or wife rises to expiate the agony of every severed

domestic tie of the unregarded slave. Yet out of all evil springs good at last, and, terminate how the contest will, the end of slavery is inevitably come. Alone, this mighty event would stamp our age as an epoch in the world. But it is not alone. It is consentaneous with the advancing knowledge of God in all the world, with the new deference to divine law among the people, with the clearer working of the Spirit in the hearts of mankind. Shall we not give it free course?"

EDINBURGH REVIEW.—APRIL, 1863.

"*Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea.*" This remarkable book exhibits the actors in the greatest political transactions, and the grandest military enterprise in which the men of our time have been engaged, stripped of all disguise and dissected to the quick. The passion of political life is thrown into the historical narrative, and although the uninviting narrative of dead diplomatic negotiations has been rendered attractive to fascination, and a romantic glow thrown over patrons and clients, yet the narrative itself is intemperate, discourteous, and injurious to the relations between two great nations.

"*Worley's Translation of the Odyssey.*"

"*Tithe Impropropriation.*"

"*Simancas Records of the Reign of Henry VII.*" The practice of the Court of Spain, under Ferdinand and Isabella, was to keep their State papers in chests scattered about all parts of their wide dominions. Charles V., in 1543, selected Simancas as the great general receptacle of the scattered muniments of the kingdom. Philip II. enormously increased the collection, so that the archives at present contain about ten million documents: of these some fifty thousand relate to the affairs of England. All access to this extraordinary depository was most jealously prohibited by the crown of Spain down to a very recent period. Access to the papers is, however, now granted by the Spanish authorities on liberal terms, for the purpose of literary and historical research. The papers which have been already made public do not tend to inspire respect for the morality of the reign of Henry VII.

"*The Black Country*" is the title of a paper on the mines and miners of England, and the term is popularly applied to those portions of the Midland district, from which verdure has retreated before the encroachment of the manufacturer.

"*India under Lord Canning.*"

"*Sir Rutherford Alcock's Japan.*" "Japan is essentially a country of anomalies, where all—even familiar things—put on new faces, and are curiously reversed. Except that the Japanese do not walk on their heads instead of their feet, there are few things in which they do not seem, by some occult law, to have been impelled in a perfectly opposite direction and a reversed order. They write from top to bottom, from right to left, in perpendicular instead of horizontal lines; and their books begin where ours end, thus furnishing good examples of the curious perfection this rule of contraries has attained. Their locks, though imitated from Europe, are all made to lock by

turning the key from left to right. The course of all sublunary things appears reversed. Their day is, for the most part, our night; and this principle of antagonism crops out in the most unexpected and *bizarre* way in all their moral being, customs, and habits. The old men fly kites while the children look on; the carpenter uses his plane by drawing it to him, and their tailors stitch *from* them; they mount their horses from the off-side—the horses stand in the stables with their heads where we place their tails, and the bells to their harness are always on the hind quarters instead of the front; ladies black their teeth instead of keeping them white, and their anti-crinoline tendencies are carried to the point of seriously interfering not only with grace of movement but with all locomotion, so tightly are the lower limbs, from the waist downwards, girt round with their garments;—and, finally, the utter confusion of sexes in the public bath-houses, making that correct, which we in the West deem so shocking and improper, I leave as I find it—a problem to solve. (Vol. i. p. 414.)

"This catalogue of contradictions might be greatly extended. With an enormous population to feed, and a high degree of agricultural industry, the land produces nothing but rice, corn, and vegetables; no cattle are kept, and no sheep or goats, consequently pastures and dairy produce are unknown. At Yokohama no chickens could be obtained for the table, though there are plenty of eggs. Grapes are grown, but the vintage is made into spirit, not into wine. Such is the ingenuity of this people that Japanese workmen constructed and worked in a boat a steam-engine with tubular boilers from Dutch plans, long before any American or European steamers had ever appeared in Japanese waters. In spite of the general use of the bath, which gave them at first the character of a cleanly people, it now appears that it is difficult to obtain the services of a Japanese attendant not infected with the itch, and that if they wash their bodies they neglect their clothes. Sir Rutherford assures us they have the finest macadamised roads in the world—the Tocado is a grand imperial route connecting Miaco with Jeddo and the consular post of Kanagawa; yet wheeled carriages are not used, and a day's journey at the usual rate of travelling is seventeen miles. The Mikado is said to be drawn by oxen—other persons ride or are carried by bearers. Mr. Oliphant told us that the first mission never encountered a drunken man; it now appears that the Japanese are as much given to drunkenness as any of the northern races of Europe, as quarrelsome as the worst, and far more dangerous in their cups. In Europe the Moxa is regarded as an extreme application, but every Japanese has it in his own hands as a household remedy; the cauterising tinder is made from the pith of a tree, put up into neat little squares for use; and it is even applied to new-born infants and women in childbirth—'three cones on the little toe of the right foot to facilitate delivery.' The flowers of Japan are without scent. The music of the Japanese is horrible, and there is but one species of singing-bird known in the country; as if the 'stratagems and crimes' of the Daimios has extinguished the divine art. *En revanche*, the Japanese have carried the art of spinning tops to the highest perfection.

"The tops are of great variety, both in size and construction,—the largest or father of all the tops being more than a foot in diameter, and propor-

tionately heavy—and while some are like this solid, others of the smaller ones contain in their cavities a whole progeny of little ones, which fly out en-raising the top, and figure away like the parent; others again pull out into a ladder or spiral of successive tops; a third draws up into a lantern, and spins cheerily in that form. The most remarkable fact connected with some, seems to be the marvellous persistence of the gyratory motion once communicated. This I thought at first might perhaps be in consequence of the form, which is a horizontal section of a cylinder, instead of being conical, as are those of Europe, with a thin iron rod passing through, forming a handle, a spindle, and a peg, each answering equally well for any of the three. But I afterwards ascertained that it was a top within a top. . . .

"I cannot pretend to describe half the performances, which extended over nearly three hours. One of the most frequent, as well as the most curious, was their mode of throwing even very large tops, as the New Zealanders throw the boomerang, so that while it appears to be going straight at the head of one of the spectators, it inevitably is brought back to the hand of the thrower, who catches it on his palm. It is a marvel to me, especially with some of the heavier, that the iron peg does not bore a hole in their hands. When thus caught, they take it by the spindle, apparently stop it, set it down, and it immediately recommences; turn it upside down, and it goes on just as merrily on its iron spiked head—they will balance it on any kind of surface, round or flat—on the edge of a fan—along a thin cord—and even on the edge of the sharpest Japanese sword—and after several minutes of such perpetual gyration, with intervals of apparent arrest in being transferred from one object to the other, it is thrown carelessly down on the table, and still continues spinning gaily, as if quite unexhausted, and inexhaustible.

"One of the most delicate of the performances consisted in making a top spin in the left hand, run up the arm, round the edge of the robe at the back of the neck, and down the other arm into the palm of the right hand, still spinning. Another, again, was to toss a spinning top into the air and catch it on the hem of the alleeve, without letting it fall. A third was to fling it high in the air, and catch it on the bowl or the angle of a Japanese pipe, pass it behind the back, flinging it to the front, and there catching it again. Finally, one of the larger and heavier tops was given its gyratory motion by simply rolling the peg in the bite of a cord, one end being held in each hand, then flung some ten or twenty feet in the air, and caught, as it fell, with the same cord, spinning always, and this six, eight, and ten times in succession. The last grand display, which consisted in sending a top spinning up a rope to the head of a mast, was unavoidably postponed, the rain having drenched the cord, and rendered it impossible; but I have seen it since performed in the streets.

"Certainly, I never saw a more perfect display of wonderful tact and dexterity, and there is evidently a great amount of humour and *vis comica* in the Japanese character, which tends to make all these exhibitions doubly amusing." (Vol. ii. p. 319.)

Professor Huxley on Man's Place in Nature."

"Austrian Constitutionalism,"

"The Reformation Arrested." This article is another apology for Bishop Colenso, and treats of part II. of "The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua."—The character of the defence set up for the Bishop may be gleaned from the following passage: "When this unshrinking and avowed willingness to follow the indications of truth, draws upon him violent animosity from the real clerical party, and from hypocritical churchmen; but gains for him *warm applause from millions* outside; we find herein a signal mark of the gulf which has opened between the intelligent part of the nation and the church, which calls itself national. In the nation is truthfulness, in the church a dread of the light." So says the defender of Bishop Colenso; intelligent christians will reverse his conclusions.

"Resources of India." India has already 1608 miles of railway completed, 700 hundred miles are in an advanced state, and the cost of conveying cotton to market will soon be reduced from 3½ to 1½ per ton per mile over a large area. The growth of cotton is likely to spread in every direction. The finances are in a hopeful condition, and the future of India is most promising.—Of late years India has been steadily draining Europe of silver bullion at the rate of £10,000,000 a year.

"The Jews of Western Europe." This paper embodies a very interesting history of this extraordinary people. It is a review of four works on Jewish History and Literature, published in the French, German and English language.

"Lady Morgan."

"Truth versus Edification." Another article in favor of Bishop Colenso's views. The writer says: "we have spoken plainly, broadly, and as many will say, shockingly, &c." We are of the number who say "*shockingly*."

"The Antiquity of Man."

THE BRITISH MONTHLIES.*

BLACKWOOD.—APRIL AND MAY.

"Sensation. Diplomacy in Japan."—The Japanese are now attracting much attention from Europeans. Their mode of government, their customs, and their religion, is only just beginning to be understood. On page 323, some of the characteristics of this extraordinary people are described.

"Sir James Graham."—Admirers of this distinguished statesman could scarcely expect to find a flattering notice of his life and works in *Blackwood*.

* THE BRITISH MONTHLIES, including *Blackwood* (American reprint), *Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, *The St. James' Magazine*, *Good Words*, *London Society*, *The Churchman's Magazine*, *The Exchange*, &c., &c., can be procured each month at Messrs. Rolfe & Adam's Toronto.

He is described as possessing some of the qualities which contribute to build up greatness—patient of labour, careful in coming to conclusions, not at all scrupulous in changing or retaining his opinions, and a first rate administrator. No touch of genius about him, nor a shade of originality, but with much moral timidity. Such a man was not fit to lead.

"The Inexhaustible Capital."—A critique on Roba di Roma, by William W. Story.

"The Yeang-tai Mountains," and *"Spirit-Writing in China."*—A description of a portion of China lying to the west of the Estuary of the Canton River. The country is magnificent, but the inhabitants are in a deplorable condition, and travelling is very unsafe. Buddhist temples and monasteries are thickly scattered over the country, but the priests have a bad name. Murders are rife, and order and law appear to belong to the past in distracted and rebellious China.

"Caxtoniana: A Series of Essays on Life, Literature and Manners."—"On Self-Control,—The Modern Misanthrope; On certain Principles of Art in Works of Imagination."

"The Life of General Sir Howard Douglas, Bart."—The names of Sir Howard Douglas, and his father, Sir Charles Douglas, are intimately associated with British American history. Charles Douglas, when Arnold and Montgomery besieged Quebec, forced his squadron through the ice of the St. Lawrence, and relieved the place. He constructed a flotilla, and swept the Canadian lakes of the enemy's gun-boats. Howard Douglas was the eldest son of Sir Charles. In 1795, after completing his college course, he received a lieutenant's commission. From 1804 up to 1814, Douglas was connected with the educational department of the army, in which he rendered highly important services. He subsequently took an active part in the Spanish war under Lord Wellington. In 1824, when already promoted to the rank of Major-General, he was appointed to the governorship of New Brunswick, and placed in command of the troops stationed there, in Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Bermuda. During his administration, one of those extraordinary bush fires occurred which are only known in America. The summer had been unusually dry, and the third of a succession of such, and frightful fires devastated forests, country villages, and towns. The boundary line between British America and the United States occupied a considerable portion of Sir Howard Douglas's time. He was requested by the British Government to go to Europe and watch proceedings, pending the solution of the question, the King of Netherlands having been appointed arbitrator. The King's decision gave little satisfaction to either party, and America failed to get all she coveted. "It remained for her, by sharp practice at a further period, to gain her end; and for England, under the management of Lord Ashburton and Sir Robert Peel, to be made a fool of."

In 1828, or more than thirty years before the civil war, he foretold events in the United States themselves, which have since come to pass.

The people of New Brunswick marked the efforts made by Sir Howard Douglas to prevent the equalising of the duties on foreign and colonial timber, by presenting him with a magnificent service of plate. In 1835, he

was appointed High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands. He died a very old man, honoured and esteemed.

"Italian Brigandage."

"Ludwig Uhland."—Since the death of Goethe, the Laureate of Germany. He was born in 1787, and died at the close of 1862.

"My Investment in the Far West."—A very amusing story, well told, and, unfortunately, too true. The investment is "the Nauvoo and Nebraska Railway."

"American State Papers."—This is a most pungent and severe critique on these documents. Most people are aware that the atmosphere through which American politicians must pass before they can attain to eminence, is more likely to develop in them the wisdom of the serpent than the guilelessness of the dove. The principal agent in the pious attempt to inculcate mankind with virtuous principles, is Mr. W. H. Seward. The manner in which Mr. Seward's musings and lucubrations are disturbed by Confederate cannon, a distracted President, a desperate War Secretary, is uncommonly well told. One would suppose that Mr. Kinglake had a hand in the cold and bitter irony with which parallel passages of Mr. W. H. Seward's despatches are presented to the readers of *Blackwood*. The climax is perhaps the extract from the despatch dated 10th July, 1862. It runs as follows:—
"The reduction of Vicksburg, the possession of Chattanooga, and the capture of Richmond, would close the civil war with complete success. All those three enterprises are going forward. The two former will, we think, be effected within the next ten days." Poor Mr. Seward! It is now nearly a year since he predicted Vicksburg would be taken in ten days—Richmond taken, too, and the war closed! The writer in *Blackwood* says:—"Compared with these prophecies, the ravings of Mother Shipton become reputable oracles."

"The Budget."

TEMPLE BAR.—APRIL AND MAY.

"John Marchmont's Legacy" is continued.

"Poland." The extraordinary success of the Poles in withstanding the gigantic efforts of Russia to crush the rebellion is mainly attributable to the remarkable secret organization which exists among them, for the purpose of ultimately securing their independence, and retaining their nationality.

"The organization of this powerful and invisible League is based upon the system of decades, every ten members forming a separate division, presided over by the Tenth man. The latter is appointed by the Centurion, or hundredth man, and confirmed by the leader of the district. If he act contrary to orders, or fail to accommodate himself in every respect to the party-programme, complaint is preferred by the Centurion, and sentence of removal pronounced by the local chief. While in office, the Tenth receives orders from the Centurion, who is the only member of the society known to him beyond the members of his own decade. To him he is also bound to report, as frequently as possible, upon the state of his company, and communicate the information furnished by its members. The Tenth is obliged to watch the conduct of the

after, to communicate orders from above, and to prevent any deviation from the strict line of the programme. Nobody is received into the society except upon the recommendation and guarantee of a member of some standing ; and in selecting new members honesty and enthusiasm for the common cause are the only necessary qualities. The promise that they will obey orders and keep the secrets, whether at large or in prison, is the only rite exacted, the taking the oaths being reserved for extraordinary cases and immediately on the eve of rebellion.

"Each member of the decade guaranteeing the submission of his new subordinates is allowed to collect a decade of his own, and become a Tenth himself. In like manner a Tenth may obtain promotion to the rank of Centurion. The chief of the district, or, more correctly, the chief of ten Centurions, is appointed by the "town committee," or directing body established in all the larger cities of the kingdom. Over the town committees are installed a number of provincial committees, deriving both authority and orders from the central committee in the capital. It is the duty of the districtual leader to make a daily report to the "town committee," the orders of the latter being communicated to him by means of a single agent, whilst all intercourse is strictly limited to conversation, or a complicated system of ciphers. In some cases several districts may be united into a department under the direction of a special committee, when the latter is made dependent upon the town committee nearest to it. The upper bodies, though consisting of several persons, are strictly holden to carry on their intercourse with the inferior and superior bodies by the agency of a single person only. Every member of a decade, and the society at large, is obliged to pay implicit obedience to orders from above ; to assist, serve, and advise in every emergency the other members of the League ; to carry on the propaganda among the remaining portion of the population, and prepare himself in every respect for active service in a revolutionary force.

"A similar organization is carried out in Lithuania, Volhynia, Podolia, Galicia, and the grand duchy of Posen, each province being placed under a provincial committee, which is at the beck of the central committee at Warsaw.

"There is, moreover, a grand secret tribunal shrouding itself under the appellation of *Central National Committee*. In this head and centre of the organization, powers unlimited have been vested by the will of the founders and the assent of the people. It may act as it likes, command what it pleases, and be free from all responsibility to the subordinate bodies of the League. No resistance offered to its orders will be accounted to legalise the conduct of the recusants ; no contradiction excusable so long as the committee remains enthroned in darkness over the people and its rulers,—those other rulers who have come from the banks of the Neva. Yet, if its resignation should be demanded by two-thirds of the provincial committees, the Central Committee has to bow before the decision of its subordinates, and to retire to the less ambitious position of a simple decade. This central committee consists of seven members, and in addition to its other powers is entitled to fill up vacancies. All its votes are taken by majority, and the sitting is presided over by a mysterious personage, the head of heads, called the 'Regulator.' Each member of this National Board attends to some special department, the divi-

sions being as follows : Warsaw affairs ; provincial affairs, foreign affairs ; control of the Russian police ; matters of finance ; and the press. The minister, as we may well call him, for the latter department, is also charged with the establishment of a secret postal service throughout the kingdom. The Régulator, as becomes the dignity of his office, is saddled with no special business, but directs rebellion without the drudgery of details.

"This omnipotent and omnipresent organization will account for the passiveness of the Poles under so many provocations. The word to rise had to issue from the chiefs of this grand committee of conspirators ; and so long as they were silent, not a battalion moved. They knew the political state of Europe ; they knew the strength of the Russian armies ; they knew the resources of the Czar, and they patiently bided their time. They felt, moreover, the great responsibilities which devolved upon them."

"*Put to the Test*," is a good delineation of the manner in which the Post Office Detectives discover the perpetrators of Post Office frauds. There is nothing new in the artifices employed, and similar occurrences have taken place in Canada.

"*Breakfast in Bed*," is a marvellous word jumble. The description of the crowd in London, when the Princess Alexandra made her entry, will give an idea of many of the rhapsodies which result from breakfast in bed.

"It was one of the most inconceivable jumbles of brass-bands, rifle volunteers, policemen on horseback and policemen on foot, horse-artillerymen, aldermen, common councilmen, javelinmen, watermen, standard-bearers, ticket-porters, and long-shore men, that was ever visible out of the phantasmagoric vision of a raving maniac with superadded *delirium tremens*, who has been supping on raw pork-chops with Mr. Home the medium, and reading Hoffman's *Tales* and the *Woman in White* to the accompaniment of cavendish tobacco and strong green tea. My poor feet began to suffer. Once or twice I was lifted off them bodily, and then asked in indignant terms "vere I vos a shovin' to." I shoved at last into the midst of a group of ancient persons clad in red-baiter jerkins, with pewter platters on the breasts thereof, jockey-caps, knee-smalls, and white stockings, with ankle-jacks à la "Roberto Pulveroso," or "Dusty Bob."

"*The Trials of the Tredyolds*" will be noticed when the tale is completed.

"*Trial by Jury*." Part II. and III. are good. They contain many excellent anecdotes, and give a very luminous view of many of the objections and advantages incident to trial by jury.

"*Cloudy Memories of an Old Passport*," by G. Augustus Sala. The second part will appear in June.

"*The Bayard of India*." Sir James Outram died at Pau in the Pyrenees on the 11th of March last. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and on his coffin is placed one of the great names in the annals of England. He was a soldier with humanity for his watchword ; a diplomatist, with honesty for his motto. He was in private life exactly what might be expected from his public career.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.—APRIL AND MAY.

"Romola" continued.*"Westminster Abbey."* A well written description of the characteristics, services, and burial of Sir James Outram.*"Chess."**"From Yeddo to London, with the Japanese Ambassadors."* A very lively and amusing description of the Japanese envoys. The habits and peculiarities of these extraordinary creatures are portrayed with much quiet humour.*"Revelations of prison life"* is startling and, to say the least, humiliating. It presents a very revolting picture of the awful degradation of the confirmed thief and convict, and shews how little has been done, even by the present silent system, with all the care exercised by suspicion, to prevent thieves from communicating with one another. The "telegraph" in the prison cells enables the inmates to communicate with one another without any difficulty; and it is but an application, where least expected, of the ordinary mode of "reading" intelligence common in the telegraph offices on this continent, where the ear has become sufficiently practised so as to enable the operator to distinguish the words of a message by the sounds of the "click" when the armature is attracted by the magnet. Just as boys in a telegraph office can tell off a message without looking at the paper, so can thieves communicate by taps with friends four or five cells removed from them. The system adopted is to indicate a letter by its place in the alphabet—thus four taps signifies (d); nine taps, (i); fourteen taps, (n); and five taps, (e); a number of rapid taps signifies that the word is complete, and the anxious listener reads "dine."*"The Small House at Allington."* This romance gathers interest as it grows. It is becoming painfully exciting.*Corruptence.*—The object of this paper is to show what are the causes of fineness, in what way it is likely to be injurious, and how its development may be prevented.*Life in a Barrack.*—Is a plain unvarnished statement on matters connected with the soldier's life.*A run through the Southern States.*—This is another opinion, well expressed and sustained by facts, of the result of the Civil War in the States. From all the writer has seen or heard during his tour, he feels fully convinced, that no danger will ever frighten, or bribe of power induce the States of the Confederacy, to join again the Northern Union.*"Notes on Science." The Vapour in our Atmosphere and its Effect on Heat.*—In a lecture on Radiant Heat, at the Royal Institution, our brilliant physicist, Professor Tyndall, made some curious revelations of the invisible—that is to say, not only of the invisible vapour diffused through the air, which may become and often does become visible, as cloud and mist, but also of that invisible ether, the interstellar air, which, in infinite space, connects star with star, and connects, in finite space, gaseous atom with gaseous atom. This supersubtle medium, this mystic ether, which also becomes visible under given velocities of its vibrations, namely, as Light and colour, and is recognized by another sense under lower velocities as Heat—this medium, in which the star

of the Milky Way swim like a shoal of mackerel in the sea, is an object of intense interest to physicists, who measure its undulations with jealous vigilance. Professor Tyndall tells us something more about its waves under the velocity known as Heat.

After our earth has been basking all day in the sun, it begins, as night closes in, to give back the heat which it received; that is, it sends vibrations backwards through the ether. The waves dash upwards through the air, hurrying towards the calmer regions of passionless space. But their upward progress is very considerably arrested, partly by the air—that is, the gaseous atoms floating in the ethereal medium—but mainly by the invisible vapour—that is, the watery atoms floating in the air, as the air floats in the ether. The vapour forms an extremely minute quantity of our atmosphere. Take the air whence you will, and you will find that out of 100 parts 99½ are oxygen and nitrogen, the remaining half per cent. being carbonic acid, ammonia, and water. Such being the proportion of the floating substances which must oppose barriers to the waves of ether, as a shoal of herrings will oppose a barrier to the undulations of the water, let us learn from Professor Tyndall the relative share of each. The water is extremely minute in quantity, but happens to be amazingly obstructive in quality; for while every atom of oxygen opposes a certain barrier, a molecule of vapour opposes a force 16,000 times greater than that of oxygen. These are large figures, and they open the eyes of astonishment, but they rest on rigorous evidence. Nay, we also learn that the smoke of west London, even when an east wind pours its gloomy clouds over us, exerts but a fraction of the heat-retarding power which is due to the transparent and impalpable vapour diffused throughout the air of a perfectly clear day.

It is certain, Professor Tyndall says, that more than 10 per cent. of the heat radiated from the soil of England is stopped within ten feet of the surface. The vapour of our moist atmosphere is a blanket, not less necessary for the fruitful earth than clothing is for earth's proudest inhabitant. 'Remove for a single summer night the aqueous vapour from the air which overspreads this country, and you would assuredly destroy every plant capable of being destroyed by a freezing temperature. The warmth of your fields and gardens would pour itself unrequited into space, and the summer sun would rise upon an island held fast in the iron grip of frost.'

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.—MAY.

"*Physicians and Surgeons of the last Generation.*"—A capital record of many eminent men and well-known names. Marshall Hall, who visited Toronto a few years since, is particularly noticed. In 1849, Dr. Hall's gains from his practice were twenty thousand dollars a year. He was a great advocate for simple remedies and mineral waters.

"*History and its Scientific Pretensions.*"

"*Rariora of Old Poetry.*"

"*Popular Tales of Denmark.*"

"*Neapolitan Prisons, Past and Present.*"

"*Babel: a Philological Exposition.*"

"Amongst the Mediums."—The recent telegraphic announcement, that certain prominent officials in the neighbourhood of the White House, Washington, have not been consulting mediums, will create with us on this side of the water a curiosity to know the experience of one who has been amongst the mediums. It is enough to say that all is humbug, trickery, or imposture, in some form or another. Yet, read the advertisements of the more prominent American papers, and one sees the extraordinary hold which the belief in mediums has taken upon the American mind. Astrologers, Clairvoyants, Spiritualists, &c., &c., advertise by the dozens, and find dupes. Truly the condition of American Society in some cities must be deplorable, when we find such extraordinary belief prevalent in mediums and ministers.

"Exodus of Mussulmans from Servia."

GOOD WORDS.—MAY.

"The Parables Read in the Light of the Present Day," by Thomas Guthrie, D.D., are continued. No. 5 is the parable of the Unjust Judge, and treats of the Unjust Judge—His Character—The Widow—the Means of her Success—the Conclusion. It does not teach us to pray; it teaches us how to pray—Stated daily prayer—It teaches persevering prayer. "Even so, twice a day also at the least are we to replenish our thirsty souls,—fill our emptiness from the ocean of grace and mercy that flows, free and full of Christ, to the least of all saints and chief of sinners. In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily."

"Concerning Old Enemies."

"The Curate of Suverdaio."—A beautiful Swedish story, by the late D. M. Moir (Delta.) The curate and his daughter sheltered Gustavus Vasa during the oppressive tyranny of Christiern the second King of Denmark. When Gustavus was made administrator of the Government of Sweden, the curate and Margaret were brought before him—he being in disguise on the judgment seat—and examined, respecting the concealment of Gustavus from Danish soldiers. The finale is, that Margaret marries her lover, Regner Beron, who had become one of Gustavus Vasa's greatest generals, and the Swedish Senate decreed that a large gilt copper crown should be placed on the parish church at Suverdaio, in commemoration of its being the hiding place of the great Swedish liberator.

"Meditations on Creation," by the Dean of Canterbury. Creation has a meaning and significance to the Christian which it cannot have to the Deist or unbeliever. The creation of new matter has ceased altogether, as far as our senses and knowledge teaches us, but the creation of the spiritual is continually going on. The material world was created to subserve the spiritual. Creation is only a part of redemption, or what are we to think of the words, "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." Creation will be in a renewed and glorious condition in the next happy state. The desert will rejoice and blossom as the rose. Then no decay will mar nature, and no sin destroy the beauty of spiritual man.

"Reminiscences of a Highland Parish" grows in interest with each succeeding number.

CHURCHMAN'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.—MAY.

"*The Conduct of the 'Times' Newspaper in Relation to the Church of England.*"

"*The Life and Times of Thomas à Becket.*"

"*Nest-Making Fish.*"—It is curious to observe that, whereas amongst other classes it is the female whose especial business it is to look after the young, although in many cases the male shares the duty with her, amongst fishes, the male alone is generally the nurse and protector of the young fry. The sticklebacks make a nest of sea-weed, and seem as busy about their domestic labours as birds.

"*Whitsuntide : its Origin and Customs.*"—Among the thousand different customs and practices common in different countries at Whitsuntide, that of the Eton Montem, abolished in 1847, was one of the most interesting, because it was peculiarly the custom of our greatest English school. At Winchester, so lately as 1796, the masters, chaplains, students, and choristers, with a band of music, marched in procession round the courts before the Whitsun holidays, and then round the Domum tree—singing "Domum, Domum, dulce Domum ; home, home, sweet home."

"*Black Peter's Conversion.*"

LONDON SOCIETY.—MAY.

This popular Monthly is admirably illustrated, and all the articles are of the lightest and most amusing character. It has a special interest for Londoners, as it is principally occupied with subjects and scenes either occurring within the precincts of the great city, or easily accessible to its three million people by rail.

"*London Society Underground*" is an amusing word-picture of the Metropolitan Railway line, which is a vast tunnel extending to all the more densely inhabited parts of the great city.

"*Easter Monday on Brighton Downs*" describes a review of the volunteers, with a sham battle ; the sorrows and troubles of an unfortunate volunteer ; and a *dejeuner à la fourchette* on the field of battle.

"*University Boat Races*" is a short history of these exciting trials of skill between Oxford and Cambridge ; while the capital tale headed "*Why our boat did not make its Bump*" is a pleasantly told reminiscence of Cambridge life.

AMERICAN PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—MAY AND JUNE.

"*Scenes in the War of 1812—Hull's Campaign.*"—This is a defence of General Hull. He had warned the Government of the folly of attempting the conquest of Canada without better preparation. When the result of the attempt was found to be failure and humiliation, the administration perceived their error, and sacrificed Hull.

"*The Drift of American Society.*"—This is a style of article not common in American publications. It speaks the truth with unusual openness and candour. The conclusion at which the writer arrives is contained in the subjoined quotation. It is a good sign of a healthy tone when men are not afraid to speak of their shortcomings. No people in the world have less cause than the Americans to be ashamed of what they have done in many of the grand duties of nations; and if in some of the great objects of life they have been carried into a dangerous extreme, the best hope of amendment lies in the consciousness of defects which they are not too proud or too self-opinionated to own.

"We are to accept as a sacred inheritance all that comes to us in the line of our antecedents, whether outward or inward, or having the worth of circumstance or of character; It is well for each family to make the most of its own heritage—to use well its patrimony, whether large or small, and treasure up all the lessons and examples of its ancestry. All the more are we to keep faithfully the great heritage of our magnificent civilization, and use our new earnings so as best to bring out, interpret, and diffuse the old wealth of the race. We are all rich by this standard, while apart from it gold and silver are but dust, and property is but a pompous name for poverty. Out of the line of culture and civilization millions of money are of no high account: but in the true line of humanity and God, a modest competence is priceless riches, and unlooks and inherits the treasures of all time. We as a people are sadly negligent of this truth, and our wealth is crude and coarse, and has hardly begun to know the true wisdom and to master the true art. If the next ten years every man of means would spend his money with an eye to this truth, and would ask not how he may follow the reigning mode, but how he may best take the highest wisdom and art of mankind, and leave the most precious heritage to those that come after him, a great revolution would be inaugurated, and a new day dawn upon our manners and entertainments, our houses, schools, museums, galleries, and churches. Heirs of the ages, we might also be their benefactors, and make the whole nation as well as our children rich with the treasures that do not perish but increase with years.

"But we must not, in our somewhat sombre moralizing, fail to see the bright side of our American society, nor forget what immense temptations we have had to struggle against in this new country, with its restless temper and ever-fevered career. If we have drifted away from some of the old landmarks, it has not been because we were idle, but too much engrossed; and now that we are in pressing danger, seriously reckoning our course, and observing our bearings, we find much to encourage the hope that we are to respect the good old loyalties with all the freshness of our young life, and to affirm the *family*, the *status*, and the *heritage* in the home, the nation, and the church, all the more freely and heartily because we have floated a little too far on the tide of *individualism*, *choice*, and *acquisition*. Shakespeare was in many things a prophet for both hemispheres; and his picture of Prince Harry, when sobered by his accession to the throne, does well as a portrait of our Young America as we wish to see him, now that his majority has come, and he is to rise to the empire of his father or come to naught, cumber the ground, and be unfit to fill a decent grave."

"*Insects Injurious to Fruit*" is a valuable article on the insect pests which are making such terrible ravages in the orchards of the United States and Canada.

"*The Indian Massacres and War of 1862.*"—A very interesting and well illustrated sketch of the late Sioux massacre in the State of Minnesota and the Dacotah Territory. Not less than a thousand men, women and children were massacred by the Indians with horrible indignities and cruelty. Language fails to express the dreadful scenes which met the eye in the villages which had fallen a prey to the ruthless and brutal Sioux. Young and old, infants and aged women, were alike butchered and scalped. Over a frontier of four hundred miles—from Fort Abercrombie on the Red River of the North, to Mankato on the Blue Earth River—they carried the torch and the tomahawk. The punishment inflicted on these inhuman creatures was far from commensurate with the awful crimes they committed. Yet the writer says, and perhaps justly, "Permit traders and lawless men again to rob and oppress them till their savage blood boils, and again our own will soak the frontier soil." The war with the Sioux, we fear, has only just commenced. In the able report of Lieut. Warren, on the exploration of the Niobara, published in December, 1858, the whole question of the Sioux difficulties is reviewed, and the most prominent elements of warfare pointed out. Indeed Lieut. Warren even (in 1858) says that there were inevitable causes at work to produce a war with the Dakotahs, or Sioux. He considers they will retreat to the Missouri, and in the ravines and fastnesses of the Niobara. There are persons who suppose that in the event of the United States Government sending a large and properly equipped force against the Sioux, they will retreat to British Territory. But there they will not only find 3,000 of their inveterate enemies (the Red River half-breeds) willing to repel them, but if they go west, on to the Saskatchewan, they will come in contact with the Prairie Crees, the Blackfeet, and the Assiniboines, who yearly cross the 49th parallel to hunt the buffalo.

"*The Quicksilver Mines of New Almaden, California.*"—This article must be read in order to be properly appreciated. The process of extracting the ore, distilling the quicksilver, and filling the flasks, are well described, and illustrated with drawings.

"*Insects Injurious to the Vine*"—"Rosemary"—"*Katy Keith*"—"Two Weeks at Port Royal," &c., &c., &c.

Harper is well sustained, notwithstanding the war, and many of the original articles contained in these numbers are of more than usual merit.

TO PUBLISHERS AND EXCHANGES.

Want of space compels us to omit notices of several American and Canadian publications. They will appear in the August number. Books and Periodicals for Review should be sent to the Publishers of the *British American Magazine* before the tenth of the month, with the words "*FOR THE BRITISH AMERICAN MAGAZINE*" written on the address.

THE
BRITISH AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1863.

A PLEA FOR BRITISH AMERICAN NATIONALITY.

BY THE HONOURABLE THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE, M.P.P.

IT is as natural for those who think at all, to think of the future, as it is to look about us when we enter a strange town, or above us, when the atmosphere portends a change. How we shall best provide against the needs of old age? How we shall direct our children? In what pursuits shall their lives be destined to pass? These are the domestic speculations the solution of which, for every fireside projector, lies in the future, far or near, obscure or visible. Mighty is the attraction and despotic the influence exercised over loving hearts and far forecasting judgments by the Time-to-be. And rightly is it so: man's divine prerogative of reason so elevates him above the animal necessities of the present, as to extend his sceptre in the direction of his Master's, over time as well as over space. The husbandman, as he sows, the lumberman as he sends his axemen into a remote limit, the merchant whose orders to Cuba, or China, are calculated for next year's market, are all asserting the dominion of mind over the months and seasons, over the unknown and the distant days. Why, not, the publicist,—be he writer, orator, or legislator, take careful council also, for his country's future profit, honor and increase? He sows not for a season but for an age, or, perhaps, for many ages; he fells the timbers of edifices which are intended to withstand the assaults of time; he brings wealth and wisdom from afar to suit not the consumption of the year but the perpetual need of myriads of his fellow men, for order, liberty, truth, and law. Who, then, shall say that statesmanship has no concern with to-morrow? that its plans shall be as fleeting as the hour? that its objects shall be as ephemeral as the fashions of our garments, or the passing fancies out of which those fashions are woven?

There is, we all know, a very ancient school of politicians, not without

disciples among ourselves, whose favorite argument is, to let the future take care of itself. With them the base unkingly consolation of Louis XV., that the monarchy would last *his* time is the essence of wisdom. Like all other sham philosophies, this one is prolific in smart sayings, resembling in this respect certain plants which bear nothing, but make nevertheless a great show of stalks and foliage. "Let every case be judged as it arises;" "never do to-day what can be deferred till to-morrow;" "don't affirm abstract principles;" "least said, soonest mended." These are the proverbs by which this hand-to-mouth school regulate their conduct, and satisfy their adherents. A policy more unsuited for the region of North America at any time—and most of all at this time—it is surely impossible to imagine. A policy more repressive of mental activity amongst us—more stunting and dwarfing to its own disciples—more fatal to the formation of a bold patriotic youthhood—more unprincipled, unmanly, and drivelling, it is impossible, in our circumstances, to conceive. The King of France already quoted, who was its highest personation, bequeathed his successor to the guillotine, and his kingdom to the Jacobins. In the years in which it was possible for him to have redeemed the crown, he mortgaged it so heavily in the contempt and hatred of his subjects, that another and far worthier generation paid, with the forfeit of their blood, for his besotted indifference to growing dangers and accumulating innovations. Least said, is indeed, on such subjects, soonest mended, when it is sillily said; but a free press, in a free society, that does not utter its fearless rebuke of this *laissez-faire* policy, writes its own worst libels on itself.

The future of British North America, in which Canada has the deepest stake of all the Provinces, begins, we rejoice to see, to excite very serious discussion in many quarters. It was said two years ago, in our House of Assembly, that "the first shot fired at Fort Sumpter had a message for us"—Canadians. That message was not necessarily a hostile one. On the contrary, inasmuch as it seemed to say, rather in warning than in menace, "Prepare!" it might be considered to have done us a friendly office. But for what—supposing this to be its true meaning—or against what, were we to be prepared? If a new North America was ushered into existence by that Charleston cannonade, how far were we involved in the revolution? Physically, we cannot cut adrift from the burning ship; commercially, we cannot hope to escape the business derangement; politically, does it concern us,—nothing?

Altogether irrespective of the civil war, it seems to us the time could not have been far distant when Canada would have been compelled either to draw nearer to the United States politically, or to sheer farther off from them. Had the Union retained its centrality, the law of attraction, which resides as much in organized masses as in inanimate matter, would

have drawn these separated colonies, with irresistible force, towards New York and Washington. A Zollverein or customs union might have been the next step towards the identification of interests, which ultimately must have led to an identification of institutions. And, condemn as we may, the Montreal Annexation Movement of 1849, it is certain that there was a good deal to be said *then* in its favor, which only time could have answered—and which time, it may be added, has pretty conclusively answered *since*. But now it would be a grave mistake to forget that the annexation question may be forced on us in another shape by the other party—the adjacent Northern and Western States. The new political necessities of their position, the ever-increasing bulk of their commerce, must lead them to desire a closer union of interests with Canada. Our future is not, we may rest assured, a thing unthought of among their shrewd speculators. At Chicago it has long occupied that large share of public attention which is too often denied to it at Quebec. And if urged from that quarter—as they may hereafter urge it—it will not be in a hostile but in a business-like spirit; they will endeavour to find partisans for their projects among every class of our own people; they can appeal powerfully to some of our strongest special interests, and to some of our most urgent public requirements; they will have a potent word to say to farmers and forwarders, the shareholders in ill paying lines, and projectors of new routes of traffic; on the Georgian Bay and the Upper Ottawa, on the Welland and at Montreal, it would be unwise to conclude that the arguments for annexation, founded on material considerations, have been exhausted. To combat these arguments by others, drawn from the cost, waste, and burthens of the civil war, will hardly be sufficient. The Americans may answer that enormous as their expenditure has been, it has only gone to show the immensity of their resources; that as they have proved their ability to keep 700,000 men under arms, to feed, pay, and throw them away, it is in vain for these smaller and poorer Provinces to resist their “manifest destiny.” This will be their line of reasoning; it is not, indeed, unanswerable; but if we descend to combat material inducements with material objections, we shall run the risk of not arousing a united, cordial, and high-spirited public resistance to such insidious propositions.

Are we prepared to join issue with the philo-Americans on broader and better grounds than those depending altogether on considerations of pecuniary advantage? If not, the discussion may be considered closed; if we are, then why not assume at once the better and broader grounds?

It cannot be denied by any Canadian that, since the era of responsible government, we have advanced constantly towards the American, and receded from the British standard of government. The power and patronage of the crown has been reduced to the lowest point; the Upper

House has been made elective ; the franchise has been extended ; the period required by law for the naturalization of aliens has been reduced to three years ; the public lands have ceased to be crown lands ; the public departments have been all transferred from imperial to provincial control. Many of these reforms, or all of them, are or may be real improvements ; they are only here referred to in evidence of the assertion that year by year, and step by step, we are advancing towards an unrecognized Americanism, which must have its perils and risks as well as its attractions.

The only great question that remains in common between us and the rest of the Empire, is the question of Colonial defence. On every other, England has given in ; on this alone has she made a stand, and in this, it is not too much to say, is involved the final decision of the future destiny of British America.

One postulate is quite certain on this subject, that we cannot go back to the state of unguarded security in which we reposed before the outbreak of the civil war ; a second is equally certain, that the internal revolution within the dis-United States, points to permanent military establishments among our neighbours on a scale hitherto unknown. From both there is but one reasonable inference to draw, that we also have entered on a new condition of existence, in which we are called upon to exchange our *quasi*-independence of Great Britain on the one hand, and the neighbouring States on the other, for one of three future relations—that is, either for a closer connexion, offensive and defensive, with the rest of the Empire ; for annexation, or for a guaranteed neutrality, like that of Belgium, under the joint protection of the greater powers. If neutrality be impracticable, if annexation be objectionable, then how are we so to identify ourselves with Great Britain without surrendering our local self-government, as to be entitled to claim her protection, and to convert the claim into a compact, to the full extent of all her martial resources ?

Being *British* America in name rather than in fact, does not certainly produce that identity of interest or of feeling which can make the British taxpayer content to man a navy, and contribute troops and munitions for our defence. Of our trade, the mother country gets no more than she would probably do if we were entirely separated from her politically. Of our revenue, she fingers not a penny towards her army and navy estimates. In all substantial relations, we stand no nearer to her than New York or New England, except that her flag flies here, and that she is compelled, in honour and in self-defence, to be where her flag is. This, however, is a relation of responsibility wholly without recompense, except such as is derived from the additional *clat* and *prestige* of the titular sovereignty. Let us set the Imperial case clearly before our

public, and ask is it unreasonable or extraordinary that England should say through all her best known organs, "this state of things cannot be allowed to continue?" And now what shall we answer to England's declarations on this head, through *our* organs?

Shall we answer, guarantee our neutrality by treaty with the Americans? If so, what evidence have we that the Americans will consent? What right have we, if we seek separation from the rest of the Empire, to ask the guarantee of the Empire? Or, if we could make the guarantee European rather than English, how should we endure the proctorate say of France, associated with England? Are not our complications already enough, without infusing these new elements of intrigue and confusion?

We return then to the other two choices before us—annexation, or closer identity with the main body of the Empire. The former may be dismissed as practicable, but every way objectionable; the latter must be considered more at large.

We may safely assume that the adoption of any public policy which would make British America greatly auxiliary to British commerce; which would make it the favourite destination of the British emigrant; which would draw into it large additional investments of British capital; which would give to our legislation something of the authority and stability of the British; which would enable us to contribute our fair quota not only to Colonial but to Imperial defences;—that these additions to our existing relations would produce the so desirable identity in feeling and interest between Canada and England, without which, as it seems to us, we cannot continue long secure from foreign aggression, either in the present or prospective state of things on this continent.

Is there any line of public policy which would produce these results within a given time? We believe such a policy exists, and has found warm advocates in all the great centres of British American population. It is, in a word, the policy of the connexion of the Provinces, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, under the vice-royalty of one of the sons of Her Majesty, advised by a legislature, of which at least the upper chamber shall be constituted so as to act as a true conservator of our transcript or adaptation of the British constitution. It is a policy of union which is strength; of a new commercial route from England to the East; of the elevation of the symbol and reality of authority on this soil; a policy, attractive, expansive and progressive as the most earnest advocate of progress can desire.

Hitherto, American ideas of government have so troubled or dominated all the populations of the New World, especially those of us nearest their source, that the constitutional monarchy has never yet had fair audience from this age. In the far South alone, among the people

of Brazil, has that experiment, so old, and on the whole so successful in Europe, been fairly tried. For half a century, Brazil has known no serious domestic disturbances, while the imitative republics of the South have run into a condition of chronic anarchy, relieved occasionally by short lived accessions of despotism. The great federation of the north, the model which Bolivar and his copyists all copied, has shown the last and saddest example of the tendency of the modern expansive republic to separation and civil war. The demonstration it is to furnish is as yet incomplete, and prudence warns us against drawing too hasty conclusions; but in whatever else the present contest may issue, it cannot issue as all civilized monarchies have at one time or other done, in a voluntary restoration, giving a new lease to the old government.

The republic of Washington was, in truth, a work of virtue and genius well calculated to excite the hopes and admiration of mankind. It was not the creation of an empirical or presumptuous spirit. All the first fathers would gladly have retained their English connexion, if Lord North and George III. had permitted them. Slowly and unwillingly, and with many misgivings, they sundered the last ties that bound them to the parent state. With awe-struck solemnity they laid the foundations of their new order, among the only materials they had left—the colonial democracy, with a feeble and almost unfelt infusion of the remains of the old colonial aristocracy. The crown and the connexion were gone; but the founders of the new system invoked the blessings of religion, and the bright examples of the remotest ages, to consecrate and dignify their work. Still, the best and most thoughtful of those men—Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Jefferson himself, Adams, and Washington, above all,—though with very various degrees of confidence in the result, never looked upon their new State as other than “a great experiment.” For fourteen years that experiment was tried as a loose league; for seventy years it has been tried as a close-knit confederacy: it is in no spirit of presumption, from no irreverent disregard of those great men and their motives, that, reasoning after the fact, we conclude their experiment to have failed, and recommend the avoidance of a similar error to our own colonial statesmen. It failed in that which the banished Kent saw and desired to serve in the face of the discrowned king—*authority*. It failed in the authority of the president over his cabinet; in the authority of the supreme court over the country; in the authority of the Congress over the States; in the authority of the commander-in-chief over the forces, naval and military, supposed to be under his orders.

The modern age seems more and more to want, and the new spirit of the new world to exact, a wider degree of individual liberty and equality than is consistent with stability or longevity in the State, unless the principle of authority shall be as strongly fortified in the constitution as

the love of liberty is among the people. Not that authority and liberty are at all incompatible; not that, rightly considered, they are even separable; but that liberty is active, exigent, perennial, and self-asserting; while authority, in our times, must be early introduced into the system of the State, widely known and felt over the land, carefully protected in its prerogatives, and recommended by word and example to the veneration of all the people. With us, liberty has nothing to fear except from the unworthiness of the people's own representatives; while should authority, endangered and dishonoured, perish out of our State system, it would soon be found, as it was found of old and of late, that the rent, large enough to permit the removal of that palladium, is also large enough to permit the triumphal entry of a dictator.

Hitherto, the whole experience of mankind has known but one system of government which combines, in fair and harmonious proportions, authority with liberty, and that is, the limited monarchy, of which England furnishes the oldest and Italy the latest model. For this desired form of government—the fond reflected image of a free people—Prussia is now contending with a despotic prince; Poland is in arms; Hungary in agitation; and the first minds in France and Spain in renewed expectancy. Constitutional monarchy has its defects, for it is human; its tendencies to abuse, for it is the favourite theatre of party; its assailable point, in hereditary succession; its anxieties, in the nice preservation of the domestic balance of powers; yet whether we compare its great names, and its great capacity for endurance, with the names and the permanency, of elective governments like Venice, Holland, Poland, or the United States, on the one hand; or of despotic powers like Russia, Turkey, and Morocco, on the other,—we shall find no reason to doubt that both the rulers and the ruled have enjoyed much more security than those who existed under a despotism,—with much more freedom than those who lived under any elective form of state sovereignty.

If all ancient and all modern experiences cry aloud to us with this voice, why do we close our ears against them? Are we too new, too few, or too busy with better work, to think betimes of our future constitution? We are between the Gulf Stream and the Rocky Mountains—British subjects—professing monarchists almost to a man—four millions. Are these too few to form a decision on their political future? Our joint revenues within that range exceed those of the respectable kingdoms of Denmark, Sweden, Bavaria, Portugal, and Saxony. Our joint civil lists far exceed the cost of the royal governments of those ancient and considerable nations, cramped as they are, where we are boundless—in point of territory. It is clear, then, that it is listlessness of will—not lack of means or numbers—which heretofore has prevented us taking up in a practical shape the alternative of the fate before us—

the establishment of our future, complete, and permanent constitution. Some one may say, "responsible government will last *my* time;" another may add, "we need not trouble ourselves with defences, England will defend us"—and this, too, in the very same day when the warning voice reaches us from the mother country, proclaiming over and over again, "this state of things cannot be allowed to continue."

We believe with the late gifted Count Joseph de Maistre (*Generative Principle of Political Constitutions*), that Divine Providence is the author and upholder of all legitimate power, and that He only shapes the destinies of nations. But this beneficent Providence presents opportunities, furnishes occasions, supplies instruments, and endows advocates, to bring about those changes in the world's economy which, in His unerring wisdom, He decrees. Looking at the position, at this moment, of the English Monarchy on the one hand, and of the American Democracy on the other, is it too much to assume that such a providential occasion or opportunity is now presented to the good people of all British America? It is not possible, and therefore not desirable, that we should seek to transfer to this crude soil of ours the delicate plant of old European loyalty, as it grew in the gardens of monasteries, on the parterres of palaces, and the glacis of walled towns, in the middle ages. That flower of the feudal ages has perished out of many parts even of Europe, but finds shelter yet among the hedge-rows of Old England. What Lord Stanhope remarks of the increase of Hungarian loyalty in the days of Maria Theresa, because of her sex, her virtues, and her afflictions, is felt in a great degree towards our present gracious Sovereign, not only in England, but throughout all her dominions. Happily for us, if we are to derive authority from abroad, we can find it united in Her Majesty the Queen, with all the domestic virtues that can adorn the first lady of her age. We can go to a source of moral power, before which the sternest republican would have bent with respect, and where all who have taught formerly that power is of God, that civil obedience is a virtue, and that the Prince is to be honoured for conscience sake, would have yielded their homage with unstinted reverence. When such is the sentiment abroad—and it is abroad over the whole colonial world—why not, statesmen, seize the fortunate hour, to fix the character of their states, and give stability to their institutions, their credit, and their character? Why not the United voice of British America be heard, in respectful accents, at the foot of the Imperial throne, stating the true position, wants and wishes of these Colonies, and asking from Her Majesty's wisdom and goodness, the means to perpetuate constitutional monarchy, at least in this region of the New World?

We can easily conceive what a striking spectacle that might be, unexampled almost in modern times, and what mighty words those would

be, which the delegates of British North America would probably feel authorized to employ, on such an occasion. "May it please your Majesty," they might say, "the Parliament and People of these kingdoms, have given birth to a new and considerable state in Northern America. They have sent out industrious millions to found that state, and endowed them with the system of law, under which they are now governed. Your Majesty's name is held in veneration throughout those far-extending lands, which need only for their future, security, stability, and authority, superadded to their present franchises. We therefore humbly beseech your Majesty, that you will be graciously pleased to dedicate to this noble service of perfecting the liberties of those colonies, one of the sons of your House, so that your Majesty's descendants, and those of your people beyond the Atlantic, may conjointly perpetuate to all their posterity, that combination of liberty and law, of which we recognize the antitype in the British Constitution."

POLICEMAN X.

BY H. J. IBBOTSON.

The world is said to be too much given to hero-worship, and to neglect the real benefactors of the race. The charges are to some extent true. The number of benefactors has however risen very much of late, making the world's duty in this respect not a slight one; for it has had to find out before bestowing its rewards whether their claims were well founded. For this, time is often required, during which the claimant complains of neglect.

Further it is alleged that the world does not know its great men. Now there may be good reasons for this. The world's duty respecting its benefactors just alluded to, has been full of difficulties, but think only of searching out its great men among the hundred millions of the race, and then, when it has found them, of the labour of estimating that greatness, and wherein its length, breadth, and depth consist. The task is overwhelming, and the world has wisely declared, that if great men wish to be acknowledged, let them come out, proclaim their greatness, and make known its stamp by their acts. With respect to the former, the world has shown much discretion; for were it to depend merely upon proclamation our streets would be encumbered with great men, and its task of doling out proper acknowledgements rendered rather herculean.

There are great men and big little men in high places, and the same category in humble position, with this decided difference, that for one really great man in the one sphere or the other, there are at least one hundred big little men who fancy themselves his superior. We are not disposed to take a sample from high places, and be presumptuous enough to apply the scalpel for a moral dissection, *i.e.*, to afford an insight into a great man's character, with its virtues, vices, and failings.

Besides the task is difficult.—One day, a man high in office is considered a great man; but when the next he falls, he sinks to a big little man. How to account for such transformations is the rub, unless you take Swift's explanation, that when he retires, all his virtues, wit and talents fly to his successor.

Let us rather take up a specimen in humble life, respecting which neither flattery nor enmity are likely to operate. Take one of a vocation continually meeting the world's eye, that of a Policeman, whom, for the sake of distinction, we will call Policeman X.

There is nothing about him remarkable in appearance. He is a strong, wiry, athletic fellow, rather stocky than thin, firm in the haunches and well developed, somewhat hard featured from exposure, and the gradual, indurating process of his profession. His face is flat and broad,—cheek bones rather high,—nose inclined to "snub," firm in the jaws—head bullet shaped.

Policeman X. is a zealous public servant, to whom the cause of public order is indebted. Having been a long time in the Force, he has acquired a miraculous "sense of public duty," quite enviable. To describe in what it consists is no easy undertaking; for Policeman X.'s enlarged experience has taught him to despise the common rules, which were wont to guide the watchman of yore, and thus it is, that sometimes it is severe and rigid, sometimes relaxed,—and sometimes neither the one nor the other. There is no functionary who carries out more than he the maxim that "circumstances alter cases." Policeman X.'s system is his own. He has no rule to guide him but the orders of his Captain, which he construes liberally or literally as may in his view be best.

He has heard it said by some lawyer that it is better to carry out the spirit, rather than the letter of the law. He goes for the *spirit*. Moreover, he declares he is spared all trouble about the letter, as it is not stated what letter is intended. He has heard so much about this letter that he wishes to see it with an aching curiosity, but though he has been so long a Policeman, he has failed to have it gratified.

He once asked Sergeant Kite what was meant by the *letter* of the law, but that wary old coon ventured not a *word* of reply, not a *syllable*. He then applied to some law students, whom he had taken up one night, one of whom told him a lawyer's letter was intended. Another that it

was a money letter, and the reason why it was so rarely met with. Policeman X. still puzzled, for some time thought that a *dead letter* was meant, which would at once account for his never having seen it. Sergeant Slowe once told him that it was a disputed question, and that was the reason why he, the Sergeant, never bothered his head about it.

* * * * *

Policeman X. having smoked fifteen pipes one night, has arrived at a perfectly clear idea of what is intended—an idea so abstruse that he does not choose to trust to writing to express it, but will, he says, impart it to any gentleman coming to Station A., if polite and sober.

The only thing of the law that he has carried out is his staff. But the *spirit* is a totally different thing. With that he is fully acquainted. Many a time he and a friend have discussed it together.

In fact, it has been said that occasionally Policeman X. is governed by the mere spirit, which is the reason perhaps why some of his complaints now and then end in *gas*.

He once saw a Latin maxim at the end of an old spelling book—"Summum jus, summa injuria," which was translated, "The extreme rigour of the law caused wrong;" and has heard from the justices that it is better that ninety-nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should suffer. Now Policeman X. is governed by these maxims as a general thing, and sometimes by zeal,—but when, by the one or the other, depends entirely upon circumstances.

When he happens to be insulted in the execution of his duty, he is all zeal and exerts all his powers, physical and mental, to their fullest extent. His rule is that he cannot do too much to uphold the authority of the law. A hundred instances of "zeal" of this nature might be given. One will do as well as a hundred. It was that of a little boy playing with snow-balls, one of which accidentally struck him on the shoulder. Policeman X. rushes forward to arrest; boy runs; Policeman X. runs, and there is a chase of a quarter of a mile. Policeman X. gains upon little legs, who tacks and veers a dozen times. Policeman X. has caught him!—No; the little *varmint* wriggles and dashes under his legs. Another chase. Policeman X. begins to puff; his steam is all on. He makes one desperate plunge forward and secures his prisoner, who is carried along to the station as a terror to evil-doers of his stamp, amid all the "pomp and circumstances" proper to this visible vindication of the law.

It was a beautiful, a sublime sight; not so much for the circumstances as for the high moral lesson it taught the whole city and county, that the law must be respected and is inviolable!

It is when he is attacked that his zeal is put forth. Let him be obstructed, and called "peeler," blue-bottle," or other insulting epithet,

he levels his prisoner to the ground—not failing afterwards to lodge his complaint for resistance and assault. By this means he inspires a wholesome terror of the Police, and upholds the dignity of the Force, to say nothing of his own.

Policeman X is not actuated by vindictiveness on such occasions, but high principle and a desire to maintain order. His own personal inconveniences and dignity he reckons not about, but, if he does think of them, they are merged in consideration of the high duty of his office, and the august motive for its employment!

Policeman X views crime as divided into two kinds, viz.: that which concerns the public, and that bearing on the executors of the law; the first including such matters as murder, robbery, &c., are to be dealt with in the ordinary manner, as crimes, of course; the second, such as assaulting constables whilst on duty, or insulting them, are offences of a special grave nature, calling for most exemplary punishment, aiming, as they do, at the subversion of justice itself. So that by a strange association of ideas, call it idiosyncrasy if you like, Policeman X's opinion of gradation of high crimes and offences begins where that of others ends. He can look with some composure on a man charged with robbery, provided he is not the party robbed; but his indignation is "up" at the rascal who has insulted him in his office. With him the highest crime is the one just mentioned, with the very grave addition of the fellow's shouting and singing all night in the Station, depriving him of that share of comfortable slumber so essential for good policing. He never allows his personal feelings to actuate him. No! he sacrifices them on the altar of the law! He is aware that the public has its eye upon him, (in day time) and acts accordingly. Thus actuated he makes no difference, with a few exceptions, between friend and foe. On one occasion, he was obliged, much against his will, to "enforce the law" rather heavily on a fellow with whom he was intimate, and could not have cause of previous difference. After the affair was over, Policeman X was remonstrated with on his extreme harshness towards his old friend, "considering all the circumstances." "You resisted, you laid hold of me," was the reply. "That might be," was the rejoinder, "but surely that did not warrant your hammering me so." "It was perfectly justifiable," was the answer, "when you laid hold of me, you attacked the city, you attacked the province, you attempted to overturn the very foundation of society!"

Policeman X loves to show his mildness in the execution of his arduous duty, and occasionally allows a man to escape rather than make a prisoner of him, that is, if the man shews that proper respect to blue-stick which he ought to pay—if he is "polite," as Policeman X phrases it, "quiet," and does not "resist." On such occasions Policeman X views the offence with dull spectacles; but should the infractor prove

obstreperous—then, through an immense magnifying glass. In the last case, slight trifles become the basis of grave offences, merely on account of “resistance;” a hasty expression directed against Police, completely changes the nature of the charge. His zeal, usually *dormant*, suddenly fires up, and in a moment shews that it may *slumber*, but is never dead.

If Policeman X is severely handled on some occasions, and the inflictor should escape, the matter does not end there. The malefactor is sure to be afterwards arrested, and gets his due with compound interest!

Policeman X is accused of occasionally overlooking a mountain and severely inspecting a mole-hill; but what is the use of alluding to all the miserable complaints against this humble but worthy pillar of the law—who would have been, long ago, knocked to pieces by the hammerings incidental to good policemanhip, were it not that the said pillar is composed of Corinthian brass, so to speak, with a capital of the same metal. He believes himself to be the hub of the Force, and that through him, in a special moral sense, the Police machinery moves and has its being. That machinery, he says, would have to “shut up,” without his rare co-operation. The big wheels, which in their wonderful revolutions seem to say, “see what work we do,” and “what a dust we raise,” would find themselves powerless without poor Hub’s assistance, for what would they do without the *nave*?

It is a grand thing to see Policeman X on duty in one of our streets. There he moves along with quiet dignity. Slow in pace and fearless in bearing, he imparts a feeling of security on his beat. He is regarded with *mute* wonder. Housekeepers grow careless, knowing that Policeman X is nigh at hand. By a strange anomaly, he seems to multiply all the temptations to offences by this strength of vigilance, lulling reasonable caution. See him again in court, recounting the circumstances of an arrest. What a picture of a man—consciousness of having done his duty, beaming from his look, and borne out by the emphasis of assertion! Hear him when the defendant dares to deny! But if he admits, and was “quiet” on being arrested, Policeman X hastens to declare it. If the prisoner behaves like a “gentleman,” Policeman X treats him as such from kind, sympathetic instinct! The administration of the law becomes a sublime spectacle when Policeman X enters the witness-box.

But he appears in all his grandeur when actively engaged as a Policeman. He is not (we quote his own emphatic words) “one of *them* rubbery fellows what pass the whole day in gawking about, half the night in sleeping, and the other half in smoking.” Nobody can accuse him of being a Policeman of Cockaigne. He never shrinks from duty, and would sooner fight than do nothing. This is to be understood in a limited sense, for Policeman X would not have it go abroad that he is a

bully by nature, and naturally pugnacious. Whatever may be said about him, his courage is undoubted.

Policeman X has been accused of being a "respector of persons," and to shew favour to broadcloth and to patrons, which he denies to homespun. Nobody would be mad enough to venture such a statement who witnessed him at a row. On such occasions he levels right and left with wonderful impartiality. His baton then ceases to be ornamental, but the instrument of the preservation of order. What wonders it performs! It speaks more forcibly than any statute or by-law. It is the *ultima ratio*, last argument of constables, vulgarly called "knock-him-down." Policeman X declares those arguments are very *impressive* when properly applied, they are *felt* if not understood.

It has a language of its own, with this remarkable peculiarity, of being at once understood by foreigners as by natives. Borrowed from the Malay, it is expressed by strange characters. They remind one of the signatures of the barons of old, who, called upon to sign, excused themselves on account of their nobility, but made their *marks*.

It is a sort of universal vernacular, which, though harsh and rough in *communication*, has a wonderful advantage over the *vulgar tongue*.

Policeman X is the dread of rowdiness. He is known all round and even a mile and a half beyond the city limits. He has, of course, his enemies, who get up all sorts of stories against him—as that he roughly handles fellows, and then, on remonstrance, arrests them for "impeding and resisting" him in his duty; that he is implacable in his resentments and never forgets an old score; that he sometimes arrests men "on suspicion of being suspicious characters;" that he often swears hard in court; and other things which we would not quote, were it not for an example of this universal rule, that all men have to bear more or less against enmity, open or secret; that evil-tongued people will make fault for a man, when the glass of truth would discover but trivial blemishes, though magnified a hundred fold. We might enter into an examination of these charges with a view to refutation, but what would it avail? To convince these people of the contrary would be impossible! Policeman X is supposed to be the most accomplished hand at "looking the other way" in the whole Force. He seems to have a natural genius that way, tempered with a good deal of caution. True, he has been accused of carrying it too far, and unwisely extending the virtue into a positive vice. Of this we cannot speak, but suspect it to be one of those exaggerations just referred to. We could demolish all such cavilling by the single remark, that he has been twenty years in the Force, and therefore must be a wonderfully proper policeman. Besides, this is a privilege of a good policeman, if exercised with proper discretion, and usually does no harm. That it occasionally works badly, is admitted, which only shews

that no general rule will work without exceptions. Of ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the thing has done well and nobody has been hurt. The hundredth is one that was not foreseen in its consequences, and unfortunately turns out serious. But why raise a "hillaballoo" about it, if the policeman acted according to the best of his judgment? Policemen are not infallible, and make mistakes occasionally like other people.

Think of the advantages of this golden rule of policemen'ship!—

1. Avoiding that extreme rigour of the law, *summum jus*, we have alluded to;
2. Avoiding the cramming of our gaols with criminals, for probably slight offences, with little or no benefit to them, and perhaps positive evil, with the further danger of breeding gaol fever or epidemic;
3. Avoiding enormous expense in founding more criminal courts, and multiplying the staff of magistrates and police officials. Compare these advantages with the occasional break-down in the working of the said golden rule, and then say in whose favour does the balance turn?

Again, no instances have occurred, with a few exceptions, wherein Policeman X has abused that high privilege, which, to speak candidly, he has carried out to the satisfaction of the public, without reckoning his own, and more particularly of many persons whose names are, however, withheld from delicacy, who have assured us that Policeman X has occasionally let them off, when he might have—and probably was bound, strictly speaking—to arrest them. Young men, too, have been heard to say that, when obliged to arrest, Policeman X has behaved with great politeness, and spared them unnecessary exposure,—facts which they could abundantly prove if called upon, but trust that, under the circumstances, they may be excused from so doing.

Policeman X is a sturdy fellow, with broad shoulders, and thick-skinned. He disregards the complaints of "inefficiency of police." He has heard the old cry of—"Where was the police?" so often, that he has become accustomed to it. He laughs at it as an absurdity. His invariable answer to it is this,—“Can a man, be here, there, and everywhere at the same time?” “Is he obliged to see through or over a wall or a door, or hear what is going on a mile off?” “Is he to leave his post because something may have happened somewhere else?” “A policeman is but a man, and a man cannot divide himself into a hundred pieces! If his right leg is in the east, his left will not be in the west! Besides, where is the use of going over there—perhaps on some trivial disturbance, or even false alarm—when a robbery or murder may take place in his absence?”

Again—along a policeman's beat (two miles long) he has sometimes enough to do to watch even a corner, and he is frequently obliged to watch half a night at one, particularly where there is a tavern or other haunt of riotously-disposed people; how, then, can he attend to the

remainder of the two miles? The thing is impossible, unless he were gifted with seven-league boots, an invisible coat, and the one hundred arms of Briareus!

Policeman X was never drunk on duty,—except once, under peculiar circumstances. Serjeant Kite—whether in jest or earnest does not appear—said he might take a glass when the thermometer shewed 44° below zero. On the night in question, with the thermometer 4° below, by a singular fatality Policeman X saw double, and imbibed! The *spirit* was strong—the flesh was weak! It is but just here to state that Policeman X was a temperate man, barring accidents.

There are apparently three stages of official life. The first is characterized by over-zeal and fussiness—a perpetual desire to do more than is necessary—to point out others' deficiencies here and there, and, from a "high sense of public duty," to endeavour to remedy them. The over-zealous official never tires of showing how things are going wrong, until, in his zeal, he blunders into the territory of some other official, treads upon his toes, and is rewarded with—a rebuff! The second stage is the doing one's duty without unnecessary zeal. The third is one into which the official gradually falls by a curious law of gravitation—consisting in doing little or nothing, with the privilege of putting all work upon somebody else. This stage is reached only after long service, and requires great ability and interest. These requisites are the proper foundation of this stage, of which the fortification is and should be: A perpetual grumbling at others' want of energy, zeal, and tact in the performance of duty; and the inspecting others' omissions and blunders through a magnifying telescope. While thus zealously employed, the gazer cannot of course see his own; and should such be hinted at, invites all with a frank high consciousness of having done his part, to look through at the *other* end, and point them out if they can.

We know several in this stage, who functionate respectably; who feel that the public are their everlasting *debtors*, merely from fulfilling it with *credit* to themselves. These occasionally inveigh against public indifference and ingratitude—a charge which, being spread over so many heads, seems to be borne with remarkable resignation—almost as if considered by the said public to be unfounded. The complaint of not appreciating their services is, perhaps, well founded in one sense if not in another.

Justice forces us to declare, that Policeman X never was found in the first fault; his strong "horse-sense" pointing out the absurdity of trespassing on others' duties or overdoing his own. He is a stickler for discipline; one golden rule of which he believes to be to do nothing without orders, and never to do more than is actually necessary. Further, that if every man does just what he is ordered to do, things will

go right; and if things are not properly ordered, he, Policeman X, is discharged from responsibility.

These maxims he has heard repeated a hundred times by Serjeant Kite, who is never wrong; and by strictly following his orders, he, Policeman X, is now what he is,—a perfect model of a constable—barring human imperfections.

As to the third stage, Policeman X is not guilty. If he shewed any inclination that way, it would have been checked by Serjeant Kite. Policeman X declares he is not apt to trespass on others' ground. Nevertheless it has been said, that, unconsciously to himself, he inclines to the said law of gravitation, which would at once explain his ardent desire to become a serjeant. Policeman X is indebted to Serjeant Kite for his excellent training. The rich original soil of Policeman X's natural talent, has been brought to its present perfection through skilful intermixture, by Serjeant Kite.

It is difficult to do adequate justice to the efficacy of this last-named worthy functionary. Belonging to a meritorious class of officers, he nevertheless stands by himself, and offers peculiar and rare characteristics. Twenty years' experience of police duties has rendered him almost a non-believer in any thing good in human nature, with a few exceptions which Kite could count up on his fingers' ends. He is as wary as a fox; and knows the difference between a hawk and a hand-saw. He can see through a thick partition, though his eyesight frequently fails through glass. Having gone through the mill, he is up to all the dodges of police; and all the shams and subterfuges, short-comings and evasions, all the tricks and lies, of infractors of the law, and knows, like A, B, C, their wanderings and meanderings, their holes and places of refuge. His biography of such characters is very voluminous, and his portraits graphic and startling.

Serjeant Kite is a good specimen of a man rendered sharp by continual attrition with the villainy of the town; and yet notwithstanding that attrition, he has escaped the operation of the law, that a funnel through which liquor is continually poured, will naturally at length partake of its odour. We mean that Serjeant Kite is an honest man,—barring human infirmities.

Kite having been a constable himself, and knowing the hardships of the duty, is indulgent to the men, even, it is said, to a fault. The meaning of which is, probably, that he does not browbeat them for trivial slips; he would not report a man, for example, on alcoholic suspicion, knowing full well that the best of men, during the trials of weather, &c., may take a glass—even he himself. But if indulgent in one respect, he is inexorable in another,—in keeping constables to their duty, and not allowing any intermeddling with that overseeing and over-

looking department which he so ably and so impartially fulfils. Thus much for Serjeant Kite, who has had such influence in training Policeman X.

Policeman X does not believe in Blackstone, or the "form of the Statute." They may do in Court, he declares, but are of no use in a crowd. He asks, can the form of the statute "reform a broken nose, or reduce to their natural colour and conformation the ebon surroundings of the eyes?" He enquires, with grim humour, if threatened with a stone at the head, is Blackstone any guarantee "in that case made and provided;" knowing, as he does, that if his head is at all protected, it is entirely due to the hardness of the case.

Policeman X believes in bearing his baton as his staff of life in a double sense, for thereby he gains his bread, and it is preserved from destruction. There is more law in it, he says, than in Blackstone.

Policeman X has frequently expressed his astonishment that the authorities have not acknowledged his services by promotion. They have seen him doing duty during twenty years, and yet treat him as if it were a profound secret! Of what country or religion he may be, is a matter that concerns no one. With respect to the latter, Serjeant Kite has intimated that he is a follower of John Knox. He is still full of vigour and "zeal."

In all perilous undertakings, requiring courage and tact, he is considered the "right man in the right place."

He is the last trump of the Force, ready in the last emergency, that goes in and wins the game.

You naturally enquire, gentle reader, what are Police trumps, and what does our hero represent. You shall be told in strict confidence—don't blab it over the town—Policeman X is the Jack of *clubs*!

THE CITED CURATE.

BY MISS MURRAY.

CHAPTER VI.

A glorious sunrise, scattering away the fancy-work, a thick hoar-frost had wrought, and predicting a brilliant day, roused me from my slumbers, and I was speedily dressed and in the parlour which Eardley's old servant was "settling up" as she called it. Her master, she told me, had gone out before day break. "Sure, he was always an early riser, going from one end of the parish to the other among the poor creatures, and sparing neither time, nor trouble, nor money either, when he had it, to do them good." He seemed to stand as high in her esteem as in that of my friend the landlady at the "Ford" but this did not surprise me, for his good looks, and the charm of his manner exercised an influence over all who came in contact with him; and his generous, unexact, easy temper towards dependants and inferiors, his utter freedom from all petty selfishness and small tyranny made him invariably beloved by those who lived with him. Leaving Bridget to finish her sweeping and dusting, I walked into the garden and thence by a steep, winding track, which in some spots would have been almost impassible but for the assistance which iron stanchions driven into the rock afforded, climbed to the summit of the precipice above the cottage. The view from thence was a magnificent extension of the one I had seen from the study window, and now lighted up by the newly risen sun, spreading its sparkling radiance over grove and villa, corn-field and cottage, still bathed in the fresh morning dew, and gilding the blue waves of the ocean with the richest splendour, it looked more like a scene in fairy land than in this homely, dusty, working day world. Throwing myself on the carpet of heath spread around me, I lay drinking in the most exquisite enjoyment from the picture spread before me. till a voice well known, but with something more hushed and reverential in its tone than usual broke my day dream.

"Well, isn't it a grand sight? as often as I've seen it, it always seems new to me!"

"I see you've an eye for the beautiful, Freney?"

"Let alone an Irishman for that, Mr. French; he likes all the pretty things in nature from the shining of a dew-drop to the light of a bright

eye. Aye, and those that eat their potatoes off wooden trenchers, and never learned to spell over their A. B. C. have a heart to feel them many a time as well or better than many a fine scholar that dines off silver and china, though may be they can't tell it so like a printed book; for I'll tell you what, Mr. French—it's not the head that teaches us such things; it's the heart."

There was a strange excitement in Freney's manner, though he evidently tried to restrain it, and this added to his sudden appearance at so early an hour made me suspect that something more than common had brought him in search of me.

"There is something the matter, Freney; what is it?"

"Well, you see, sir, I'm just going to tell it all to you, for I know you've the heart and the feelings of a man, and the honour of a gentleman. And sure if your blood's high and mine's low; that will make no difference with you when right's in question, though I know them that could trace my kindred up to the old Irish kings, for as mean as I seem now; and you that's a college bred man, Mr. French, must know what the Macnamaras were in the days when Ireland was free, God bless her."

"Never mind that now, Freney, but if you have any thing to say to me sit down and speak it out at once as one true man ought to speak to another."

Accordingly, Freney, sat down on the rock, a few feet lower than where I was lying, by way of marking his respect, his little terrier taking a place beside him, and then raising his eyes to mine with a piercing glance, he said, "I didn't know you were acquainted with the curate here till yesterday."

"I have known him all my life," I said, "he's the dearest friend I have in the world."

Freney's brow knit, and his eyes contracted till they gleamed like two balls of fire. "Faith, and I'd think him but a poor dependance for that same," he said.

"What do you mean?" I asked; "have you been drinking this morning?"

"No, I havn't been drinking, and I don't mean to offend you, Mr. French, but I suppose if you're a friend of Mr. Temple's you might think it a good deed to warn him that his life's only hanging by a thread this blessed minute."

"His life? how? where is he gone?" and I sprang to my feet.

Freney still sat looking at me with the same frowning brow. "You may as well sit down again, Mr. French, he's in no danger this morning that I know of—more's the pity. I only said his life was hanging by a thread; I didn't say any one was going to cut the thread yet awhile."

"Freney, what does all this mean? speak out plainly and at once."

"Sit down again, sir, and I will, it's a long story, and you can't hear it standing."

"First tell me if Mr. Temple is in any danger."

"Not while I'm here; you may be right sure of that. Do you think I'm such a fool as to put my life in your hands this way, if I didn't know he'd come back safe enough?"

"It certainly wouldn't be like your usual wit, Freney; you have said enough to make your life answerable for his if any thing happened to him."

"No doubt of it," said Freney drily. "But now that you've sat down again I'll go on with my story. I've often told you stories when we were out among the hills, Mr. French, but I never told you any so true as the one I'm going to tell you now."

Up in the mountains, about five miles from this, there's a thatched farm house with pretty scalloped gables, and latticed windows and roses and jessamines covering the walls up to the very roof. There's a snug garden behind, and a clear little stream in front, and splintered rocks and crags lie scattered all round covered with heath and moss. It's as pretty a spot as you'd wish to meet in a day's walk. It belongs to an old man, and by all accounts in his young days he couldn't be beat for strength and bravery, but that time's gone by, and he's grey headed and feeble now. He has no near kith or kin in the world, but one daughter—a young thing, not twenty, but she's all he wants. She's the light of his eyes, the care of his heart; and it's no wonder;—you might wander the whole earth over and you wouldn't find her equal."

"Is she so beautiful?" I asked.

"Well, sir, if you know any word better than that, or better again, you may give it to her. And she's as good as she is pretty."

"I think I have seen her," I exclaimed suddenly, "is she a protestant?"

"Was it at church you saw her?" he asked looking hard at me. "Yes, she's a protestant, and so was her mother, though her father's a catholic. But how did you know her? Mr. Temple didn't say any thing to you about her, did he?"

"No, not a word."

"Then how do you know it was Kate Redmond that you saw?"

"I am sure of it. I saw the very loveliest girl I ever beheld at church yesterday, and after the service was over she walked away towards the mountains alone."

"Oh, it was Kate, sure enough, and no one else. But now Mr. French," and again his eyes seemed to pierce mine, "what would you think of a young man, a well born, well learned young man, and one

that was sworn to serve God at the altar striving to darken that young girl's light heart and cloud her innocent face with sin and sorrow!"

"Freney, I won't believe it!"

"It's God's truth, Mr. French! early in the morning and late in the evening, come rain or come sunshine, day after day, he's at her side!"

"And her father?"

"Oh, God help him, he's past taking care of her now; he's well nigh doting, and doesn't mind about anything as long as he sees Kate happy and pleased. He promised her mother when she was dying that Kate should be let go to church, and have her own way about religion, and indeed he never contradicted her in his life, nor couldn't do it."

"And has this poor girl no one to protect her or take care of her?"

An expression of the bitterest pain and mortification passed over Freney's face. "She has no one that has any right to take care of her," he said, "and she has a high spirit, as gentle as she is. She has been warned, but it has done her little good. She's bewitched by him," he added with a stifled groan, "like many a one before her, and if he was leading her to the bottomless pit, she'd follow and think it was heaven. But she's not without protectors, and strong protectors, too," he continued fiercely—"there are those who would think no more of taking his life than the life of a mad dog—or any other man's life either; if they were told to do it."

"You mean the Whiteboys?"

"I do, Mr. French. They're strong in this neighbourhood, and though Kate's a protestant, the catholics look upon her as one of themselves for her father's sake, and every man thinks himself bound to act a brother's part by her; so now, sir, you see the danger that threatens Mr. Temple."

"You mean that they'll murder him some day?"

"Murder, would you call it?" said Freney scornfully. "I'd call it justice if he leaves Kate Redmond some day lying in her coffin with a broken heart who'll be the murderer then?"

"Are you one of these Whiteboys?" I asked.

"I didn't say I was, sir, did I. But it is well for Mr. Temple that I've some power among them or he wouldn't be alive to day. And that's the worst of all to hate him as I do, and still to keep my hand off him; for I tell you, Mr. French, I'd drink his heart's blood and think it the sweetest drop I ever drained, but for one thing—but for one thing!"

"What is that?"

"It would break Kate Redmond's heart. She loves him; she loves his handsome looks and his winning ways, and his fine words, and never thinks of the false selfish heart that lies under. To save her from one pang of sorrow I'd walk barefoot from one end of the earth to the other

and I'd do far more than that—I'd have a knife at Temple's breast, and I wouldn't strike!"

He stopped, and I made no answer. What could I have said, I could well understand how bitter it was to the poor fellow to see the girl he loved taken from him by one against whose attractions he could no more compete than Caliban against those of Ferdinand; and it was still worse, to know that the being for whose sake he would himself have sacrificed every joy on earth was doomed to be the victim of an idle, selfish fancy, vanishing as lightly as it came.

"He's been warned once, already," Freney resumed, "but he gave no heed to it. There are plenty round him that if they had their way wouldn't give him an hour's grace, and the day may come that I'll no longer stand between him and his fate!"

"I think I ought to give you up to a magistrate, Freney."

"That's easier said than done, Mr. French. And besides what good would it do you? There's nothing to be got out of me more than I like to tell, and every magistrate in the county knows that. But I came to tell you that you might try and persuade him to keep away from Kate, for I know, whatever he is, that *you're* honest and true; and besides, if he's so dear a friend to you as you say, you'll try to prevent him from persisting in a course that if he doesn't stop it, will end in his death as sure as the sun is shining above our heads to-day."

There was a minute's silence. Then I said, suddenly "she is so very beautiful, Freney—perhaps he intends to marry her."

Freney looked steadily at me. "And does your honour know Mr. Temple and say that? But not a bit of him do you know, or you'd scorn to hold the hand of fellowship to him. Marry her! Is it a common farmer's daughter—a poor working girl? He wouldn't marry one of heaven's angels out of a mud cabin, and what else has poor Kate been used to? He'd sacrifice his own soul and body, and the souls and bodies of all the rest of mankind for riches and power!"

As he pronounced the last words with hissing vehemence, a sudden change passed over his face, and he sprung to his feet, his eyes flashing with wild fire and every feature full of scornful defiance. Looking round I saw Eardley Temple, who seemed to have just come up the cliff, standing behind me.

CHAPTER VII.

Eardley stood with folded arms, his tall figure drawn up, his lip compressed, his brow knit, his eye fixed with a cold disdain on the scowling visage that confronted him. Thus they regarded each other for a minute, all difference of rank and station, all adventitious distinctions

forgotten. Those dark, fierce passions which still so obstinately keep their place amidst the noble elements of human nature, and drag man down, from heights where he shews almost God-like, to the level of the blind wild beast, were roused within their breasts and all conventional considerations as well as higher laws, were swept away before them. Yet even in that moment, Eardley's superior intellect and self-command made themselves felt, and Freney's distorted and writhing features, and the fury that convulsed his whole frame, contrasted with the haughty contempt in Eardley's handsome face, and the stern imperious attitude of his graceful figure, made the former look like some rebellious fiend contending with his master spirit.

"May be you'd like to know what brought me here, Mr. Temple," said Freney "and I'll tell you. It's to warn you for the last time to leave off going to Cronran or to get your coffin ready, whichever you like best. Your grave's dug already and if you don't take the good advice that's given you, it won't be empty long."

"Insolent rascal! do you dare to speak so to me!" exclaimed Eardley.

"It is not speaking it will be the next time, but doing!" said Freney.

Eardley sprang forward as if he meant to hurl his enemy over the cliff, but Freney was too quick for him. He knew his slight frame would have no chance when matched against the powerful arm of the young curate, and with a harsh mocking laugh in which hatred and derision were frightfully blended, he darted down the precipice, followed by his terrier, and both were soon out of sight.

Eardley gazed after him for a minute, bit his lip, tried to smooth his brow, and then turned to me.

"That fellow has been talking to you about Kate Redmond I suppose?"

"He has."

"And did you believe all he said?"

"Is there any truth in it, Eardley?"

"First let me hear what he has told you and then you shall have an answer."

I told him the substance of what Freney had said, and he listened to me very quietly. When I stopped he met my look steadily, though his face looked pale and haggard.

"Listen to me, Walter. In saying that I love this girl, poor, low born and obscure as she is, he has spoken the truth. I love her with a love death alone can quench, you have seen her; you know something of her beauty, but you do not know as I do that every charm her face possesses is but a ray from some lovely quality of mind and heart. You know nothing of those inborn gifts and graces nature has given her, which denied all such developement as in a higher sphere, refinement and

education afford, have been compelled to pour all their wealth on such treasures as the sweetest and most devoted heart woman ever owned makes for itself. I see and know all this, and above all, know that this rich pure, loving heart is all my own."

"But this is madness, Eardley! Do you mean to marry her?"

"Marry her, and end my days a starving curate in this wretched glen! I hope for a better fate."

"Then what do you mean? surely—surely you are not the villain that Freney believes you to be?"

"Not exactly," he said with a bitter smile, "but something very like it. I have not—as yet—done her what the world would consider any great wrong; yet sometimes I feel as if no human being was ever more guilty towards another than I am towards her. Her heart, as stainless as her own mountain streams, reflects no image but mine; its sweetness, as pure as that of the wild briar rose, is all lavished on me; there is no longer any sunshine for her but in my smile—and what return do I intend to make her? Why just this. To go to her and say, as calmly as I am speaking to you now, 'Kate, we have been dreaming a foolish dream; let us waken and look at life with clear eyes. Fate has divided us by obstacles that we cannot throw aside; let us calmly acquiesce in our destiny, shake hands quietly, and say farewell!'"

It would be impossible to convey an idea of the tone and manner in which he said this; the bitter, sarcastic calmness with which he spoke, and the under current of deep, passionate feeling, struggling through.

"And yet you say that you love her," I exclaimed.

"Aye, I love her. I love her so well that I have sometimes dreamt love could be better than ambition."

"And it was a true dream," I said. "Ambition is a spear which destroys those who lean on it, while love is the only balsam and anodyne on earth."

"Give me the spear," said Eardley, "and let me make it a sceptre to raise me above my fellow-worms and no wound it might give would compel me to drop it from my grasp. I know myself, and I tell you that though I can love—yes and love with constancy and truth,—love lies in my heart like a gem on the sea shore over which the waves wash unceasing. It lies hidden from every eye, buried in their depths, and though never destroyed, it is powerless to stem their current and turn them from their course. Were I a king, Kate should be my queen, but as it is, I must either give her up or abandon the hopes which are the very life springs of my being. The monotonous calm of a country home, the even tenor of domestic joys, all that train of narrow duties and petty treasures which follow in the steps of domestic peace, that Halcyon

Goddess that you worship, would leave my life a tedious, intolerable void ; the wildest chaos would be preferable to such a dead sea."

"Thinking and feeling in this way, how could you be so cruel as to excite this poor girl's love ?" I could not help saying.

"Aye, how could I ! The three fold fates and the unforgetting furies are powers still, ignore them as we may. I loved her from the first moment I saw her as I never loved any one before,—as I never can love any one again."

There was no use in blaming him, I had long learned the fruitlessness of doing so ; still I said, "at least, do what you can to atone for the past." —

"Atone !" he said.

"At any rate, do not make things worse, stop while you may. Tell her that you cannot marry her,—only in less cruel words than those you made use of a little while ago ; cease to see her, and perhaps time may heal her grief."

"Less cruel words !" he repeated gloomily ; "what are words ? It does not matter much to my thinking how you strike the death blow but it must soon be ended. The Denzils are coming to Grey court in a day or two, and then——"

"What then, Eardley ?"

"I have reason to think that Miss Denzil is fretting like other spoiled children for the play thing she has taken it into her head to fancy, and that her father who has always indulged her in every whim is ready to gratify her in this one also ; and as she has a fortune of fifty thousand pounds, inherited from her mother——don't look so Walter ? *Am* I mean and mercenary ? Well, she is very pretty, very amiable, and they say very fond of me, and fifty thousand pounds may do much for one who knows how to use them."

At this, forgetting every thing, but my affection for Eardley, and my regret at seeing him thus wilfully destroying a nature originally so highly gifted, I broke forth in a passionate appeal to his better self ; but it was a mere waste of words, as I might have known beforehand ; he could feel all that I said much more strongly than I could express it, but he had determinedly chosen evil for his good. Yet strongly as I condemned him, I had never loved him more than at that moment, for I felt that truth and goodness, though he now rejected all allegiance to them, would one day or other—perhaps too late, assert their empire over him, and through agonies such as duller souls can never know, compel him to acknowledge that supremacy he now chose to deny. And with this thought pity overcame anger, and it seemed to me that I could gladly have laid down my life to have seen the nobler instincts, which I be-

lieved he could never wholly crush, strive as he might, rise up and forever conquer.

Eardley accompanied me to Dublin, and by Dean Sandys' particular desire, stayed to preach the following Sunday in the Dean's own church, he strained every energy to make this sermon a masterpiece, and the result more than equalled his most sanguine expectations. One or two high dignitaries who were present, pronounced it the finest piece of pulpit eloquence they had ever heard; the congregation were electrified, the Dean enraptured, and Eardley returned home leaving behind him a reputation which even in Ireland where pulpit oratory is so highly esteemed had never before been gained in so short a time.

After this a month passed without my seeing or hearing anything of him, but at the end of that time I received from him the following letter.

CHAPTER VIII.

EARDLEY'S LETTER.

You were right to bid me beware of the Whiteboys Walter, though I received your warning with disdain, I have had rather a narrow escape from some of them since we parted, your friend Freney, of course, being one of the ringleaders. The how, when, and where form rather a dramatic incident, and as it will suit your taste for romance to perfection, you shall have it in detail.

You know how little importance I attached to Freney's warnings. I believed the vigilance of the magistrates had so far crushed all manifestations of the rebellious spirit that is so strong in this neighbourhood, that more than two of the rascals dared not show themselves together; and for that number at any rate I considered myself more than a match with the aid of pistols.

I came home from Dublin determined to see Kate at once, and bid her farewell for ever. But to talk of saying farewell for ever when I was at a distance from her, and saying it in reality when I stood close beside her and looked into her eyes were two very different things. While I yet put off the evil hour which was to pluck up every soft and tender feeling of my heart by the roots, I received an epistle decorated with sundry pen and ink sketches of guns, pikes and pistols, a huge coffin adorning the centre, giving me to understand that the last mentioned piece of furniture was shortly to be filled by a certain heretic curate, to whom they applied several very uncomplimentary epithets, and ending with a prayer for mercy on my soul, for my body should receive none. I could not help laughing at this touch of Cromwellian piety, and marvelling at the

strange hieroglyphics in which the letter was chiefly written, and the number of crosses affixed to it by way of signature, threw it into the fire and soon forgot all about it. But the rascals were near having the laugh on their side after all.

A couple of nights ago, I was returning home after dark, mounted on my good horse Rolf. The sky was heavy with clouds, and though there was a moon, the light was only visible at times through their piled up masses. The road I was on is one of the very worst a horseman could desire to travel, rocky, and full of ruts, and to add to its difficulties there was a sharp frost which rendered it so slippery that every step Rolf took he was in danger of a fall. To preserve his bones and my own, I was obliged to let him walk at so slow a pace that I was almost frozen, and when we came to the worst spot in the road—a narrow broken path down a steep hill, a deep ditch at one side, a thick hedge at the other—my fingers were so cold, I could hardly hold the reins. It was truly a perilous descent, and the poor brute knew his danger, for he trembled violently but he was too high spirited to stop, so on we went. About half way down the hill, he stopped and went down on one knee, but I got him up again the next moment; and it was well for me that I did. An exclamation which the accident provoked from me, was answered by a fiendish yell, and from a gap in the hedge half a dozen fellows leaped into the road. They seemed to have sticks and pikes, but I saw no fire arms. Running before the horse, they tried to stop him, but the sight of this new danger gave warmth and energy to my benumbed frame. I clapped spurs into Rolf's side, and with a desperate bound, the spirited animal sprang away from his assailants, and dashed down the hill. A fall would have left me at their mercy, but whether my good angel befriended me, or his rival fiend, Rolf neither slipped nor stumbled during the whole of that mad gallop. We reached home in perfect safety, and were certainly, both of us, much warmer than we should have been, but for the wild salute we had encountered.

The next night about ten o'clock, I was sitting by the fire in my study in as gloomy a mood as my worst enemy could have desired. There was no one in the house, for Bridget and her son (the boy who takes care of my horse) had both gone to W——, and were to stay there all night. The candles were unlit, and the fire had burned low; dark shadows filled the room, and darker and heavier shadows clouded my mind. Suddenly I heard a trembling tap, which it seemed to me could only have been given by ice-cold fingers, like those of the sculptured dead

"Imprisoned in black purgatorial rails."

strike the window pane. A strange thrill of supernatural terror vibrated

through every nerve, but starting up I drew back the curtain. There, half hidden in the frosty mists, and looking ghost-like in the pale dim moonlight, stood a slight figure wrapped in a dark mantle drawn over her head and form like a shroud. As I gazed, and images of wraiths, banshees, and spectres floated through my brain, the figure dropped the cloak and showed the face of Kate Redmond, bloodless and wan as a phantom.

"Kate! can it be you?" I exclaimed, and throwing up the sash, I stretched out my hand and caught hold of her soft delicate fingers, palpable and real, though very cold, and clinging to mine as I touched them with a beseeching clasp.

"It is you, Kate, and not your ghost! What has happened?"

"Come out to me, sir," she answered excitedly, "I want you."

Filled with wonder, I caught up my hat and leaped out through the open window. "What is it, Kate; what is the matter?"

"Come up the rocks, sir, and I'll tell you then. But is there any one in the house?"

"No, Bridget and her son are gone to see their friends and won't be back to-night."

"Shut the window, then, and come with me."

"Are you mad, Kate?" and catching hold of her, I turned her face to the moonlight and gazed into it. It was excited and anxious but full of steady purpose and keen intelligence.

"No, sir, not a bit."

"Then where are you going to take me?"

"I'll tell you every thing when we are safe on the cliff."

Holding my hand tightly, as if she feared I would escape from her, she led me to the path up the rocks, but then she suddenly stopped—"Oh, I had almost forgotton," she exclaimed; "wait for me one moment;" and she darted away before I could stop her.

I followed her, but some how she seemed endowed with the swiftness as well as the mystery of the fairy people, and I soon lost sight of her dark mantle in the dusky night. Puzzled and annoyed, I stopped, undecided what to do, and before I had made up my mind, she was again beside me.

"Now, sir," she said rapidly, and out of breath, "make haste, and let us get up the rocks as quickly as we can."

We were not long reaching the summit, and she led me to a spot from whence in day light, the house, garden, yard, and the little glen in which they lay, might have been seen spread out as in a map, and even now in the faint moonlight, all below could be discerned with tolerable distinctness. Here Kate stopped and appeared to look and listen earnestly. I strained my eyes in the same direction, but I could not see anything

stirring, and not the faintest sound except the low wind among the leafless branches reached my ear.

"Now, Kate, tell me what all this means? But first sit down. Here is a dry warm spot with the rock hanging over it like a canopy. You may fancy yourself a queen here; queen of the starry realms of night."

"Not much like a queen," she said simply, "but I have saved your life to-night and that's what many a queen couldn't have done."

"My life, Kate? From the whiteboys, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; they're coming here to-night I wonder they're not here by this."

"How do you know they are coming here?" I asked.

"I heard them say so. I was thinking about—about many things that kept me from sitting quiet in the house to-night, and so I wandered down the lane till I came to the stile, and I sat down there under the thorn trees. How long I had sat there, I don't know when I heard voices at the other side of the hedge. They were talking about you and about the attack they had made on you last night, and they said a kick from your horse had nearly killed one of the party, and that they were determined to come to your house to-night for that—and—for other things."

"What other things, Kate?"

"No matter, sir; they were not true. They talked there for a long time, waiting for some more of their band, and at first I felt so sick and frightened that I thought I should have fainted; then I remembered that I might save you—that there was yet time, and stealing back under the hedge, I got to the road unseen, and flew here as fast as my feet could go; but the way seemed millions of miles, though I ran every step."

"But where did you go when you ran away and left me at the foot of the rock?"

"To let the horse out of the stable. I thought if they found him there they might suspect you had not gone far and make a search. He galloped down the glen when I let him out, and when they find you are out and that Rolf is not in the stable, they'll think you have escaped them, and go off again!"

"Oh, Kate, my brave, beautiful Kate!" I cried, "I never knew till to-night the strong spirit that lay hid in that soft heart. But why do you shrink away when I touch you? What ails you?"

"My arm is hurt. I fell coming down that horrid hill; but I don't think it is broken—only bruised."

"Broken!—Let me see it—Oh, Kate, how you must suffer—and all for me——"

"Ah!" she said softly; "I like to suffer for you!"

At this moment a wild yell rent the air, and a group of dark figures rushed into the little lawn before the cottage. Their cries and vociferations were fiendish, and in a minute we heard the blows they struck on the doors. They soon gave themselves entrance, and their execrations, and menaces grew louder and deeper every moment, and were poured out with a fierce fiendish rage which the inhabitants of Pandemonium let loose could scarcely have exceeded. Then came a momentary pause, and then a yell, more savage if possible than any that had preceded it, echoed through the rocky glen, they had discovered that I was not in the house. Now they all came forth again, raging like baffled beasts of prey, and began to search the premises, as I gathered from their exclamations and cries to each other. Two or three entered the garden, and I could not help drawing a quicker breath as their voices came nearer, and nearer the path which led up the cliff. Foremost among the voices I recognised that of Freney and I began to suspect that he was conducting his companions to the very spot where we were. Never in my whole life have I felt so helpless and contemptible as in that moment, hiding thus from such despicable wretches, and destitute of any weapon or means of defence.

"There's no one here at any rate," said one of the fellows his words coming distinctly up the rocks; "there's not an inch of the garden I haven't been over."

"We'll just step up the rocks any way and see what's above. I know he's fond of the beauties of nature, especially by moonlight."

Now for the first time, Kate shewed signs of fear. "Come lower down among the furze bushes," she whispered, "and he'll never see us. For God's sake come."

But a fierce longing to confront the wretches seized me. You know how narrow and dangerous that path is, and I knew that standing on the summit, I could easily pitch the foremost villain—who, I made no doubt would be Freney—down the precipice. If I had only had a weapon I might have made a good fight for my life, standing as I did on so strong a post of vantage, and I execrated my folly in coming out without my pistols. But at least I could arm myself with a stone;—looking round I spied a splinter of rock which on such an emergency was not to be despised and seizing it with exultation, I no longer felt utterly defenceless. Kate watched in an agony of anxious terror and suspense. "Oh, Mr. Temple, for pity, for mercy, come away," she cried, "are you going to wait for them to kill you before my eyes. Is it nothing to you to think what I'll suffer to see it? Oh, why will you stand there with that hard fierce face as if you were turned to stone?"

Clinging wildly to me, she tried with all her slight strength to force

me away, but I would not stir. "Hush, Kate, be quiet," I said, "do you go down, and leave me to take care of myself."

She saw that my resolution was fixed, and on the instant her attitude and look changed from frenzied entreaty to calm determination. "You *will* stay," she said, "then so will I. If they murder you, they must murder me also."

At that moment a bright light shot up into the sky rising from a rick of hay that stood behind the house; Rolf's provender. In less than a minute it was a pile of flame, the blaze rising high above every surrounding object. "May be the police will see that," murmured Kate; "they're always out, patrolling in search of the Whiteboys; and that light could be seen miles away."

Apparently Freney and those who were with him in the garden thought so too, for in a minute or two we heard them in the yard, and a scene of angry reproaches, recriminations, curses and uproar followed. At last there was a pause of quiet, and the leaders seemed to be holding some sort of consultation. It was soon plain that a retreat had been resolved on, for they separated into groups of two or three, and disappeared one after the other; after having all united in a volley of yells which the rocks echoed again and again as if all the fiends of darkness were mocking and mimicking their human allies. The last voice I heard was Freney's raised to its shrillest height, as he stood and looked back for a moment at the burning hay rick.

"You missed our visit to-night, Eardley Temple!" he cried, "but we'll pay you another soon, and in the meantime we've left you a visiting card and a bright light to read it by!" Jumping off the bank on which he stood, he followed his companions, and a deep silence succeeded the demoniac uproar that a few minutes before had filled the glen.

ON THE CULTIVATION AND MANUFACTURE OF FLAX AND HEMP IN CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

The natural history and commercial value of Flax and Hemp are so little known, and, consequently, so little appreciated in Canada, that the majority of farmers in the Province will receive the statement that next to cotton, flax is the most important and the most extensively used textile fibre in the world, with some degree of cautious reserve and perhaps, incredulity. But if the assertion that flax, as a material for textile fabrics, can be shown to occupy a position of paramount national importance, provokes surprise, surprise may grow into astonishment, and doubt become transformed into absolute unbelief, until removed by those stubborn things, facts, when it is added that the seed of flax, in the refuse form of oil cake to be used as food for cattle, commands such an enormous sale in Europe that its value there is represented by tens of millions of dollars annually, with a rapidly increasing demand.

Now that "King Cotton" has been dethroned amidst one of the most heart-rending and stupendous struggles between contending millions of one and the same people, and the most wide-spread suffering, arising from the mere arrest of one branch of human industry, that the world has ever seen, flax is re-asserting her claim with unrivalled pretensions, to be considered the first in importance of all the countless gifts of God won from the vegetable kingdom for the use of mankind, not included within the class of food products.

This claim does not rest alone on the fitness of the material for the purposes of a textile fabric which shall supply the place of cotton, it appeals, as an instrument for increasing indefinitely the industry and wealth of the country, to the fostering care of philanthropists, statesmen and governments, in a manner and with a force which cannot be urged by any rival claimant.

Cotton has gained its supremacy at the expense of the unrequited toil and hopeless life of the slave. Now that the dawn of a brighter day for the slave is at hand, slow coming but surely advancing, there is every reason to believe that the beautiful and delicate exotic, which has attained its marvellous preëminence by the unhallowed toil of millions of human creatures, will be compelled gradually to assume its place among the productions of free labour, and surrender the proud position it has usurped, at the cost of inexpressible suffering and

sorrow, to its rival flax, which accommodates itself to all the climates of the temperate zone, and does not refuse to yield profitable harvests within the limits of sub-arctic and sub-tropical climates.

Flax has been cultivated and manufactured in various parts of the world throughout historic times. Those wonderful records of Egypt's civilization, the tombs and catacombs in the neighbourhood of Thebes and other great ruined cities in the valley of the Nile, show how extensive flax was cultivated by the Egyptians more than four thousand years ago; and since the time when Isaiah, Ezekiel and Solomon recorded the praises of the "spindle" and "distaff" down even to modern times, flax has always been one of the most prominent and powerful sources of human industry and progress.

It may excite some surprise that this beautiful plant should have taken such wide-spread root from the frigid zones to the tropics, adapting itself apparently to all vicissitudes of climate, and flourishing under the burning sun of India as well as in the sub-arctic provinces of European Russia and Norway. In order to understand this apparent anomaly it is essential to bear in mind that flax is cultivated either for its fibre alone or for its seed alone, or for both of these products; and the special object of its extensive cultivation is mainly determined by climate.

Flax is cultivated for the seed alone in Turkey, India, and until recently, in many parts of the United States.

It is cultivated for the fibre alone, or chiefly for the fibre, in Ireland and some parts of Belgium.

It is cultivated for both fibre and seed in Great Britain, Continental Europe, Egypt, the United States, and to a small extent in Canada in both divisions of the Province.

HISTORICAL NOTICE OF THE CULTIVATION OF FLAX AND HEMP IN CANADA.

The earliest reliable notices of the cultivation of flax in Canada are contained in the Paris Documents.*

In 1719, or nearly a century and a half since, a long period, by the way, in the history of Canadian agriculture, the quantity of flax produced in Lower Canada was 45,970 lbs. Two years later, the return according to the same documents, give 54,650 lbs. of flax as the produce of the country. In 1734 the number of pounds of flax seed produced was 92,246, and in 1754 (?) there were stated to be fourteen mills in operation for the production of flax or linseed oil. In 1827 Bouchet

* Documents relating to the Colonial History of the State of New York.

gives the quantity of flax raised in Lower Canada as 11,729 cwts., or 1,313,648 lbs.

HEMP.

Among the instructions given by the King of France in 1665* to *Sieur Talon* on his appointment as Intendant of Justice, Police, and Finance in New France (Canada), he was desired to report whether the country would grow hemp, and in reply *M. Talon* stated that "at least as much hemp can be expected from these lands as is procured in those of France."

The cultivation of hemp in the French and English Colonies was a favourite subject with several of the British and French Governors previous and subsequent to the conquest.

Governor Moore wrote to Lord Shelburne in 1767 on the encouragement which should be given to the culture of hemp on the borders of New Hampshire. But long before that period, the French had entered upon its cultivation in Lower Canada. In 1719, 5,080 lbs. of hemp were produced, but in 1721, or two years later, the quantity returned was only 2,100 lbs. It was not until about the year 1800 that any great efforts were made to introduce the general cultivation of this important fibre in the British Provinces.

In the Transactions of the Society of Arts for the year 1802, we find the following premiums offered for the cultivation of hemp in Upper and Lower Canada :—

"To any person who shall sow with hemp the greatest quantity of land in the Province of Upper Canada, not less than six arpents (each four-fifths of a statute acre), in the year 1802, and shall, at the proper season, cause to be plucked the summer hemp (a male hemp bearing no seed) and continue the winter hemp (or female hemp, bearing seed), on

* The population of New France, or Canada, at this time was very small. The following statistics are interesting records of the early history of the Province; they are from the "Paris Documents."

CENSUS OF CANADA.

	1666.	1667.	1668.	1679.
Families	749	1,139
Persons	3,418	4,313	5,870	9,400
Arpents cultivated	11,174	15,643	21,900
Horned Cattle	2,138	3,400	6,983
Horses	145
Sheep	719

the ground until the seed is ripe—THE GOLD MEDAL, or ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.”

Second Prize—The Silver Medal, or Eighty Dollars.

Third “ “ “ Sixty “

Fourth “ “ “ Forty “

Fifth “ “ “ Twenty “

The Society of Arts did not limit their awards to Agriculturists, but they offered “To the master of that vessel which shall bring to this country the greatest quantity of marketable hemp, not less than one hundred tons, in the year 1803, the produce of Upper or Lower Canada, the Gold Medal,” and a second prize of a Silver Medal to whoever shall bring not less than fifty tons.

In 1802 the Government of the Province voted £1200 for the encouragement of the culture of hemp, and much interest was excited on the subject in the colony. Various letters and papers from Canada appear in the London Society of Arts Journal, for the year 1803, on this subject. A Hemp Society was established under the immediate patronage of His Excellency Lieutenant Governor Milnes in Lower Canada, and did good service by distributing seed and publishing useful information respecting the culture of that important plant.

In 1802 the Gold Medal of the London Society of Arts was awarded to Isaac Winslow Clarke, Esq., of Montreal, for his culture and preparation of hemp in Lower Canada. In Upper Canada, the Gold Medal of the Society was awarded to Mr. Jacob Schneider, of the Township of York, for his culture of hemp in the Province.

The letter containing Governor Hunter's certificate on account of Jacob Schneider is dated York, Upper Canada, 18th November, 1802, and signed W. Allan. The Silver Medal was awarded to Mr. Daniel Mosher, of Kingston.

Mr. Allan, in his communication to the Society of Arts, states “there is every probability that the culture of hemp for exportation from this country, more particularly from the Province of Upper Canada, will eventually have the desired effect; and the more support it receives in its infancy the sooner will this be ascertained. There has been a very considerable quantity exported this present year, and many affidavits state its being cultivated at a small expense.”

In 1803, thirty-five dollars was awarded to Mr. William Hughes, Yonge Street. In 1804, Silver Medals were awarded to Mr. J. Cornwall and Mr. P. Wright.

Mr. Philemon Wright,* who, in the year 1800, invaded the wilderness in the immediate neighbourhood of Ottawa, early turned his attention to the cultivation of hemp. One year Mr. Wright raised a considerable quantity, and sent a very fine specimen, measuring fourteen feet in length, to the Hemp Committee at Montreal. He also sent two samples of the seed with two bundles of the hemp to the Society of Arts, and was complimented in return, as before remarked, with a Silver Medal. From a certificate which he received from the Hemp Committee it appeared that he raised that year eleven parts out of thirteen of the total raised in the Province. Mr. Wright was obliged to discontinue growing hemp on a large scale on account of the expense of preparing it for market, the hemp-peelers charging him one dollar a day, or one bushel of wheat.

In 1806 the British Government offered a bounty for the importation of flax and hemp from the North American Colonies, but the effect does not appear to have been sufficient to have induced an extended cultivation. This may have arisen from the habits and prejudices of the Lower Canadian *Habitans* not being understood, as explained by Bouchette, who was a warm advocate for the cultivation of flax and hemp in Lower Canada. In the appendix to his "British Dominions," he published, in 1832, an article on the probable causes which have counteracted the cultivation of hemp in Lower Canada, together with observations on the most effectual means by which its culture might be encouraged in the British North American Provinces.

Among the causes which rendered the cultivation of hemp abortive in Lower Canada was the want of a market where it might be disposed of as raw material. Hemp found no market but in a prepared state. Bouchette recommended the formation of a Company whose agents should receive hemp from the farmer, weigh it, and pay prices fixed upon by the Company. The hemp thus purchased was to be prepared at the agent's mills, packed, and stored ready for shipment. In order to innovate as little as possible upon the customs of the *habitants*, Bouchette proposed that they should be allowed to dispose of their hemp in bundles or sheafs weighing 15 lbs. Mr. Greu, quoted by Bouchette, states as the result of his experiments that the native hemp-seed produces better crops than that imported.

* Mr. Philemon Wright, an American Loyalist, emigrated from Woburn, in the State of Massachusetts, to Canada in 1800. Bouchette says, "Through hardships, privations and dangers that would have appalled an ordinary mind, he penetrated an almost inaccessible country, and where he found desolation and solitude he introduced civilization and the useful arts. By his almost unaided skill and indefatigable industry, the savage paths of a dreary wilderness have been changed into the cheerful haunts of man."—*Bouchette's Topographical Dictionary of Lower Canada.*

The following tables show what has been done hitherto in the cultivation of flax and hemp in the Province:—

LOWER CANADA.

Year.	Flax produced.	Linen manufactured.
1719	45,967 lbs.	—
1721	54,650 “	—
1734 (Flax Seed)	92,246 “	—
1827	Flax, 1,058,698 “	1,058,696 French Ells.
1851 ... Flax or Hemp,	1,189,018 “	929,249 Yards.

UPPER CANADA.

Year.	Flax or Hemp.	Linen.
1851	59,680 lbs.	11,711 Yards.
1861	1,225,931 “	37,055 “
1862(estimated)	1,500,000 “	—

The last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has the following on the cultivation of Hemp in Canada, which, although the evil alluded to has passed away, still the argument for the cultivation of this valuable fibre in Canada remains in force, and the evil may soon return if the present signs of the times in Europe are correctly interpreted:—“The growth of hemp in Canada assumes a position of great national importance at the present time, when British supplies have been so seriously checked by the war with Russia. * * * * Were our own dominions in North America to supply hemp for our manufacturers in future, instead of our being, as hitherto, so wholly dependent upon Russia for such supply, the change would be attended with signal advantage to both countries.”

FLAX FIBRE.

The worth of the annual production of flax fibre throughout the world was estimated three years ago at one hundred million dollars, and of the seed twenty million dollars; but since the outbreak of the Civil War in the United States the price of the raw material has suddenly risen, its production has greatly extended, and its cultivation has received a sudden impetus, so that the entire value of the crop in the Old World may now be safely estimated at one hundred and fifty million dollars per annum, with every prospect of a rapid increase.

Russia is the great flax producing country of the world. The culti—

vation of this plant has been fostered in that empire by successive governments for many hundred years, and in modern times it has won the careful attention and fostering care of the Emperors Nicholas and Alexander. The reward of these wise efforts to establish so valuable an industry as the culture of flax has resulted in the present overwhelming predominance of Russia among the fibre producing countries, since cotton recently received such fearful and calamitous checks.

At the close of the last decade, Russia produced about one-third of the entire amount which came into the markets of the world, and while in 1859 the quantity of flax imported by the United Kingdom amounted to 160,388,144 lbs., of which three-fourths, or 120,310,752 lbs., were supplied by Russia: Egypt, the natural soil of this plant, sent to the United Kingdom only 1,921,696 lbs.; and yet Egypt had her purple and fine linen, and swathed her mummies in almost endless bands of that fabric, when Russia and England were peopled by Nomadic races clad in the skins of beasts.

In Ireland in 1859 there were 136,282 acres under flax, yielding 27,000 tons. In 1860, although the area under crop was less by 8,000 acres than in 1859, yet the yield amounted to 5,000 tons more. In the production of flax in Europe, different countries take the following rank: 1st, Russia; 2nd, Austria; 3rd, France; 4th, Ireland; 5th, Prussia; 6th, Belgium; 7th, Holland.

In the United States flax has never been a favourite crop as a fibre producing plant. "It is to be regretted," says the Superintendent of the United States Census for 1860, "that the manufacture of flax has not attained greater magnitude in a country where the raw material is so easily and cheaply grown. Farmers throughout the West have raised the crop simply for the seed and thrown out the fibre as useless." The census of 1860 shows that there were produced in the States north of the Cotton States, 4,547,071 pounds of flax. This quantity would require, at 200 lbs. an acre, about 23,000 acres for its growth. But in the same States, there were grown, in the same year, 484,797 bushels of flax-seed, which, at eight bushels to the acre, would require a little over 60,000 acres, showing that nearly two-thirds of the fibre was thrown away.

The Austrian Catalogue of their Department at the late International Exhibition is printed on Indian corn paper; samples of maize-fibre paper, dipped unbleached, and having the whole of its gluten retained; are bound up with the work. The paper is strong and presents a good surface, but in the "Remarks on the Maize Paper here present," we find a statement possessing a great degree of interest in connection with the cultivation of fibre-producing plants. It is as follows: "As to the cost of production of maize-straw paper, it would exceed that of paper

manufactured of rags if there had not recently been discovered a quality in the maize fibre securing to it a far better means of converting it to use than by working it up into paper, i.e., that it can be spun and woven like flax and hemp. This discovery has already passed the experimental stage, for there exist already establishments in Vienna and Schöglmühle, near Gloggnitz, where maize-flax, as it is called, is spun and woven in considerable quantities. The process of producing maize-flax is the inventor's secret and patented in all the great States of Europe; but all patents not being in his hands, productions of his new invention could as yet not be sent to the Exhibition. What renders maize-flax weaving highly advantageous, is that the worst waste of maize-straw yields excellent paper, which is sufficiently proved by the paper manufactured of such waste, and made use of for printing the present Catalogue on."

Whatever can be said in favour of this new discovery applies equally to flax and hemp, and although it may be found a valuable and profitable material for certain kinds of paper, of an enduring or almost indestructible character, yet even supposing "maize-flax" should be successfully introduced in Europe the expense of its manufacture will prevent it from being generally adopted, and it can never compete with the grand staples flax and cotton for the purposes of clothing. But its chief value will be in the fact that those countries which have hitherto been dependent upon foreigners for their supply of cotton and linen, can, in an emergency like the present cotton dearth, clothe themselves with fabrics made from maize-straw if the supply of flax should not be sufficient for the demand. Its adoption will be, however, altogether a question of political economy, supposing maize-flax to be susceptible of general introduction. The special necessities of a country, other things being equal, will soon establish the relative commercial values, on the one hand of Indian Corn, Maize-Flax, Maize-waste Paper, and on the other hand of Flax Fibre, Flax Seed, Oil Cake, Linseed Oil, and Linen Rag Paper.

Where food is cheap, as in Canada, Flax will carry the day; where food is dear, Indian corn will probably prevail.

Notwithstanding the admirable fitness of the climate and soil of Canada for the cultivation of Flax and Hemp, and the encouragement in a certain direction which has been given to it, it appears that the importations of these articles are very considerable and last year reached the imposing sum of \$150,000. The following tables will show the nature and extent of our importations of a natural product which might be grown with the best results to the producer and consumer if proper means were devised to give a definite direction to that encouragement

which is by no means wanting either on the part of private enterprise, or public liberality.

IMPORTS.

Year.	Flax, Hemp, and Tow, undressed.	Flax Seed.	Oil Cake.
	Value.		
1857	\$96,034	—	\$38
1858	56,261	—	97
1859	64,182	—	—
1860	98,426	—	—
1861	91,793	—	1,381
1862	151,096	—	8,705

EXPORTS.

1857	—	11,050	16,169
1858	12,901 flax ...	2,344	15,593
1859	—	2,482	22,945
1860	—	5,634	32,835
1861	6,452	4,570	44,011
1862	5,530	27,783	41,783*

FLAX SEED.

Two very important articles of commerce are obtained from Flax Seed, namely, linseed oil and oil cake. The value of linseed oil chiefly arises from the property it possesses of absorbing oxygen from the air and becoming tenacious, like india-rubber or gutta percha, and to increase this property it is submitted to a process which gives it pre-eminently the qualities of a "drying oil." The object of boiling the oil with a small quantity of litharge or oxide of lead is to separate the vegetable albumen and mucilage which impair its drying properties. Oil cake, it is almost unnecessary to state, is used for feeding cattle. The oil is obtained from the seed by pressure either with or without the aid of heat. Cold drawn linseed oil is better than that pressed by heat, but the quantity yielded by the seed is not so large.

The value of linseed cake for feeding stock deserves to be widely known in this country in connection with the advantages and disadvantages of cultivating flax.

Assuming the weight of a bushel of flax seed to be 53 lbs., the actual

* Given in the Trade Returns under the head of "Oil Cake," as distinguished from Linseed Cake.

average quantity of oil cake made in the United Kingdom exceeds 140,000 tons, which, at the average price of forty dollars a ton, reaches the enormous sum of five millions six hundred thousand dollars. It appears again in the form of beef and mutton, and who can estimate the value of an abundant supply of oil cake of native manufacture to Canadian farmers during the long winters of this country, which involve the housing and feeding of cattle from five to six months in the year.

"Each year our farmers," says Prof. John Wilson of Edinburgh, "have to rely more and more on the important substances (oil-cakes) for the manufacture of the beef and mutton we require for our consumption, and for the supply of manure they require for their crops; for even in a manurial point of view alone, the fertilizing nature of the imported food would follow very closely on that assigned to the purely manuring substances themselves." Linseed cake is the staple of all the oil-cakes used as food for animals, and some idea of the importance attached to this substance by British farmers may be formed from the ascertained fact, that notwithstanding the importation of nine million bushels of flax seed annually, they still require about eighty thousand tons of linseed cake and are crying out for more. The total quantity of cake consumed in the United Kingdom for the purposes of feeding and fattening cattle exceeds two hundred and fifty thousand tons, valued at ten million dollars annually.

The prices in 1863 in the London markets are less than in 1862. The following are the London quotations:

Linseed oil cake in February, 1863...	£10 10 to £10 15
" " " 1862...	11 00 to 12 00
Flax Seed, per quarter, 1863.....	0 62 to 0 74
" " 1862.....	0 72 to 0 76

The value of Linseed for oil purposes is greatly dependant upon the climate of the producing country. The following London quotations for February, 1863, show this in the most practical way.

English Linseed, per quarter.....	62s. to 74s.
Calcutta " "	65 to 68
Bombay " "	71 to 72
St. Petersburg "	66 to 67
Riga " "	40 to 52

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ENCOURAGEMENT IN CANADA.

Much has been done of late years by private and public enterprise to assist the cultivation of this important plant.

The Canada Company some years since placed forty dollars at the disposal of the Agricultural Association to be given in premiums for flax and hemp, and the Association itself has offered other prizes and diplomas for the same object.

In Oct., 1854, a voluminous report was submitted by Mr. Kirkwood to the Minister of Agriculture, "On the system of cultivation and preparation of flax, as practised in Belgium and the British Islands," and published in the parliamentary reports of that year.

Mr. Donaldson's letters, (the Government emigration agent) published in different newspapers in Canada, furnish an excellent summary of the attempts which are now being made to introduce the cultivation of flax and the promising results already attained.

Private individuals (Hon. W. Alexander of Woodstock and others) have offered prizes to stimulate farmers to grow this product. Associations have been formed in Upper and Lower Canada, (Elgin Flax Association, Upper Canada, and Sherbrooke Flax Association, Lower Canada,) to effect the same purpose; and recently the Government has imported flax scutching machines from Europe and distributed them throughout the Province.

In 1862 the Government caused public lectures to be delivered on the importance and advantages of cultivating textile plants in Canada, and the Department of Agriculture and Statistics is importing first rate seed from Europe for distribution. Extensive factories are in course of construction for the manufacture of flax,* and the Board of Agriculture of Lower Canada has imported new machinery from Europe for a similar purpose. The wide field open to this branch of industry may be seen at a glance by an inspection of the following table of imports of the most important flax and hemp manufactures during the past seven years.

IMPORTS.

Year.	Linen.	Cordage.	Sailcloth.	Total.
1857	\$334,974	\$188,989	\$75,291	\$599,254
1858	138,110	80,535	36,030	254,675
1859	203,671	44,452	41,437	289,560
1860	261,824	64,150	63,776	389,750
1861	341,942	75,544	55,692	473,178
1862	322,844	107,181	116,757	546,782

The Minister of Agriculture, after a brief recapitulation of what has been done to promote the cultivation of flax and hemp in the Province, concludes his Report for 1862 with the following words:—"The Legislature should, therefore, vote a SPECIAL AMOUNT this year for this purpose."

* "Report of the Minister of Agriculture and Statistics."

In a subsequent number we shall venture to advert to the form which that legislative encouragement should take, as suggested by a review of the impediments which have hitherto checked, and the discouragements which, it is alleged, have thwarted the best efforts to promote these important but hitherto neglected branches of home industry and enterprise.

THE EMIGRANTS.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

XXXVI.

'T was when the Sun uplifted high
 His radiant form amidst the sky,
 That Weston took his lonely way
 To where his place of labour lay ;
 And little recked that aught of ill
 Would meet him in those woodlands still.
 It was a clear and open glade,
 Through which the slanting sunbeams play'd,
 Among the leaves that o'er his head
 Their graceful shadows richly spread.
 Brief was his toil ere he descried
 Clifford advancing to his side.
 His cheek was pale, his eye was bright,
 Yet with a smile his lip was dight ;
 Altho' its light seemed forced and fleeting,
 And faded e're he ceased his greeting.
 "Ah, Weston ! I was sure 't must be
 Thy axe that rung so merrily
 Through the dim woods, the other day,
 When close to this I held my way
 To Danby's clearing ; and again
 To-day, it seemed so near and plain,
 I left my path, that to your view
 I might display what very few
 In this wild land, perchance, have seen—
 Weapons of matchless shape and sheen—

And you who have a swordsman's eye,
Will look upon them lovingly."
With that, from the protecting fold
Of a rich cov'ring, he unrolled,
With eager hand, two weapons fair,
Of workmanship and temper rare.
Weston at first, with some surprise,
Marked his stern lip and flaming eyes ;
But then he knew that Clifford's way
Was changeful as an April day.
A weapon from his hand he took,
And scanned it with admiring look ;
And then full skilfully essayed
Each guard, and thrust, and quick parade ;
And praised its balance and its form,
And heeded not the rising storm
That gathered fast and faster now
On Clifford's dark and threat'ning brow ;
And deemed him but in sport when he
Crossed weapons with him suddenly,
Until his eye, with hatred gleaming,
Revealed too well his direful meaning.
" Now, Weston ! now," he hoarsely said,
And fiercely pressed upon his blade,
" Thy hand will have to play its part,
To save thy false and treach'rous heart ;
Or from its inmost depths I vow
To tear each thought of love that thou
Hast dared to cherish to'ards the maid
Whom I to win have long essayed ;
And whose young heart, with traitor-wile,
From me thou 'st striven to beguile."
" Clifford !" cried Weston, all amazed.
" Why, Clifford, are thy senses crazed ?
Why force me thus to mortal strife—
Why thirst so fiercely for my life ?
Put up thy sword, and hear me tell,
That tho' I've loved young Edith well,
Yet never word nor look of mine,
Led her my feelings to divine.
Not that 'twas e'er the fear of thee
That kept me from such rivalry,
But Poverty forbade that I

Should raise my fondest hope so high
As e'er to think that she would share
A ruined Woodman's lonely fare.
But for this cause she had been mine,
Spite of that burning glance of thine;
For well I : now that ne'er would she
Have looked with favor upon thee,
Or taken for her chosen mate
A soul so fierce in love and hate ! "

XXXVII.

Oh wildly, wildly flashed the ire,
O'er his dark face, from Clifford's eye,
Like as the lightning's lurid fire
Gleams o'er the midnight's stormy sky.
"Thou know'st it well ! and yet, forsooth,
Thou'd have me deem thou speakest truth,
When telling that to Edith thou
Hast never breathed a lover's vow.
Dastard ! thy cheek is growing pale,
And this is but a fear-taught tale,
To 'scape the vengeance justly due
A coward and a traitor too !"
Oh, human Nature ! frail thou art,
E'en when thou 'rt strengthened from on high ;
And few, unmoved, can bear the smart
Of insult and of contumely.
How far our faithless hearts come short
Of His example, Whose reply
Was never railing or retort
E'en to His bitterest enemy.
This Weston felt, for madly beat
The pulses of his writhing soul,
And fiery was the unwonted heat
That insult roused beyond control :
Yet even then he sought to gain
Aid from a higher, holier power,
Who never bids us seek in vain
For strength in trial's darkest hour.
With dauntless hand and watchful eye
He parried Clifford's wild attack,
And with a brief and stern reply

He cast his taunts of falsehood back.
 But 'midst the excitement of the strife
 He still restrained his own right hand,
 Tho' Clifford oft exposed his life,
 For wrath destroyed his self-command,
 And raged within his breast until
 It robbed him of his wonted skill.
 Again,—again, their weapon's clash,
 Their swiftness seems to mock the eye,—
 Like lightning in the sun they flash,
 As Clifford strives for mastery.
 But vain his strife; no blood was spilt
 Till Weston's footing slipp'd aside,
 And Clifford's weapon to the hilt
 Was plunged into his panting side.

XXXVIII.

Across the victor's face there passed
 A fearful smile of triumph high;
 He hoped each groan would be the last,
 He watched to see his victim die.
 "Clifford," he gasped with failing voice,
 "Even from my soul I pity thee;
 I'd rather—were it now my choice—
 The murder'd than the murderer be!
 And now I tell thee once again
 'Tis without cause that thou hast sought
 To bring upon thy soul the stain
 Of this foul deed that thou hast wrought.
 Thou 'st snapped the silver chord of life,
 Hope's golden bowl hast rudely broken;
 But brighter hopes are growing rise,
 For on my sight there seem to open
 Calm visions of that holy rest
 The Saviour purchased with His blood,
 And He will teach me now to breast
 The billows of Death's chilling flood."
 His voice grew faint and fainter still,
 His eye was dull, his heart was chill;
 Then did some thought of anguish seem
 To rouse him from his dark'ning dream,
 And as before his mind it passed,
 Its shadow o'er his features cast;

And in a voice like Sorrow's own
 He deeply sighed and murmured "home."
 "Clifford," he said, "thou 'st throned Despair
 Within my father's noble heart ;
 And oh ! my mother ! who shall dare
 To thee these tidings to impart ?
 Oh ! would that it might be that thou
 Might'st close my dim and dark'ning eye,
 And that upon my clammy brow
 Thy lips might rest before I die.
 But no ! it ne'er can be again
 That thou wilt bless my longing gaze ;
 Nor may I to my bosom strain
 The guardian of my early days.
 Clifford, one deed of love thou'lt do
 For what, through thee, I now endure,"—
 And here he from his bosom drew
 A locket with a miniature.
 "Take this," he said, "and let it be
 With safety to my father borne ;
 It is my mother's face ere she
 By years and sorrows had been shorn
 Of that calm look which was to me
 The brightest dream of infancy.
 Heed not the name that's written there,
 Tho' different from the one I bear,
 'Tis one which all our fathers bore
 Altho' we bear it now no more.
 "O God ! 'tis bitter thus to die
 Beneath this bright and glorious sky,
 Far from each fond and loving heart
 Who would have watched my soul depart,
 And o'er Death's dark and lonely way
 Have shed Affection's holy ray.
 But hence, such thoughts ! my Saviour, Thou
 See'st Thy blest-sign upon my brow,
 And that is but a shadow thrown
 Up from a heart THOU 'st made Thine own,
 For there THOU long has stamped Thy Cross,
 And taught me to esteem as dross
 Those things, whatever they might be,
 That came between my soul and Thee.
 Thine be the praise—the glory Thine ;

But let the comfort all be mine
 Of having all my sins forgiven,
 And blessed through Thee with hopes of heaven,
 My ebbing blood doth bear away
 Each thought of anger from my heart,
 And Clifford I forgive, and pray
 That thou "—— he gave a sudden start,
 Then backwards sank, and with a sigh,
 He seemed to pass full tranquilly.

XXXIX.

Clifford, we've said, had fiercely smiled
 When first he saw his foemen fall,
 But, as his passion grew less wild,
 It seemed as if some fearful pall
 Of horror o'er his spirit fell,
 Which nought might e'er again dispel.
 Long ere poor Weston sunk and swooned
 He strove to staunch the gushing wound,
 And midst the greenwood's lonely shade
 He vainly called aloud for aid.
 He took the picture's jewelled case
 From Weston's cold and nerveless grasp,
 A moment gazed upon the face,
 Then, with a wild, convulsive gasp,
 He staggered back, his glaring eyes
 Seemed starting from their sockets deep,
 And voiceless terror and surprise
 Over his spirit seemed to sweep.
His mother? did he say his mother?
 Weston! unsay that word again!
 Oh, God! Oh, God! I've slain my brother,
 And I am now a second Cain!
 Oh, Memory! on thy dreamy heart
 Love could no other visage trace
 With such a deep and lasting art
 As a fond mother's loving face!
 And well I know that this is mine,
 That seemeth now to gaze on me
 With those reproachful eyes that shine
 E'en from the insensate ivory.
 And see! her name is traced below,

'Matilda Neville'—that old name
 Which I relinquished long ago
 That I might keep it free from shame!
 Oh! it doth seem but yesterday
 Since I beheld the artist trace
 The features, then so fair and gay,
 Of this sweet unforgotten face.
 No marvel that my soul hath yearned
 Towards him who now before me lies,
 And that strange dreamings oft returned
 Of childhood's holy sympathies!
 Oh, how could I so blinded be
 As not to see that likeness plain
 That even now looks forth on me
 And racks my soul with madd'ning pain.
 My sins ere this were deeply dyed,
 And *now*, I stand a fratricide!
 And on my scorched and blasted brow
 The curse of Cain is resting now.
 Oh, if in truth a heav'n there be
 It ne'er was meant for such as me;
 And if there is, as clerks do tell,
 Beyond the grave a flaming hell,
 'Twould be to me a place of rest,
 For if the tortures of my breast
 Could midst its flames forgotten be,
 I'd welcome all its agony!"
 'Twas thus in sinful sort he raved,
 And God's deep anger wildly braved.
 Then paused—and with a madden'd air
 On Weston bent a fearful glare.
 And while his frame with anguish shook
 With eager hand his sword he took
 And placing it against a tree
 He fell against it heavily!

XL.

Oh, Sin thou art a fearful thing,
 Altho' thy brow is decked with flowers;
 Though like a Siren thou canst sing
 Amidst thy dim enchanted bowers;
 And tho' thy passionate eye doth fling

Strange 'wilderer lights upon the hours
 Of throbbing youth—when we do cling
 So fondly to this world of ours—
 Yet even then at times we trace
 Beneath thy false and treach'rous smile
 The hate thou bearest towards the race
 Thou e're hast striven to beguile ;
 If for our guide we choose thee still,
 And follow where thou lead'st the way,
 Oh, darker, drearier, and more chill,
 Becomes our path from day to day.
 'Tis true ! strange phantoms dance before,
 And promise 'midst our rising woe
 That Pleasure's cup shall still run o'er,
 But yet we never find it so.
 And thou, that first with winning grace,
 Led us in thy broad paths to stray,
 Dost clasp us in a fierce embrace,
 And o'er us wield's a tyrant's sway.
 The flow'rs upon thy brow have faded ;
 Changed is thy former face of glee,
 While o'er the soul thou hast degraded
 Thou laughest now in mockery.

XLI.

Scarcely had Clifford done the deed
 Of horror that hath just been told,
 When passing with a woodman's speed,
 And with a bearing light and bold,
 Young Chester started with affright
 To see the dread and ghastly sight
 That burst upon his startled eye ;
 And froze his blood, and stopped the cry
 That rose upon his lips when he
 Thus came upon them suddenly.
 Quick was his glance and brief his stay,
 For bounding like a deer away
 He fled for aid, that he might bear
 The sufferers to some refuge, where
 Kindness and care and skill might be
 Bestowed upon them speedily.
 Assistance came,—their wounds were bound,

And each was lifted from the ground
 With tender care, for many a moan
 Broke from them as they bore them home.
 Young Weston's wound, it soon appeared,
 Was slighter than at first was feared ;
 And soon awaking from his swoon
 He gazed bewildered round the room,
 And for a time it did but seem
 The memory of some fearful dream.
 Clifford did still his speech retain,
 And smote his brow, and spake of Cain,
 Until they thought that he must be
 Distracted by his injury.
 'Twas such a wound, in truth, as made
 The brightness of Hope's smile to fade,
 And filled with tears her beaming eye ;
 For it was plain that he must die.
 And yet he lingered day by day,
 And fervently did Weston pray :
 That even in his dying hour,
 God's Spirit with His word of pow'r
 Might rouse his erring brother's heart,
 And teach him, ere his soul should part,
 To mourn o'er all his wanderings now
 When Death's cold hand was on his brow.
 As his own strength at length returned,
 'Twere long to tell how fondly yearned
 His heart o'er him, whose weary face
 Had lost its high and haughty grace.
 And how with gentle art he sought
 To lead him on to holy thought
 Of Him who in His mercy gave
 His soul, the sinner's soul to save.
 Oh ! sad the lot of those who tread
 The world's wide ways with sin o'erspread ;
 And never, till their dying day,
 Seek for life's calm but narrow way.—
 Yet when young Weston spoke of Him
 Who died, a ransom for our sin,
 The tears would oft unbidden start
 From his closed lids, and his proud heart
 Seemed touched and softened, and he'd clasp,
 Tho' with a faint and feeble grasp,

His brother's hand, and seemed to be
 Filled with unfeigned humility.
 'Twere sad to tell the words that past
 Between them ere he breathed his last ;
 It is enough, that though his life
 Was deeply dyed with sin and strife,
 Since he had left his father's home
 Unfettered thro' the world to roam,
 Yet still a hope was left behind
 That he might grace and pardon find
 Through Him who to this world was sent
 To seek and save the penitent.
 But yet while Hope of peace did sing,
 Cold Doubt, with gloomy brow, would rise
 And over Hope his mantle fling
 And drown her cheerful voice with sighs—
 And thus it must forever be
 With those who *live* unmindfully:

XLII.

He died, and left his brother heir
 Of all the wealth that he possessed.
 And scarce had summer faded, ere
 Weston clasped Edith to his breast,
 And joyed to hear her say that she
 His pledged and plighted bride would be.
 And now, surrounded by their friends,
 A life of holy love they lead,
 And many a prayer to heaven ascends
 That they may feel in very deed
 That they are only pilgrims here,
 And that the joys of earth must never
 Make them forget that glorious sphere
 Where God shall be our joy for ever.

I've told my tale ! And some perchance will deem
 That one whose numbers are untaught and rude
 Had better far continued still to dream
 In his own heart's unbroken solitude.
 And so for years, in many an ancient wood
 By the low lake, and by the forest stream,

I've dreamt vague dreams, and oft have wished I could
Express the beauty wild with which they were imbued.

And now, if I no fitting priest should be
To minister at Nature's glorious shrine,
Let not the highly-gifted scornfully
Regard my reverent efforts as a crime.
No thought of beauty can I claim as mine—
They sprang from nature, if such thoughts there be,
And I have only striven to combine
Her glorious dreamings with my rude untutored rhyme.

W. S. DARLING.

[This poem was not written expressly for the *British American Magazine*. Its composition was the recreation of the author during convalescence after a severe illness, some years ago. It has been placed in the hands of the Editor without alteration or addition.]

THE SETTLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. HOLIWELL.

Authoress of the "The Old World and the New," "The Baries in Canada," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

CHRISTMAS AT MAPLETON VALE.

Paddy used to bring Mr. Claridge's letters from the village post office, with Lieutenant Mapleton's, and on one occasion the young man received an epistle from his mother, while sitting with Lawrence on the verandah. At her request he broke the seal and as his home had frequently been made a matter of conversation there were many extracts for her ear. Why pause and redder Hemsley Claridge? Read on, your companion listens with absorbed attention, all that concerns you is growing deeply interesting to her. But he skipped a page in a nervous hurried manner. Lawrence however, with her eyes on her sewing did not heed it, the great piece of news conveyed was to the effect, that his sister Mary was likely to marry well, and that her sister and the Hemsley girls were to be bridesmaids in white and blue.

"Who are the Hemsleys?" inquired Lawrence looking up.

"Squire Hemsley is my Godfather, their house was within a mile of the Rectory, and the young people of both families were intimate from childhood."

"How dreadfully you must have missed your old friends and your own family, I think I should die if I were to leave Mapleton."

"How I might have felt if I had not met with those who have amply supplied the place of the absent," and he looked gratefully at his companion, "I know not, but in spite of my disagreeable position, I was never happier in my life, you must not imagine Miss Mapleton that all parents are like you and your father."

"No, I suppose not, still it must be a great trial to live thousands of miles from your mother's love and father's society."

"My mother's love was never demonstrative," returned Hemsley with a comical expression, "my most vivid recollections of her are mingled with sharp reproofs, and in earlier days with boxes on my ears and lectures on manners. I dare say I was a tiresome boy enough; I remember being the very incarnation of mischief, but my good mother admirable as she is, never melted into tenderness over me in her life; my young sisters were growing up all the time and were far more promising to caress and ornamental in the drawing room. My mother always characterised boys as 'cubs,' awkward and very much in the way." Lawrence laughed and could not help thinking the specimen beside her was a very handsome cub indeed. Claridge did not care to talk more of his English home, his companion thought it was regret that silenced him, possibly there were recollections he might wish to forget.

As the winter approached Hemsley's ingenuity was much taxed to suggest a feasible reason to his parents for remaining in the Mapleton neighbourhood, after he had unmasked Swinton. To stay with him was intolerable, yet the simple truth could not be told, or rather he thought it could not; but any reasoning based on other foundation than truth is sure to prove dangerous and while Claridge let week after week slip by, without taking a decisive step, his enemy was devising some scheme by which to secure another fifty pounds. Consequently when at last he brought himself to address Swinton on the matter, that gentleman's reply was to show him a banker's check for the next half year's payment, with Arthur Claridge signed conspicuously at the bottom, if Hemsley had doubts with regard to writing home, Swinton had none, and as Claridge had not made confidants of his parents they felt no hesitation in sending the amount demanded.

Christmas brought sleighing and Mrs. Mouncey who staid a fortnight and in whose honour several social parties were given. Claridge spent Christmas day with them peacefully and cheerfully. Mrs. Mouncey and

the young Englishman discussed round the blazing log fire the old world customs, Lawrence listened attentively, putting in a word here and there for her native land, while the old sailor smiled pleasantly as memories of his boyhood nearly forgotten, were aroused by their conversation. The snow was falling silently and heavily without, the landscape was a dreary one, to an aching heart, but to the contented, the young and gay it only enhanced the brightness and comfort within. Paddy entered with a fresh log equal, Lawrence declared, to any yule log of old England, a declaration no one seemed inclined to dispute. As it grew darker and dimmer the girl drew to her favourite seat at her father's knees, Mrs. Mouncey retired for a few minutes to scribble a loving line to her husband, who was not able to accompany her, but was to follow in a few days, while Claridge stole to the window and gazing on the winter storm could not help thinking of his father's home, and its Christmas festivities. His mind was busy with the past, images of beloved absent ones flitted before him, last year what form so peerless and so fair accepted his homage, and returned his preference? A sigh escaped him, a little white hand was laid on his shoulder and a sweet voice more musical than the past, breathing of present joy whispered, "I fear you are dull Mr. Claridge, are you thinking of your English home? Christmas is always a sad time for those who are separated from their families."

"My thoughts were with home I must confess, one should be a heathen not to remember one's own kin on such a day, but believe me I was not looking back regretfully, I can never do that while I have Miss Mapleton for a friend."

Lawrence looked doubtfully at him, his words sounded strangely like flattery, but his face expressed serious earnestness and she was too trustful to question further.

"I am proud of your estimate of my friendship, if we have helped you to pass your weary term of probation here agreeably, it is no more than papa wished to do by your father's son, or indeed by any stranger guest."

"May I not hope you have shown me a little more favour than you would to any one else?"

"No I think not—but perhaps——"

"What?"

"I have taken my own pleasure in it."

Hemsley thanked her with a bright smile, he had always felt her kindness was dictated by something beyond pity, now joy trembled in his heart that she had confessed in words her pleasure in his society.

"But tell me now," she said in a low tone for her father had fallen

asleep in his chair, "how did you pass last Christmas day, had you any strangers with you, what did you do?"

"Am I to begin at the beginning?"

"Of course."

"Well then at the breakfast table, on each plate we found our Christmas boxes, some plates were piled up, others were more moderately filled; our parents' were generally loaded, sometimes with rubbish, for every child from the eldest downwards gave something."

"And what had you last year?"

"This watch which you have seen before now, from papa and mama united, and a whole stack of pincushions and slippers from the girls."

"What have you had to-day?"

"Nothing, who would give me a love token here?"

"I have got something for you, something that I think you will like, wait here and I will send it to the window." Claridge full of curiosity strained his eyes through the rapidly increasing darkness to catch a glimpse of the mysterious gift. Presently Paddy appeared followed by his mistress in fur cap and snow shoes, for the snow was deep and light leading by the bridle Black Bess, a beautiful mare that Mr. Mapleton had kept for a long time doing nothing in his stables; she was too rare and fine a creature for farm work, and the old gentleman, never a bold rider, did not care to mount her, Laurie had suggested that young Claridge would like to try his skill and strength in her command and her father said instantly, "give her to him," so Lawrence and Paddy paraded the black mare before Hemsley, as he sat in the drawing room window at Mapleton Vale. Claridge's eyes shone at the prospect of a ride, poor fellow, he had not mounted a noble animal since he had left home, and he dearly loved the exercise; he was going to express his thanks but Lawrence stopped him.

"We ought to thank you for accepting the gift, for poor Bess is of no use now, papa does not feel able to ride her, he is not as strong as he used to be, and I have Bell an equally fine animal and more gentle, if you are doubtful of the treatment she would receive at Hogg's Hill leave her here, Paddy will mind her as before till you are differently situated."

The offer was gladly accepted, and when spring came Hemsley's spare hours were spent in riding with Miss Mapleton, and her father. Toil, hardship, insult, everything were forgotten, when facing the Huron breeze the youth flew on his high mettled courser beside the fearless and beautiful settler's daughter. They seldom talked much, they were too full of enjoyment, the very action was a pleasure, how much more the consciousness of the other's presence! old Mapleton looked on and

sometimes smiled, and sometimes sighed, was the intimacy for good or for evil?

For good at present at all events, for Lawrence had blossomed into tenfold beauty since her slumbering heart had been awakened, her brown eyes beamed with tender feeling, her cheek was crimsoned with the hue of the damask rose, her scarlet lips melted into rich smiles of happiness, her girlish slight figure had ripened into the fulness of perfection; Lawrence the sweet pretty loveable girl had burst into the richness and warmth of womanhood. The fond father gazed half sadly, half proudly at his forest flower, how soon might she be separated from him, he could not expect to keep so fair a blossom in his faded life garden.

Young Hemsley felt his strong heart beat with passionate love when he thought of her. How should he gain her, how presume to claim one so cherished, so lovely, so rich? The question echoed in his ears by night and by day, but alas! there came no answer. He could only toil on at Hogg's Hill and spend every possible minute with his sovereign. In his young enthusiasm he vowed not to disturb her peace by betraying his hopeless passion, such disinterestedness was not likely to survive a temptation.

More than once during their spring rides as Lawrence and Hemsley walked their horses up the hill leading to Mapleton Vale from the village, Lawrence fancied she saw a figure resembling Nellie flitting through the plantation that skirted their road, upon reaching home, however, Nellie was always at hand and her mistress observed nothing to warrant a suspicion of her truthfulness or behaviour, still Lawrence mused sadly of her wilful waiting-maid and ever concluded her reflections by wishing Sheldon safe out of the neighbourhood. Major Glegg had patronised the young man and a rumour said he was graciously received by the daughter also, however that was, Sheldon was so frequently in the company of the Gleggs that Lawrence had withdrawn herself from Ailsie's society, finding a something in the handsome stranger simply intolerable.

As the weather improved Lawrence's rides became more frequent, they often met Miss Glegg riding like the wind on her spirited bay, accompanied by Sheldon tearing along by her side with wild eye and excited countenance; these meetings always cast a gloom over Lawrence, Ailsie had been her friend and now she seemed rushing to perdition with an evil spirit for a guide. One night when the evening prayer and chapter were just concluded and the young girl and her father were exchanging a tender goodnight, Maggie entered the parlour and said that Mr. Claridge wished to speak to Miss Mapleton for a moment.

"What has brought him here so late, I do not like visitors at this hour?" questioned Mr. Mapleton.

"I am sure something very particular has happened dear papa, but I will go and see, he is in the drawing room Maggie I suppose?"

The woman assented, and the girl left the room; the old gentleman pacing up and down thoughtfully, wistfully eyed the door, soon she returned but so pale and agitated, her father was quite alarmed.

"Dear papa will you grant me a very great favour? will you drive out with me to Major Glegg's, I must see Ailsie, she is on the eve of ruin, even now perhaps I am too late, Mr. Claridge has accidentally discovered a plan between her and Mr. Sheldon to elope to-night or to-morrow morning, look at this," she handed her father a crushed note burnt at the end, it had evidently been twisted up and used for a cigar lighter.

DEAREST—I will be ready on Tuesday at the hour appointed, papa has a dinner party on Monday night and will sleep late and soundly, what a ride it will be with you for ever, in haste.

Yours fondly,

AILSIE.

"And what do you hope to do my child?"

"Papa, Ailsie loved me once, that bad man has perverted her and smothered her better judgment, I will reason with her, show her the bottomless gulf she is approaching, at least let me discharge my duty as a companion and friend even if I do no good, but I feel that I shall."

"Do as you please my love go and speak to Paddy and tell Mr. Claridge I should like to see him if he is not gone."

"No papa, I will send him to you."

Hemsley had not much more to say, he had picked up the half burnt paper on the stairs, and from what he had observed of Sheldon's intimacy with the Gleggs, he had apprehended the worst. His fears were confirmed by seeing Sheldon's horse saddled and bridled in Swinton's stables ready for a journey, it was Monday night, if the note meant anything, there was no time to lose.

When Lawrence entered muffled and hooded the young man took his leave, and the old settler buttoning his fur coat up to his chin for the nights were still frosty and cold, took his seat in the buggy without a murmur, though he could not help wishing himself in bed. After a smart drive they pulled up at a cottage about a stone's throw from Major Glegg's house.

"Do you see the lights in the drawing room papa? The Major has not yet finished his carouse, I do not think you would care to join him, the good people are up here and would be glad to give you a seat by

their fire while I go on and do my endeavour."

"But you do not know whom you will see, gentlemen after the Major's dinners are not pleasant to meet."

"I shall enter by the garden door, and go direct to Ailsie's room; if she is not there, I shall ask a servant to seek her and bring her to me, if both fail I shall return to you."

"Very well, good-bye, I shall be anxious till you come back."

Lawrence tripped off and found Ailsie as she expected, alone in her chamber, on beholding her friend Miss Glegg almost shrieked out, "What are you come for?"

To save you from sin Ailsie, from irremediable misery."

"What do you mean? how dare you come here to lecture me and call me to account? go away proud girl, you are so much better than any one else, go—nor defile your purity try contact with me!"

"Oh Ailsie, Ailsie!" cried Lawrence sinking on her knees and clasping the excited girl with her strong arms, "we were friends in innocence and happiness, do not turn from me now in the hour of trial and sorrow, you meditate a sin against your father and heaven, be persuaded, be entreated, I will not leave you till you have changed your purpose, I will wrestle for your soul, you must not, shall not, be lost."

"What are you talking about?" returned the bold girl with a hollow laugh, "to what purpose do you allude?"

"You are going to abandon yourself to a villain, see here, is not this your handwriting?"

Ailsie snatched it from her and grew white, more with rage that Sheldon should have been so careless of her notes, than anger at Lawrence for meddling in her affairs.

"How did you come by this?" she hoarsely asked.

"It was picked up on Swinton's staircase; look at the scorched end, your precious words of love were used to minister to your lover's self indulgent habits, how must he prize you when he thus desecrates what belongs to you?"

Miss Glegg sprang to her feet and for some minutes paced up and down with her passionate, unregulated heart bursting in her bosom, Lawrence glanced round the room and noticed the riding habit laid out for use, the small well packed portmanteau, the letter addressed to the parent she was deceiving and deserting, afraid of losing her advantage she stole to her companion's side and tried to take her hand.

"Do not touch me child, do not look at me with your reproachful eyes, why did you come at all, disturbing my plans and destroying my happiness?"

"Preventing you from destroying it you mean, oh! dear Ailsie I came because I loved you, I wish to save you, pray think of your father,

he may not be tender or gentle to you, but does he not love you as well as it is in his nature to love? would not your dishonourable conduct madden him, perhaps lead him to murder or suicide? do you not know by your own passions how strong his are in his gigantic manhood. You have a noble heart Ailsie, listen to its dictates, and scorn the lurings of a man like Ralph Sheldon, he only tempts you to destruction, he is not capable of affection, drink has stifled every fair quality in his nature, oh! do not sacrifice your father, yourself, youth, beauty, prospects and more than all God's love for a demon!"

"Who taught you to pass judgment on Ralph Sheldon? What can you know of him?"

"The unerring instinct of my heart which always warns me when I meet an unprincipled godless man, you have the same misgiving Ailsie, but you thrust it out of sight and try to cover it with flowers, they are only poison berries; recall every hour of your intercourse—did he ever give utterance to a noble sentiment? did he ever pity the unfortunate or relieve the suffering? did you ever see him glow with lofty aspirations or act self denyingly? you do not answer, you cannot; he is base, he loves vice better than virtue and gold more than honour."

"Why do you say so? he is the last person to care for money, he lavishes his in foolish generosity, I never met a more liberal man."

"He lavishes then on his pleasures what should supply his just wants, do you know he has a poor striving mother in England, hoping for the best, toiling and praying and looking to that future with her son that will never come; she writes to him by every post, but her letters are sometimes unopened for weeks, and he rarely replies to her. Will such a son make a good husband? dear Ailsie, if you were not the Major's daughter and the heiress of rich acres I do not think he would have *loved* you."

The girl groaned as the gentle Lawrence probed the wound she wished to heal, she had resolved to say openly all she knew that could deter her friend from so mad a step. Seeing she had gained a point, as Ailsie remained silent, she pressed her advantage with so much love and earnestness that presently the proud heart gave way and throwing herself on Miss Mapleton's neck she sobbed out.

"I feel, I know you are right, but I love him?"

"You cannot love him as he is," returned Lawrence embracing her, "you can only love him as he has appeared to you, if you love him you must wish him well, try and reform him, pluck him from his sins, all that you can do, must be done while you are free, you will achieve nothing when under authority, make him worthy of you or renounce him. Ailsie I believe that a pure woman, strong in a high resolve and prayerful, may reclaim a perverted human soul, if that soul can be

turned to love her, but that woman must be separate, undefiled from his career of crime, she must not owe obedience to one whom she cannot reverence, if your love can bear the long suffering, the patient struggling with error, the ingratitude and the relapses of a stained and enfeebled nature, then persevere and prosper, and may God's blessing be with you, but never ruin him eternally as well as yourself and those belonging to you by joining his course of corruption, instead of withdrawing him from it."

"Lawrence, I yield to right and truth, not to your persuasions, put by my habit, unpack my bag, I will write him a line. Will you see that it is delivered to him."

"I will," murmured the young girl her countenance beaming with holy joy as she obeyed her imperious friend. The note was sealed, the farewell spoken, and Lawrence was soon beside her father driving through Mapleton woods by moonlight.

"We must call at Swinton's, papa, and find some means of giving Mr. Sheldon this note," said Lawrence after relating her interview with Miss Glegg.

"Do you think your friend will keep her promise?"

"I am certain of it, with all her faults Ailsie never prevaricated or broke her word, she has no timidity and would have as soon refused me as not, if she had not been convinced."

They reached Hogg's Hill, all was still and dark, save a faint light in an upper room. Lawrence's heart fluttered with a secret indescribable joy, "Hemsley is there." Truly he was there and awake, for he heard the carriage wheels and raised the sash to see the cause of so unusual an interruption at such an hour. A glance sufficed, the light disappeared, and in a moment Claridge was by their side. Lawrence in a few words recapitulated what had passed charging him to deliver the note at once with his own hand.

"I do not think it would be of any use to give it to him," said Hemsley, "for he is in the deep sleep of intoxication, Swinton treated him to brandy to-night, and I believe had to help him to bed."

The young girl shuddered and after begging him to watch the wretched boy's slumber and deliver him the mission as early as he was able to comprehend its meaning, they exchanged good-nights and Lawrence drove on, not unwatched through the dark woods. Hemsley stood gazing after the little vehicle till it was lost to sight and returned to his den but little inclined to sleep.

The next morning as the Mapletons sat over their breakfast an hour later than usual, Claridge walked in, he looked grave and said he had sad news for them.

"I obeyed your wishes last night Miss Mapleton, not feeling able to

rest I opened my door which gives upon Sheldon's, and sat down to write letters. About break of day I heard him moving and he shortly came out dressed in his best, I gave him the note and said it was left after he had retired for the night, the messenger requesting that he should have it the first thing in the morning. He tore it open and muttered many an oath as he strode down stairs. He went into the stables mounted his horse and rode off."

"But Ailsie did not meet him," said Lawrence confidently.

"Yes she did, I followed him at a distance, he rode to the Hollow, and I saw a lady waiting for him on foot, of course I cannot tell what the subject of their conversation was, but they soon parted and apparently in anger for she walked slowly homewards and he galloped towards the village, just as I gained the bridge, I saw his horse shy, he struck the animal brutally and the next moment he was thrown; he lay bleeding and senseless about a hundred yards from the school house. There were not many people about, but all who were, flocked round him, I knocked at Mr. Gilbert's, the schoolmaster's door, and asked permission to take him in, he winced a little at the idea but after a momentary struggle with himself, prepared his own bed for the wretched man's reception. Dr. Hawthorne was immediately sent for and obeyed the summons promptly."

"Are his injuries serious?" enquired Mr. Mapleton.

"Dr. Hawthorne said there was slight concussion of the brain and some severe bruises but no limbs broken, he must not be moved, so poor Mr. Gilbert will have a trial of patience."

Young Sheldon proved to be more dangerously hurt than was at first apprehended and weeks passed before he regained consciousness. The schoolmaster was assisted in his labour of charity by a stout motherly woman provided at Lawrence's suggestion as nurse, but his hermitage was desecrated and his door never closed to intruders. Those who did not want to see the invalid, wished to see the nurse, and the poor student, (for Mr. Gilbert had only adopted his present profession through necessity, he was reading for the church,) could not find a room in his small cottage where the eternal clatter of feminine tongues did not reach him. Besides the noise he suffered no end of inconvenience, his books and papers were superseded by physic bottles and tea cups, his reading lamp was appropriated for a night light, his desk a tray stand, never was unsocial mortal so completely besieged by clamour and business. He was fain to put away books and pen and devote himself to his uninvited and helpless guest, bearing with as good a grace as he could, the twaddle of all the old women of Mapleton.

Hemsley took possession of Sheldon's desk and few papers before Swinton heard of the accident, he sealed them up and delivered them to

Mr. Gilbert for the sick man's future use. In collecting the letters that his carelessness had scattered on shelf or floor he observed Mrs. Sheldon's address and after consulting with Lawrence and Mr. Mapleton he wrote to her recommending her if possible to join her son shortly, and detailing as briefly as possible the late events. Lawrence carried frequent news of the sufferer to the no less mentally suffering Ailsie. Strong, bold, wild girl as she was, she showed traces of the ordeal through which she was passing; perhaps she may not be the worse for the discipline, she has acquired some self-control, and has learned to admire Lawrence Mapleton's gentle womanly virtues.

Winter lingered, reluctant to depart, as it always is in this Canadian clime, till May, the month of birds and flowers, burst suddenly on Mapleton. Claridge gazed with astonishment at the sudden development of Nature: each morning the forest trees were greener, the gardens more forward. Strange buds greeted his eyes in the woods, and birds of brilliant plumage flitted from bough to bough. Lawrence knew all their names and was acquainted with their habits; she could tell him where the blue-bird and the robin mostly made their nests; how seldom the black and golden oriole was seen, and when this feathered chorister began to sing, or that one grew silent. She pointed out to him the gorgeous colour of the scarlet tanager, and triumphantly bade him listen to the sweet warbling which echoed through the primeval forest.

Besides the wild beauties in the forest, Lawrence's garden had put on a robe of blossoms and resembled enchanted ground. The lilacs hung their white and purple festoons over her arbour, the flowering currant and almond bushes shed their rich fragrance on the breeze, and in their deep green nest the lilies of the valley opened their star-like blossoms. Lawrence, ever gay, overflowed with happiness, the beautiful always added to her enjoyment, and she loved flowers almost as if they were capable of appreciating her affection. She spent hours in the garden training unruly shoots, culling the full blown flowers, supporting the weakly, or removing the faded glories of yesterday; sometimes Hemsley was by her side, and her pleasure was certainly not impaired by his presence.

It was towards the middle of the month that Claridge one evening, as usual, bent his steps towards the Vale, his spirits were not at their best, and his face betrayed signs of anxiety and fatigue. Besides a toilsome hard day in the fields under a hot spring sun, he had a cause for mental worry, a description of trouble he ever bore ill, in the shape of a letter from home. He was distracted with many conflicting emotions as he drew near the shrine of his devotion, and could not but acknowledge how entirely the fair flower of Mapleton had led captive

his heart; yet should he, could he, forget past promises, or lay himself open to the basest insinuations of avarice and fortune hunting if he sought the hand of so rich a bride? Claridge, though possessed of no romantic or Utopian generosity, was far from selfish or self-seeking, and, in his eyes, Lawrence Mapleton's only drawback was her wealth; he was proud enough to wish the girl he loved to be his equal not his superior in worldly goods, and he felt he should flinch like a coward from the surmises and sneers of the world if he openly avowed his admiration and love for Miss Mapleton. It was with the certainty of forgetting all uncomfortable thoughts and feelings in her presence that he hastily crossed the lawn and joined the old lieutenant, whom he had seen from afar reposing in his arm chair in the verandah, but, contrary to custom, no Lawrence was by his side, and even Mapleton Vale that lovely May evening looked desolate and dull.

"My daughter has not returned yet," said Mapleton, observing the young man's anxious inquiring look, "she went out on her pony early this afternoon on business for me to Farmer Terry, and I think it high time she came home, in fact I am getting fidgetty, and if it were not for my rheumatism which quite cripples me to night I should go and meet her, but I will send Paddy." "Would you allow me to go instead," asked Hemsley eagerly, "I can walk faster and see farther than Paddy; which path should I take?"

"The lake shore road is her favourite, though the longest, and by her being so late I suppose she is returning that way."

Claridge lost no time in availing himself of the permission given, and walked with rapid steps in the direction indicated. He paid little attention to the glorious sunset and the rising crescent of Dian, displaying that beauty of sky of which the poet speaks:

"The moon is up,
And yet it is not night, sunset divides
The sky with her."

A distant sail was just visible on the blue expanse of the beautiful lake, and Lawrence, riding up the hill from Ashton, where Mr. Terry lived, had reined in her docile pony, and was lost in admiration of the scene when Hemsley caught sight of her. Their meeting was mutually pleasant, a few words explained his appearance; Lawrie was full of her day's adventures, her delightful ride through the grand old woods, Mr. Terry's hospitality and the flourishing condition of the young Terrys. Claridge was boy enough to feel annoyed that she could be so open to enjoyment without him, and he was quite conscious of an irritable feeling as he asked her which path she would take, the road or across the ravine.

"Oh! the road I think," she returned "I never attempt the ravine in the spring, the quantity of snow last winter and the late season make the floods still dangerous."

"I thought Miss Mapleton knew no fear."

"I do not know that I am afraid, if there was any good to be done by going the perilous way, or I was really in a dreadful hurry I daresay I should try it, but where I have plenty of time I do not see the advantage of tempting Providence by running a risk."

"I came across it safely and I scarcely consider Providence interposed in my behalf."

"Well Mr. Claridge if you prefer it, and as you are with me to lead Bell over I am quite willing to go your way, this is the turning place."

His point gained he instantly felt sorry, but ashamed of his inconsistency he walked on leading the pony by the bridle. He had experienced some difficulty in crossing himself, and now it was nearly dark and he could not find the exact place which he had selected as best for the purpose. The roaring of the mountain torrent dashing its foaming shallow waters over the great rocks did not sound inviting as they approached the ravine and Bell the pony showed great disapprobation at the prospect of picking her way over the slippery stones.

"Mr. Claridge, if you will let me alight and walk over I think it will be safer, I am accustomed to scrambling and I daresay you can lead Bell."

"No, no, keep your seat, I will take care."

So he did to the best of his ability, but he had not calculated for Bell's four feet, and her obstinate resistance, just as they reached the middle of the stream, stepping from stone to crag with the greatest caution the pony lost her footing, and slipped into the water, it was only deep enough to give her young mistress a good wetting but unfortunately she was jerked from the saddle and fell on a sharp awkward piece of rock. To lift her in his arms and bear her to the opposite side was the work of a moment, he thought she had fainted, but Lawrence was too stout of heart and nerve for that, though really hurt she raised herself from his support and exclaimed, "Mr. Claridge catch my pony, if she goes home alone papa will be frightened to death."

Hemsley obeyed in silence and securing the animal to a tree rushed back to the young girl who faint and dizzy had removed her hat and thus displayed a wound on her temple, from which the red blood dropped slowly; in the pale moonlight Lawrie's face looked ghastly and poor Hemsley was well nigh distracted blaming himself as the cause of the misfortune.

"Miss Ma—— Lawrence, speak to me, let me bind your brow and

bathe your face, I know I do not deserve to do it, I am a wretch, but do not punish me more bitterly than I am punished.

"I am sure, I do not wish to punish you, but I really feel so strange. I am afraid of fainting, I know you thought it was the best road, but experience warned me of its danger, I expected a cold bath but I never reckoned upon a blow."

He bathed her face, he bound her wound with her soft cambric handkerchief, his heart beat so high with excitement he could scarcely steady his hand to do its work, to touch her flowing hair, her white forehead, her beautiful cheek! consciousness of his own faulty temper and of her suffering, alone subdued his wild emotions, he could hardly bridle his tongue, he longed to speak out of the fulness of his heart, but his better nature prevailed, he felt it would be ungenerous to agitate her while so weak and suffering, nor could he disturb the childlike confidence with which she permitted him to wait on her and support her.

Still when sufficiently recovered to proceed homewards he could not restrain the impulse of pressing her to his breast as he lifted her on her impatient pony and insisted on keeping his strong arm round her as she sat unsteadily in the saddle.

Paddy met them at the farm limits and he scanned his young mistress' appearance and escort not very approvingly, but Claridge heeded him not, he felt he must show Lawrence his heart ere they parted.

"Why do you shrink from my touch Lawrence, you are not able to hold yourself safely."

"I do not shrink from you Mr. Claridge, but I feel quite well and need no further assistance."

"If you felt the same pleasure in my strength that I do in your weakness, you would wish to ride thus through life."

Lawrence was silent, her little heart fluttered like a wild bird in her bosom.

"Lawrence I cannot speak, feeling chokes me, poor, unworthy as I am, with nothing to offer you but my great love, say, may I walk thus beside you for ever, your lover, husband, friend?"

They had reached the house, she held out her arms to him to be lifted off Bell, and nestled for a moment on that fond young heart that she felt was to be her anchorage through time. Hemsley needed no spoken words and with a thrill of delight that can never be known but once in our mortal career, he led her to the door.

"Do not come in to-night," she whispered, "you will come in the morning and see papa."

The first kiss that living man save her father had ever pressed on Lawrence Mapleton's lips was given that night by young Hemsley.

Happy the woman whose nuptial caresses, whose deathbed embrace are bestowed by the fond true lover of her early youth, and thrice happy the man who gives his heart's true worship to a being so pure, so fresh even to life's most unsullied feelings that she trembles in secret over the bliss of that first love token, and writes it down on the tablet of her memory as one of the golden records of her sunny existence.

WHAT IS "SPECTRUM ANALYSIS?"

BY THE EDITOR.

Many scientific periodicals contain from time to time announcements of new discoveries made through the instrumentality of "spectrum analysis." The public grows familiar with the words without having a very clear perception of their meaning. The word "spectrum" approaches so closely to spectre, that the idea is immediately suggested of some visible spiritual agent being concerned in the discoveries to which the mysterious "spectrum analysis" is now the recognized and fruitful guide. Has it any relation to mediums? or are spiritualists and clairvoyants the human agents by which these astonishing revelations regarding the constitution of the sun and the stars, the impurities of invisible air, of the clearest water, and even of a delicate and imponderable beam of light, are announced to us? Fortunately the names of the distinguished chemists and astronomers who first give us startling intelligence from the sun, not only excites our curiosity, but at once offers a sufficient guarantee that "spectrum analysis" has nothing to do with a medium, a spiritualist, a spectre, or a gnome.

By means of spectrum analysis we are told that the hundred-millionth part of a grain of calcium, the metallic base of lime, can be detected! The metal sodium, which is now so eagerly sought after for the cheap manufacture of aluminum, shows itself by this marvellous power if it exists to the extent of the one hundred and ninety-fifth millionth part of a grain! Even the atmosphere of the sun, more than ninety million miles distant from us, has been examined by its instrumentality, and demonstrated to contain not less than thirteen bodies known to us on earth. Iron and nickel, chromium and magnesium, manganese and aluminum, strontium and calcium, &c., in the atmosphere of the sun! What next?

We return to the question, "What is spectrum analysis?" Is the term a happy one? We unhesitatingly say, No! And yet "spectrum analysis" is sometimes called by another and far more expressive and even suggestive phrase, which at once gives us an insight into its origin and meaning. "Prismatic analysis" is the synonym of spectrum analysis. It is also known by the hard-looking word photo-chemical analysis. Here, at least, we have something definite. It clearly means "analysis by a prism," just as spectrum analysis means analysis by a spectrum; but what spectra are, if not something which one would rather not see too many of, and especially when alone, our readers can hardly be supposed to know, if they have not made the varied and wonderful phenomena of light their study.

Every one is familiar with the fact that when a ray of light passes through a glass prism, the drops of a chandelier, or a cut-glass tumbler, rainbow colours are seen. If the direct light of the sun be permitted to fall upon a triangular prism of glass, beautiful rainbow colours may be thrown on the floor, the wall, the ceiling, or a screen. These rainbow colours thus thrown upon a screen are called "a spectrum," and being obtained by means of sun-light they are termed a solar spectrum. But are we any nearer the meaning of the phrase "spectrum analysis?" Not yet, but we soon shall be.

Suppose we receive a ray of direct sun-light through a hole in the shutters of a darkened room, and allow the ray to pass through a glass prism, receiving the rainbow colours which are produced by the decomposition of white solar light on a screen of paper. It is possible to detect in this beautiful "spectrum" a number of dark lines at right angles to the length of the spectrum, which are called Fraunhofer's lines, from the name of the discoverer. The probable cause of these dark lines we shall describe presently. The "solar spectrum" is made up then of a succession of colours,—violet, indigo, blue, green, orange, yellow, red, and lavender,—which are the true rainbow colours, and are crossed by numerous dark lines, easily seen with a magnifying glass. Now, if we take a pale or almost colourless flame, such as that of alcohol, we can change its colour and make it a beautiful yellow, or purple, or violet, or green, or red, according to the nature of the substance we put into it. Such bodies are in common use by the pyrotechnist. The beautiful luminous devices which astonish admiring thousands in a brilliant display of fireworks, derive their peculiar colour from such substances as copper for a green-coloured flame, zinc a fine blue, common salt a yellow, strontia a red, &c. It has long been known to the chemist that different substances can be detected by the colour they impart to colourless flame, but it has only very recently been known that when the light from a flame thus coloured is passed through a prism, the spectrum it yields

differs very materially from a similar spectrum obtained without the introduction of the foreign element, and this spectrum is always the same for the same body. Hence when we want to find out whether any substance contains sodium, for instance, we introduce a minute quantity of the body to be examined, placed at the end of a platinum wire, into the flame of a spirit lamp or coal gas flame, and receive the spectrum upon an appropriate screen; the instant it is introduced if sodium be present this spectrum will immediately be characterized by a single brilliant yellow line. When potassium is thrown into the flame, its spectrum is observed to be similar to solar light for the blue, green and yellow, but to possess besides a red line where the extreme red rays of the solar spectrum occur, and a violet line in the extreme violet rays.

Hence, when minute quantities of the following metals are introduced into the colourless flame of coal gas, and the light transmitted through a prism and examined, it will be found to be thus characterized:—

1. Lithium shows an intensely brilliant crimson line, and a less distinct orange line;
2. Sodium is distinguished by a brilliant yellow line;
3. Strontium exhibits six red, one orange, and one blue line;
4. Barium shows four green and two orange lines.

&c.

&c.

The coloured lines indicating particular metals are not generally single or of uniform thickness; by enlargement they are resolved into a number of finer lines. The sodium line, for instance, is composed of at least nine finer lines; the orange strontium column has been resolved into a number of close and finer lines, and so on for the rest.

In order that a body may be examined by means of the peculiar light it communicates to flame it must be susceptible of volatilization, and it frequently happens that coal gas flame is not sufficiently hot for this purpose; recourse can then be had to the oxyhydrogen flame, or to that of the electric current.

We now see that the term spectrum analysis might with propriety give way to the more expressive words, prismatic analysis, for it is by means of the prism that the light is decomposed, and the spectrum formed, which enables us to determine the body under examination. This name has already been adopted by some authors, and it is probable that in process of time it will be generally used.

It remains now to enumerate some of the results of this new branch of science, and to point out the nature of the discoveries to which it has already led and promises still to lead.

Suppose we have a compound body containing several substances, is it possible to determine their presence by prismatic analysis? Yes! and the reason lies in the fact that bodies possess different degrees of vola-

tility. Hence, when a solution containing the six hundredth part of a grain each of the following substances—chlorides of potassium, barium, sodium, lithium, calcium, and strontium—six elementary bodies, was brought into a hot flame, and the spectrum examined; first a bright yellow sodium line appeared, and as this began to fade away the bright red line of lithium came into view, while at a little distance from the sodium the faint red line of potassium appeared, and with it two of the green barium lines; the spectra of the potassium, sodium, lithium, and barium salts gradually faded away, and then the orange and green calcium lines showed themselves in their usual positions. It will be remembered that these positions are fixed by their relation to the dark lines of Fraunhofer in the solar spectrum, with which they can be compared when the colour is not sufficiently intense or exact for determination. In this simple manner the presence of elementary substances may be ascertained even though they should exist in quantities so exceedingly minute that they can only be represented by the two hundred millionth part of a grain.

When gases are rendered incandescent they also produce characteristic spectra upon decomposition, so that gases and their complex mixtures may be determined by this wonderful method.

It is the inconceivably minute quantity of any body present in a flame, producing a characteristic spectrum by which its presence may be predicated, that excites both our astonishment. This property has already led to the discovery of new elements, the universal distribution of many which were hitherto supposed to be exceedingly rare metals, and the pervading presence of most common ones.

We turn now to the distant atmosphere of the sun and see what prismatic analysis can do for us there. In order to understand the manner in which experimentalists have determined the presence of certain metals in the atmosphere of the sun, it is necessary to explain the following experiment:

Suppose we take an alcohol flame and introduce into it a small particle of calcium, we shall be able to detect in the spectrum produced, by looking at the flame through a prism, the bright green line and the intense orange line characteristic of that metal. Now let us place a very brilliant light behind the alcohol flame and look at the two together through a prism; instead of the green and orange bands we shall see two black or dark coloured lines occupying their place in a more brilliant spectrum. The explanation which has been offered of this change is as follows:

The alcohol flame freely permits the brighter light behind it to pass through it, but the green and orange calcium rays are opaque to the

more brilliant light in the rear : hence, not being so highly illuminated, they appear as dark lines.

Now the spectrum of the sun contains numerous dark lines, and it is thought that these are the spectra of metals in the *atmosphere* of the sun rendered dark by the far more intense light proceeding from the *body* of the sun, to which they are opaque. By comparing these lines with those produced by different known metals in the flame of coal-gas or alcohol, their *position* in the spectrum is found to be identical, hence the conclusion that they are produced by metals which characterise them pervading the sun's atmosphere.

Even the light emanating from the distant stars has been made to reveal, by prismatic analysis, much curious information concerning its relation to solar light. Arcturus, that far-famed stellar sun, shows some of the distinguishing lines in common with the solar spectrum. The spectra of Sirius, Vega, Regulus, Castor, Aldebaran, Rigel, and many others have been examined, all proclaiming, according to prismatic analysis, that iron forms a most important constituent in the atmosphere of these stars. When we think of the inconceivably vast distance of these stellar suns from the earth, demanding the belief that the light by which we see them commenced its journey towards the earth long before the oldest among us was born, we may award due admiration to that discovery which tells us that iron forms a part of their material structure, and that they are in a measure fashioned as we are.

MUSIC.

The whole world of nature is just a vast portfolio of music. There are, it is true, some notes in the long and loud Anthem of Nature that appear to us harsh and discordant sounds, but to other ears these apparently harsh notes may be but the bass, necessary to complete the melody. Cowper says, "the braying of an ass is the only unmusical sound in nature."

There is music in the gentle zephyr, the refreshing breeze, and the murmuring stream. There is music in the voice of Niagara as its many and its mighty waters rush resistlessly, in terror and in beauty, down into the unfathomed depths below. There is music in the thunder as it utters its loud expressive and impressive voice. When the brow of old Ocean is ruffled with the howling wind, and the raging tempest, when

the deep fountains of its throbbing, agitated heart, are moved, there is sublime and majestic music in its voice.

There is music in the hum of the insect as it dances and sings its short but happy lifetime away in the golden beams of the setting sun. There is music in the songs of the birds of the air as they sing among the branches, and make all Nature vocal with their Creator's praise.

We do not, however, design to speak of the music of Nature in this article, but simply to make a few unpretending remarks on the art of music—its nature, history, and power.

The science of music is that which treats of the principles of harmony, or the properties, dependences, and relations of sounds to each other. It is, in other words, the art of combining sounds in such a manner as to produce melody and harmony. Some one has said, "music is based on rhythm, melody, and harmony. Rhythm is a succession of sounds in measured time—it is to the ear what symmetrical proportions are to the eye." Melody alone has a mighty power in it to awaken the feelings of love, joy, pity, grief, and other emotional feelings in the breast. Harmony and rhythm cannot express these, though they doubtless add greatly to their effect. It was well said by Dr. Burney that after harmony and melody had been heard together nothing could compensate for their separation.

The Bible is the oldest and most authentic history in the world, and to it we are indebted for an account of the origin of music. It is doubtless one of the most ancient of the fine arts, for as a science music was studied and taught professionally before our first parents returned to the dust from whence they were taken. In the fourth chapter of the book of Genesis we read that "Jubal was the father of all such as handled the harp and organ;" and we may infer that vocal music had been cultivated long before the instruments of Jubal were made, because both the human voice and the human ear were necessary to dictate and modulate the tone. Doubtless Jubal, the founder of instrumental music, put forth many efforts, and had many anxious thoughts, before he brought his *harp* and *organ* to comparative perfection. We speak of comparative perfection, for there has doubtless been many improvements made on all kinds of musical instruments since that early period. But his achievements in art were great, and though five thousand years have passed away since he died, his name is remembered with gladness and with gratitude by every lover of instrumental music.

Tributes to the memory of this ancient master have time after time been written by poets. They have honoured their old parent in art. We shall only give the following tribute from the pen of James Montgomery:—

"Jubal, the Prince of Song, (a youth unknown)
 Retired to commune with his harp alone ;
 For still he nursed it like a sacred thought,
 Long cherished and to late perfection wrought.
 And still with cunning hand and curious ear,
 Enriched, ennobled, and enlarged its sphere,
 Till he had compassed in that magic round
 A soul of harmony, a heaven of sound."

The next mention made of music in the Bible is when Jacob is returning from Padan-aram to his own country. Laban, his father-in-law, was evidently fond of vocal and of instrumental music, for when he overtook Jacob he said unto him, "What hast thou done, that thou hast stolen away unawares to me, and carried away my daughters, as captives taken with the sword? Wherefore didst thou flee away secretly, and steal away from me ; and didst not tell me, that I might have sent thee away with mirth, and with songs, with tabret, and with harp?"

The fifteenth chapter of the book of Exodus contains the first and the finest specimen of lyric poetry on record. That peculiarly interesting and beautiful national song was doubtless chaunted by the children of Israel with the heart and with the understanding. "Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously : the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." Then follows the response to the long and lovely song there recorded, for we are informed that Miriam the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, (who was doubtless the Jenny Lind of those days) took a timbrel in her hand ; and all the women went after her with timbrels and with dances. "And Miriam answered them, saying, sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously : the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea."

After the period to which we have just referred, there is frequent mention, as every one knows, of the *harp*, the *cornet*, the *timbrel*, the *trumpet*, the *organ*, and other instruments of music which the worshippers of God employed to assist them in their acts of private as well as public worship, adoration and praise. The Hebrews as a people were fond of music, and, indeed, no small part of their worship consisted in songs of thanksgiving, as well as in sacrifices for sin. The sweet singer of Israel was passionately fond of instrumental as well as vocal music. His heart was often gladdened by his harp.

The Greeks, too, as well as the Hebrews, loved music. They considered it to be an art of great dignity and beauty. They believed it to be not only worthy of their cultivation, but one of the most powerful sources of enjoyment ; and they felt that their education was not complete without considerable acquaintance with this most penetrating and

profound and intricate art. Gillies, in his *History of Greece*, says that "the perfection of language as well as music depends on the melody of its sounds ; their measure or rhythm ; their variety, and their suitability to the subject which they are meant to describe or to express." Again, he says, "The musical arts were not only deemed worthy the ambition of princes, but thought capable of elevating ordinary men to the first rank of society."

The music of the Greeks was written on the diatonic scale, because this species could be best understood and enjoyed by the masses as well as all classes of the people. The same is partially true in our own times, because it is formed out of those elements which are furnished by nature.

Certainly this fine art should be much more universally and thoroughly cultivated than it has ever yet been. Indeed some are of opinion, and the opinion is happily and rapidly growing, that no individual should be entrusted with the education of the rising generation who is indifferent to, or incompetent to teach the science of music.

Our voices should be trained to utter the praises of our kind and compassionate Creator in sweet and melodious music ; and surely no instruments of music are equal in beauty, in richness, or in excellence to the human voice. It is an instrument of superhuman invention, of Divine mechanism, and when cultivated as it might be, and as it ought to be, the music which flows from it is much more impressive, and much nearer perfection than the music produced by the finest instruments which man has ever been able to construct.

"Music," says Cousin, "pays for the immense power that has been given to it. It awakens, more than any other art, the sentiment of the infinite, because it is vague, obscure, indeterminate, in its effects. It is just the opposite art to sculpture, which bears less towards the infinite because everything in it is fixed with the last degree of precision. Such is the force, and, at the same time, the feebleness of music, that it expresses everything, and expresses nothing in particular. Sculpture, on the contrary, scarcely gives rise to any reverie, for it clearly represents such a thing and not such another. Music does not paint, it touches ; it puts in motion imagination—not the imagination that reproduces images, but that which makes the heart beat, for it is absurd to limit imagination to the domain of images. The heart once touched moves all the rest of our being ; thus music, indirectly, and to a certain point, can recall images and ideas, but its direct and natural power is neither on the representative imagination nor intelligence—it is on the heart, and that is an advantage sufficiently beautiful."

When consecrated to sacred purposes, as it ought to be, music is like an angel of love and of light, lifting on its wings the aspirations and devotions of the soul. Indeed all music, of whatever kind, ought to

be consecrated to noble, to sacred, and to soul elevating purposes. This should be its object, and will certainly be its ultimate end. We are times without number called upon to praise the author of our being for all the blessings which we enjoy. We are to praise God in the sanctuary and in the firmament of his power. Praise him for his mighty acts; and according to his excellent greatness. Praise him with the sound of the cornet, praise him with the psaltery and harp. Praise him with the timbrel and dance, praise him with stringed instruments and organs. Praise him upon the loud cymbals, praise him upon the high sounding cymbals. Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

Perhaps there is not an individual living on the face of the earth at the present moment that has not both witnessed and felt the magic power of music. Hence the truthfulness and sterling worth of the oft quoted adage of an ancient philosopher, "Let me make the ballads of a nation and I care not who makes its laws." We shall here just give a few examples and illustrations of the magic power of music, which we have gathered from various sources. The band that passes through the streets will draw every family to the window; and the flute's soft notes floating o'er the still waters in a summer evening, will cause the Indian to lift his paddle from the water and let his canoe drift noiselessly down the stream.

The proudest monarch on earth will kneel, and weep, during some of the strains of the mighty organ and choir, as they perform the *Messiah* or the *Last Judgment*. It is recorded of a Persian Prince, who was notorious for his cruelty, that he was induced to pardon and liberate nearly 30,000 captives whom he had ordered to be put to death, by the influence of music performed by one of the victims. Overpowered with harmony, he melted into tears of pity, repented of his cruelty, and ordered the instant release of the prisoners.

When the music of a civilized country burst for the first time on the astonished ears of the people of a solitary isle in the Pacific, the effect was amazing; they fell down upon their faces as in the act of adoration, and seemed as if they regarded the whole as a vision from the skies. The poor Indian and Hottentot weep under the influence of music, and give positive evidence of their susceptibility to the milder passions and emotions of our nature. And all the nations of the earth associate music with the enjoyments and employments of a future state of existence. This is a remarkable fact, and it almost seems as if the savage nations and tribes of the earth had been favoured with a view of heaven like that which John in Patmos enjoyed when he said "I heard a voice from heaven as the voice from many waters, and as the voice of a great thun-

der : and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps. And they sung as it were a new song before the throne."

We know that the son of Jesse, before he ascended the throne of Israel, controlled the ravings of his sovereign, and held him spell-bound by the simple strains of melody and harmony that flowed from his harp. It is not the music which one hears that charms and captivates, it is the music that is felt, the music that takes the soul by storm ; the mind is mastered and melted by the wonderful, mysterious, magic power of melody and harmony.

At the battle of Quebec in 1760, while the British troops were retreating in great disorder, a field officer, commanding the Highlanders, complained to the General with great warmth, "You did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play this morning ; nay, even now it would be of use." "Let them blow away," said the General, "if it will bring them back to order." They played a martial air ; the Highlanders heard and hastened back to their duty with alacrity and courage, and ultimate success.

Songs, or poetry with the music attached to them, have a wonderful and almost fabulous effect on a whole community. The simple tune of *God Save the Queen* or *Rule Britannia* will at certain times and in certain circumstances do more to wake up the latent energies and swell with gratitude and with courage the hearts of a free, an enlightened, and a mighty people than almost anything else.

Shakspeare, in his *Merchant of Venice*, says :

"The man that has no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted."

Martin Luther often felt the magic power of music ; it was his constant delight, and never failing charm in all his seasons of adversity. Haydn, too, one of the most celebrated of modern composers, took great delight in this delightful art. His grand *Oratorio of the Creation* and other productions of his pen will never die or lose their magic power. He was once asked by a friend why his church music was always so cheerful, to which Haydn gave the following reply :—"I cannot make it otherwise ; I write according to the thoughts I feel. When I think on God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen ; and since God has given me a cheerful heart it will be pardoned me that I serve him with a cheerful and devout spirit."

Having thus glanced at music, its nature, its history, and having pre-

CANADIAN POETRY AND POETS.

Few periods in human story are fuller of wonder and interest than that memorable epoch when the beautiful isles of the West, and the rich and mysterious continent that lay beyond, were first opened to the dazzled gaze of the Old World. Now-a-days, Emerson tells us, "God taunts the mighty land with little men!" but its first discoverers were apparently all cast in a colossal mould, as if adjusted to the vast proportions nature displayed there. Not only Columbus, who stands stainless in his glory,—a grand and sublime figure, round which, had he lived a few ages earlier, myths, as wonderful as any of those that cluster round the name of Jason or Æneas, would surely have gathered—but even the bold and ferocious adventurers who came after him, seem to us, as we gaze back at the wild phantasmagoria through which they move, stronger, larger, and fuller of vitality than modern men. We follow their footsteps with almost equal admiration and horror, as if they had been half gods, half demons; while their superhuman daring, bravery, and fortitude gleam so brightly as almost to blind us to their savage cruelty and fiendish treachery. We feel ourselves transported into the native regions of romance and fable as we read of Columbus sailing into an unknown ocean, where even the guidance of the compass seemed to fail; of Ponce de Leon going in search of the fountain of perpetual youth; of Balboa, "silent on a peak in Darien," when the South Sea first burst upon his sight; of Orellana, in a rough frail boat, without provisions, without compass, without pilot, exploring the great Maragnon, and returning home to tell wondrous tales of golden palaces and enchanted lakes, of El Dorado and the Amazons, and many another strange legend, listened to by greedy and believing ears. One day, perhaps some American poet may be inspired to sing of their daring and prowess, their glory and their crimes, in an epic fit to place beside that grand old Greek one which now stands single and alone.

But in those days, when the dazzling treasures of Peru and Mexico, the tempting phantoms of El Dorado and the City of Manoa,—the desperate achievements and frightful cruelties of Cortez and Pizarro, and those other "Spanish bloodhounds," who tortured the gentle Incas and ruled the Spanish Main, filled all Europe with amazement, fear, and longing,—what was then known of the country which lay between Florida and the River of Canada? Nothing that was calculated to attract adventurers whose imaginations had been fed with the golden apples of the new Hesperides. No one then could have foretold that

the strong will and indomitable energy of the Anglo-Saxon race, with every external antecedent against them, would raise that country to a pitch of greatness from which the glories of her future seem boundless; while the provinces won by Spain and Portugal, and cursed with weak and slavish men, in spite of all their mineral wealth and their fertile soils, are convulsed with wars and revolutions, powerless, miserable, and degraded.

Volumes might be written on the progress which Canada has made since the brave Jacques Cartier first saw the

"Fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key;"

but the purpose of this paper is only to call attention to the fact that her eager and rapid advance has not destroyed the germs of higher aspirations, or stifled those divine instincts which Poetry embodies, and without which the highest material prosperity can be only a sensual, artificial, and finite greatness—the body bereft of the soul. Hard as Canada has had to toil, in developing her great natural resources and laying the foundations of strength and freedom, she has already begun to wreath the practical prose of her energetic and forceful young life with the flowers of fancy and song. It seems, indeed, that the heroic and poetical spirit of the Scandinavian race is destined never to die out. The descendants of those gods and heroes who have made the pages of Homer and Æschylus luminous for all time bear little witness to the greatness of their ancestors; few traces of the warriors, the prophets, the poets of Araby are to be found among the feeble tribes they have left behind them, but the vitality of the old Norse blood appears indestructible. Generation after generation, wherever the descendants of the Vikings and Berserkers come, they carry with them not only the bravery, the daring, and love of adventure, but the passion for song which distinguished their fathers of old. As some proof of this, Canadians, mingling the blood of the Norman and Dane with that of the Saxon and Celt, may appeal to the number of volumes of poetry which have been published in Canada within the last few years. It is true Canadian poetry has not yet assumed much of a national type, but we need not wonder at this when we consider the mixture of heterogeneous races and nationalities to be found there, only just now beginning to recognize the great truth, that true patriotism requires them to blend their separate customs, prejudices, and ambitions into one common national mind and spirit. We must remember, too, that Canada has no historical past distant enough to lift its events into the clear region of imagination, where all that is trite and common-place in the actual falls away, and the grand, heroic, poetical lineaments alone

remain;—no worshipped heroes whose memory may bind the hearts of the people together, and give the poet's lyre a truly national tone;—no sacred fables, myths, or traditions like those which, in the morning of the world, steeped some favoured spots of earth in an atmosphere of romance and poetry that will cling to them forever. Her annals are brief and clearly defined; her heroes, if she has any, are exceedingly modern and matter-of-fact; her legends are only the dim shadowy traditions of the Indian tribes, which, at best, have but little power of moving the sympathies of the races so much stronger and mightier in thought and deed, so much fuller of heroic action and passion, that have taken their place.

Yet, for all this, if a Canadian poet were to take one of those five hundred braves who went with the great chief Donacona to welcome the bold mariner of St. Malo and his hardy crew when they moored their little bark below the heights of Stadacona, and bestowing on him the spirit of prescience, make the wonders that were to follow in the track of the strangers pass before his mind's eye, he could tell a tale to which his country might listen with just pride. None but a true poet, however, and one possessing equal command over the real and supernatural, could fitly attempt the task; for surely it would tax the most lifted to point in word-pictures adapted to Indian imagination three hundred years ago, the triumphs of industry, science, and art, with which the coming ages were to cover the land. It might well puzzle him, even with the largest allowance of poetic license, how to make visible to such a seer the suspension bridge hanging within the sound of Niagara's roar, or that wonderful structure now spanning the great river where the wigwam village of Hochelaga then stood; the steamboats and merchant ships bearing their rich freights over lake and river; the long lines of railroads with their screaming engines; the magical electric telegraph, along whose subtle nerves silent messages run with lightning speed. Still more difficult would it be to bring before the vision of "Nature's rough child," crystal palaces filled with the large results of this nineteenth century's intellectual toil; model schools, educational museums, free public libraries, cheap postage, cheap books, cheap newspapers, agricultural and scientific associations, charitable institutions, and churches of every creed and denomination crowded with worshippers; or to give to his fancy the faintest foreshadowing of the wealthy and luxurious towns that now stand where the forest then waved, the means and appliances to elegant and tasteful life so widely diffused among all classes, the fine houses and fair gardens thickly scattered where a chopper's shanty or a common flower-pot would have seemed to him a marvel and a mystery. In those many men of science of whom Canada can boast, the wisest of Indians could not be expected

to see more than wonderful medicine men and magicians, armed with more potent medicines and mightier conjuring instruments than his people had ever known. He could have recognized more easily, perhaps, the character and office of the bards now singing their songs over the graves of his scattered race. For the simple children of the forest, as well as nobler nations, loved and honoured the sweet singer, who

"Now stirred their hearts to passion,
And now melted them to pity.
For he sang of peace and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love, and longing;
Sang of death and life undying
In the Islands of the blessed!"

After all, it is in such perennial themes, forever springing out of the restless, longing, passionate, human heart, and not in the mechanical wonders, energy, perseverance, and skill can achieve, or even the grand triumphs of science and art, that the poet finds his truest inspiration and the elements of such songs lie waiting to be sung in Canada to-day, as they did in the days of Hiawatha, and will a thousand years hence, with all suitable scenery and circumstances for garb and elucidation. We all know, however, that Poetry, like Love, is a capricious spirit, winging its way where it listeth and not where the wise ones looking on would choose to direct its flight, so we must not blame our Canadian poets too much if they leave the broad daylight of their wide-awake, work-a-day young world, over which the shadows and mists of antiquity have not yet thrown their picturesque and mystic spells, oftener than we might choose, to wander in those time-honoured regions which legend and song and story have forever made Poetry's enchanted ground. At the same time, we ought to hail with satisfaction every attempt to embody the life of the people of Canada and the varying aspects of nature surrounding them (changing so marvellously with the changes of its strongly contrasted seasons) in poetic forms of beauty and harmony. And while waiting for the advent of a poet who shall be to her a Burns or a Beranger, let Canada congratulate herself on the poets she already possesses. She has reason to rejoice in her agricultural and commercial prosperity, her progress in science and civilization, her free men and brave hearts, but she has not less cause to rejoice that her soil has proved itself fitted to nourish and sustain the poetic element in her people. A nation's best benefactors are its poets, for it is their office to refine and exalt material progress by evolving from it that divine life and thought without which it is but a body without a soul. It is their part to show us that if we do not seek to love and follow nature's laws, morally as well as physically, though we chain her to our chariot-wheels, our highest mas-

ery over her will only be the dangerous power of a tyrant over a slave; or as the great philosopher long ago said, (and in a deeper sense than he meant it,) "Nature can only be truly conquered by obeying her;"—their part to preserve us from a heartless slavery to wealth, luxury, and artificial distinctions, by enlarging our sympathies with our fellow men, and uniting us by a thousand sweet and holy ties to all that is good and lovely in Nature and Humanity.

REVIEWS.

The Natural Laws of Husbandry. By Justus Liebig; Edited by John Blyth, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: Rollo & Adam—1863.

Few men have acquired such a wide spread reputation as an expositor of the principles of Scientific Husbandry as Baron Liebig. He stands at the head of a school of which he himself may be said to be the founder, and which occupies a high position in the science it is designed to teach. The basis of Liebig's theory rests upon the proposition, that of the constituent elements of the soil, the mineral or inorganic portion, is the most important source of the food of plants, and that a plant, in order to attain superior excellence, must find in the soil an abundance of those mineral elements which it requires for its food, not only in a soluble condition, but on the surfaces of particles of soil. The atmosphere supplies carbonic acid and ammonia, in sufficient quantities by means of rains and dews and the decomposition of vegetable and animal substances; but no excess of nitrogen supplied in the form of manure is of use to plants if the necessary mineral elements be not available. The proper use of the artifice commonly called Rotation of Crops, together with the constant application of the manure of the farm yard has been thought by many sufficient to ensure perennial fertility. That this is not the case will be seen by an examination of the action of soils on manures. It is the property of soils to arrest certain kinds of plant food, and cause them to enter into a state of either *physical* or chemical combination. If they are in the first condition they are available as plant food after solution, in the last condition they may require to undergo decomposition before they can be made soluble, and consequently available. Soils consist of two parts—the arable surface soil, and the subsoil—when manure is applied it is, in general, absorbed, and made to pass into a state of *physical* combination by the upper few inches of the soil, a smaller quantity penetrates to the lower layers, and scarcely any at all to the deep layers or subsoil—hence when a subsoil is exhausted manures cannot restore its fertility. The questions are then, how is a subsoil rendered

sterile? and how may it be made fertile again? By rotating deep rooted green crops, the mineral food of the subsoil is brought to the surface by and in the plant itself. As farm yard manure a part is returned again to the surface soil and enriches it, but a part is sold and removed from the farm in the form of grain or stock, and as the surface soil retains all the mineral food applied in the form of manure, the process of cropping and selling the produce will, in course of time, exhaust the subsoil, and it can no longer produce deep-rooted green crops. The surface soil depending upon its supply of food from the manure obtained, in part, originally from the subsoil, will, when that becomes exhausted, be necessarily unable to bear remunerative crops; recourse must then be had to an extra supply of manure from other sources than the produce of the farm. Hence, also, the necessity of restoring the subsoil to a fertile condition, which is done by mechanical operations, so that upon disintegration certain chemical changes will take place, liberating plant food from an insoluble and unavailable condition. This end can also be attained by special means, certain chemical salts, &c. Another point to which importance is attached is the relative quantity of different minerals in the soil available for plants. The average crop of an unmanured field is always regulated by that element of food which is present in a *minimum* quantity.

The first chapter in the work before us refers to the Plant, and great stress is laid upon the necessity for obtaining good and proper seeds, as the development of a plant depends upon its first radication. In the selection of seeds it is always important to take into account the soil and climate from which they have been derived. In England seed wheat from a poor soil is considered particularly well suited to a rich soil. Clover seed and oats from mountainous districts are preferred to the same seeds from plains. German flax growers, who wish to produce tall plants of uniform size attach particular value to linseed from Courland and Livonia, where ripe and perfect seeds are produced.

A proper knowledge of the radication of plants is the ground work of agriculture; all the operations which the farmer applies to the land must be adapted to the nature and adaptations of the roots of the plants he wishes to cultivate. On the root he should bestow his whole care, upon that which grows from it, he can no longer exert any influence. Chapter II. relates to the soil. The necessity of mechanical preparation is advocated, and the deduction drawn from a knowledge of the function of the roots, establishes the law that the nutritive substances existing in a fertile soil are not made to change their place by the water circulating in it. We confess that this view seems to be opposed to Graham's law of diffusion and to the remarkable phenomena called dialysis. Cultivated plants are said to receive their food principally from the earthly particles with which the roots are in direct contact, out of a solution formed around the roots themselves, and all nutritive substances lying beyond the reach of the roots, though in themselves quite effective as food are not directly available for the use of the plants. The roots of plants appear to possess the power of searching out food. They enfold a bone with a net work by a species of attraction between the cells of the root, and the substance of the bone, and in order to obtain food, they must be in im-

mediate contact with it. They receive their food from the thin layers of water which is retained by capillary attraction in intimate contact with the earth particle and the root surface, and not from remote layers of water, which may nevertheless contain the food in solution; the soil must first fix it, as it were, by surface attraction, hence the necessity of attention to the physical condition of the soil so that it may present, like charcoal, a great extent of surface on account of its porosity. With reference to manures and rotation of crops, the author observes:—"A system of farming to be truly rational must be exactly suited to the nature and condition of the soil; for it is only when the rotation of crops or the mode of manuring is conformable to the composition of the soil, that the farmer has a sure prospect of realizing the highest possible returns from his labour or from the capital invested."

There is a limit to the power of absorption in a cultivable soil for plant food. Although earth possesses the remarkable property of attracting the substances which serve for the nourishment of plants, yet when saturated the property becomes arrested, and valuable food passes off in drainage. In a heavy soil this property exists to the greatest degree, and the least in sand—the absorption of plant food takes place by the co-operation of an organic acid in the last cell of the radicle; and it is probable that this acid gives to plants the faculty of choosing the substances that suit them.

The 4th chapter relates to farm yard manure. Stable manure contains all the principles necessary for the nourishment of plants, but in different proportions, as a considerable quantity of phosphoric acid is carried off the land in the form of cereals or stock. The beneficial effects of stable manure are due also to its influence in warming the soil, and assisting in the decomposition or dissolution of mineral substances.

It is essential that the law of restoration be properly understood, for the application of certain manures, however costly, may be wholly inadequate to produce the desired results, if they do not contain sufficient of the missing element, or if they are absorbed by the surface soil, and never reach the subsoil, which may be the source of the unfertility observed.

The remaining chapters are devoted to Guano, Poudrette, Marthy Phosphates, Ground Rape-cake, Wood-ash, Ammonia, Nitric Acid, and Salts of soda, Ammonia and Lime.

The style in which Baron Liebig's book is written is very forcible, very dogmatic, sometimes very satirical, and often intolerant. The general results at which he arrives are possibly correct, according to the present state of our knowledge, if we permit him to class Ammonia among the mineral elements, if we must not receive many points of his theories as absolute truths.

It can not be overlooked that the experiments of Messrs. Lawes & Gilbert have led to results which are diametrically opposed to Liebig's views in many important particulars. It is true that the Baron ridicules these experiments in no measured terms, and endeavours to make out that what they do prove really tends to establish his own opinions.

The views he expresses respecting the power of the upper two or three inches of an arable soil to arrest all the fertilizing elements in a manure is, we think, carried too far. It is only very recently that the public have been

made familiar with Graham's admirable experiments on dialysis, and it is impossible to say how far differently constituted layers of soil may act as dialysers and thus assist in decomposing and rendering soluble certain mineral substances ; neither can we fully accept Liebig's view of the circulation of water in a soil *not* conveying plant food, from particle to particle of the soil. Why should not this *physically* combined food be carried from particle to particle by water in the same way as carbon is conveyed during the process of cementation in the manufacture of steel, or rather by a method more analogous to diffusion.

We must bear in mind that Liebig himself has changed his views in some most important and even fundamental points, and in reply to Mulder's opinions as to the illogical nature of the alteration in the views held by him some years since, he admits the charge, and pleads an excuse, the progress of chemistry. He considers that this progress compels the chemist to submit to a continual condition of moulting. When new feathers grow the old ones fall out of the wings, which will no longer carry him, and after moulting he flies so much the better. This is a very pleasant way of getting over a difficulty, and it is well to bear in mind that it may be applied a few years hence to the uncompromising adherents of Liebig's school, when fresh discoveries establish the necessity for getting a new stock of feathers, and appearing in a new dress ready to take another and stronger flight. This is, no doubt, the proper spirit in which to view the propositions of modern experimental science. They are "theories," and "theory" as Liebig himself has said, is but the best exposition of our knowledge at the present time. No man is justified in calling all other men who do not agree with him ignorant and unphilosophical, or designating the views they advocate as crude absurdities, a vain delusion, while his own are so manifestly subjected to a moulting and refeathering process which almost entirely changes their original character.

The Constitutional History of England since the Accession of George the Third, 1760-1860. By Thomas Erskine May, C.B. Two volumes. Boston : Crosby & Nichols. Toronto : Rollo & Adam.

The first volume of this already celebrated work appeared some time since, and was received with very general and well merited favour. The second volume has now made its appearance from the press of the well known firm, Crosby & Nichols, Boston.

The design of the work, as stated by the author, is to trace the progress of the British Constitution during a period of one hundred years ; and to illustrate every material change—whether of legislation, custom, or policy, by which the institutions have been improved and abuses in the Government corrected. The first volume embraces a history of the prerogatives, influence and revenues of the Crown ; and of the constitution, powers, functions, and political relations of both Houses of Parliament. It shows how gradually the nearly absolute and very arbitrary power (derived from the mere influence of the Crown) of George III. has gradually become transformed into the gentle,

equitable, and just administration of Queen Victoria, during a period too, when the power and patronage of the Crown has extended itself over 200,000,000 human creatures and over one sixth of the habitable globe. It shows how that influence, constitutionally exercised, has ceased to be regarded with jealousy, and how its continual enlargement has been watched by Parliament without any of those efforts to restrain it which marked the parliamentary history of the eighteenth century. The secret of this constant addition to the power and patronage is, that that power and that patronage have been constitutionally increased.

The second volume, which forms the subject of this notice, comprises chapters on "Party;" "The Press and liberty of opinion;" "Liberty of the subject;" "The Church and religious liberty;" "Local government;" "Ireland before the Union;" "British Colonies and dependencies;" and "Progress of general legislation." We turn with especial interest to the chapter which treats of the colonies. In 1847 we are told responsible government was fully established under Lord Elgin in Canada, and the same principle was adopted about the same time in Nova Scotia and has since been the rule of administration in other colonies. A colonial constitution is the very image and reflection of parliamentary government in England. The Governor saves contending parties to fight out their own battles and by admitting the stronger party to his councils brings the executive authority into harmony with popular sentiments. The Crown has reserved its veto upon the acts of the Colonial Legislatures, but its practical exercise has been found scarcely more compatible with responsible government in the colonies than in England. Hence colonies have adopted principles of legislation inconsistent with the policy and interests of the mother country, as, for example, protection *versus* free trade. Canada has adhered to protection, and in deference to the principle of self government the laws relating to protection have been confirmed by the Crown.

The constitution granted to Canada in 1840, on the reunion of the provinces, was popular but not democratic, it has since been placed upon a more popular basis by provincial acts. Democracy has made more rapid progress among the Australian Colonies. In 1842, a new constitution had been granted to New South Wales, which, departing from the accustomed model of colonial constitutions, provided for the legislation of the colony by a single chamber. The constitution of an Upper Chamber in a colonial society, without an aristocracy, and with few persons of high attainments and adequate leisure, has ever been a difficult problem. The experiment was tried of bringing into a Single Chamber the aristocratic and democratic elements of colonial government. "The experiment has found favour with experienced statesmen; yet it can scarcely be doubted that it is a concession to democracy. Timely delays in legislation, a cautious review of public measures, resistance to the tyranny of a majority and the violence of a faction, the means of judicious compromise, are wanting in such a constitution. The majority of a Single Chamber is absolute." "The Constitution of the United States is scarcely so democratic as that of Canada, or the Australian Colonies." Had Mr. May written a comparison between the Canadian system of government and that of the United States at the present time, he would have doubtless used much stronger

language and wider comparisons. The power of the American Executive has become almost absolute during the past two years, and such infringements of the liberty of the subject, the liberty of the Press and the rights of citizenship, have been so repeatedly and openly made since the commencement of the civil war, that the democratic element of the Federal States Government has been almost annihilated by an autocracy. Mr. May says "The president's fixed tenure of office and large executive powers, the independent position and authority of the Senate, and the control of the Supreme Court, are checks upon the democracy of Congress." They have recently become checks of a most alarming character, and no one can now tell, even from day to day, into what difficulties the overwhelming power of the president and the unscrupulous use of that power may suddenly but not unexpectedly plunge the Federal States. With reference to the colonies, however, we are told that the principle of self government once recognized, has been carried out without hesitation, and although failures and discouragements have arisen, yet the political future of the colonies affords far more ground for hope than despondency. And now we come to a subject which is exciting much discussion at the present moment and is likely to attract general attention for some time to come, but which may, as far as Canada is concerned, receive an unexpected solution at no very distant date, according to the changes which the chances of civil war may lead in the future disposition of the States contiguous to her frontiers, or affected by her geographical position and possible commercial relations.

"We have seen how, in the earlier history of the colonies, they strove to defend themselves. But during the long hostilities of the French revolutionary war, assault upon our colonies naturally formed part of the tactics of the enemy, which were met on our part by costly naval and military armaments. And, after the peace, England continued to garrison her colonies with large military forces—wholly paid by herself—and to construct fortifications, requiring still larger garrisons. Wars were undertaken against the natives, as in the Cape of Good Hope and New Zealand—of which England bore all the cost and the Colonies gained all the profits. English soldiers have further performed the services of colonial police. Instead of taxing her colonies, England has suffered herself to be taxed heavily on their account. The annual military expenditure, on account of the colonies, ultimately reached £3,225,081, of which £1,715,246 was incurred for free colonies, and £1,509,835 for military garrisons and dependencies, maintained chiefly for imperial purposes. Many of the colonies have already contributed towards the maintenance of British troops, and have further raised considerable bodies of militia and volunteers; but Parliament has recently pronounced it to be just that the colonies which enjoy self government should undertake the responsibility and cost of their own military defence. To carry this policy into effect must be the work of time. But whenever it may be effected, the last material bond of connection with the colonies will have been severed; and Colonial States, acknowledging the honorary sovereignty of England, and fully armed for self defence—as well against herself as others—will have grown out of the dependencies of the British Empire. They will still look

to her, in time of war, for, at least, naval protection; and, in peace, they will continue to imitate her laws and institutions, and to glory in the proud distinction of British citizenship."

If Mr. May correctly foreshadows the future policy of the imperial government towards Canada and other British provinces, and there can be little doubt that his view is the correct one, it is high time we should determine upon some course of future action. The first article in this number of the *British American* has especial reference to our, as yet, undistinguishable future. The sole remaining ties of kindred, affection and honour, will not, we most devoutly trust, be severed between the British Crown and the British American Provinces. Apart from all considerations of attachment to the glorious old Flag, and to the proud distinction of forming an important integral part of the greatest empire the sun ever shone upon, there is the inestimable blessing of an alliance, most intimate and affectionate, with the only true symbol of civil and religious freedom in the world, which we should endeavour to secure for our descendants in the same fulness as we enjoy it ourselves. Our British brethren, be it remembered, have won their freedom by many ennobling struggles and by the patient exercise of many public virtues. Are we to relinquish lightly the high privilege of calling these victories our own? and of appealing to them for the future guidance of the rulers of this country in another generation as belonging to ourselves and our forefathers? British America is now in a transition state; it may become one of the most powerful and wealthy empires on the globe, unassailable and self-relying in everything which constitutes a state; but it can only arrive at this proud eminence by drawing yet closer the ties which bind us to the mother country with a higher motive than mere commercial advantage, and by aspiring continually to a nationality, which, with the safest and best of British Institutions, shall combine a close connection with the British Crown.

Mr. May's "Constitutional History of England" ought at the present juncture to be in the hands of all who wish to express a rational and unfettered opinion on the great questions which cannot fail, sooner or later, to be forced upon us. Happily the fierce revolution which is desolating so fair a portion of the United States and bringing mourning and misery into almost every household, has not yet had the slightest effect upon our political relations; but the crisis has yet to come, and it is a fitting moment for all men to weigh well their course of action when the hour arrives. Those who have leisure to read and study the volume under review will find many doubts satisfied, and many difficulties removed, which the present anomalous condition of Canada necessarily creates in the mind of the patriot and the patriotic politician. The "Constitutional History of England" will be a most admirable and opportune book in the hands of British Americans for some years to come.

A Critical History of Free Thought: Eight Lectures preached before the University of Oxford, in the year 1862, on the foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton, M.A. By Adam Storey Farrar, M.A., Michel Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Rollo & Adam. pp. 487.

Whether Mr. Austin Caxton's History of Human Error was ever completed or not, it is certain that we have here a convenient and copious work on a cognate subject—the History of Human Doubt. We have no intention or inclination to trespass on theological ground; but we think we are justified in commending this production to the notice of the general reader, at a time when it is manifest from magazine articles, newspaper leaders, and parliamentary debates, that many questions which it discusses have ceased to be simply theological, and have become literary and political. They are questions in fact which have begun seriously to agitate the usually tranquil British mind everywhere. At such a moment a work like this of Mr. Farrar's will be of pre-eminent use. Written in a calm, fair, and truly Christian spirit, it tends to shew that in the history of man things keep repeating themselves in endless cycles; that that which has been, is, and will be, doubtless, to the end; in other words, that the earnestness of human religious faith has been from time to time solemnly tested by events, and has ever survived the test. So will it be again, we hence derive reason to believe.

The existing determination to revise and modify the national formulæ of belief in some minute points, has sprung, as the lectures well demonstrate, from the increased materials of knowledge which have been discovered in Criticism, in Physical, Moral, and Ontological Science. In illustration of the changes introduced in the literary spirit and standard of judgment by fluctuations in the predominant philosophy in three successive generations, we quote a passage descriptive of the tone observable in the works of three well-known poets: "If we commence," says the lecturer, "with the author of *Paradise Lost*, we listen to the last echo of the poetry which had belonged to the great outburst of mind of the earlier part of the seventeenth century, and of the faith in the supernatural which had characterized Puritanism. His philosophy is Hebrew: he hesitates not to interpret the Divine counsels; but it is by the supposed light of revelation. Doubt is unknown to him. The anthropomorphic conception of Deity prevails. Material nature is the instrument of God's personal providence for the objects of His care.—But if we pass to the author of the *Essay on Man*, the revolution which has given artistic precision to the form is not more observable than the indications of a philosophy which has chilled the spiritual faculties. The supernatural is gone. Nature is a vast machine which moves by fixed laws impressed upon it by a Creator. The soul feels chilled with the desolation of a universe wherein it cannot reach forth by prayer to a loving Father. Scripture is displaced by science. Doubt has passed into unbelief. The universe is viewed by the cold materialism which arraigns spiritual subjects at the bar of sense.—If now we turn to the work consecrated by the great living poet to the memory of his early friend, we find ourselves in contact with a medi-

soul, separated from the age just named by a complete intellectual ; whose spiritual perceptions reflect a philosophy which expresses the s and doubts of a cultivated mind of the present day, 'perplexed in but not in deeds.' The material has become transfigured into the al. The objective has been replaced by the subjective. Nature is l, as in Pope, without the assumption of a revelation ; but it is no regarded as a machine conducted by material laws ; it is a motive soul embodies God's presence ; a mystery to be felt, not understood. God afar off so that we cannot reach Him : He is so nigh that his omni- se seems to obscure His personality."—p. 23. Thus there is a reflex ever going on from the scientific on the literary and moral worlds, rom time to time open adjustment, reconciliation, and harmonizing, needful. We feel confident that the practical British mind will be as usual to sensible and satisfactory solutions of its present difficul- tling itself as ever on a solid, well-grounded faith. To this result arrar's book will contribute. To all thoughtful persons requiring a y hand to help them amidst the perplexities into which certain widely- ted publications of the day have thrown them, we beg to recommend acterized as it is by candour, reverence, and an evident love of truth.

Napoleon : The Destined Monarch of the World, and Personal Anti-rist, &c. By the Rev. M. Baxter. Philadelphia : William S. and Marten. Toronto : Chewett & Co.

reader who ventures on the task of perusing this volume, cannot fail mpressed with the remarkable intolerance which characterizes almost age. It is not a humble attempt to explain the wonderful mysteries l's providence, as dimly revealed to us in the books of prophecy and ion : it is, on the contrary, a positive, and, we are almost tempted to most arrogant demand on the part of the writer, for all men to accept erpretations of the Divine will, under penalty of "eternal damna-

The following extract shows the object and scope of this work : is great Personal Antichrist is distinctly foreshown to be none other than Napoleon, who is consequently very soon to acquire supreme ascendancy ie whole of Christendom, and for three and a half years is ruthlessly nearly every one who will not acknowledge him to be God. Christen- ill then become a slaughter-house or shambles, in which tens of thou- of Christ's sheep will be butchered, and scarcely any one will escape ful ordeal of being put to the test, whether they will confess Christ, killed,—perhaps with dreadful tortures ; or whether they will ac- dge Napoleon to be God, and thus purchase temporary safety at the eternal damnation. Those who choose the latter alternative will be d in their forehead or hand with Napoleon's name, or the number 666, e particular mark, just as cattle have stamped upon them the name of wner (Rev. xiii.) This exterminating persecution is the leading fea- the three and a half years Great Tribulation ; there will, however,

be superadded unparalleled wars, earthquakes, pestilences, and famines."—(*Introduction*, page 7.)

The remarkable discovery which is narrated in succeeding paragraphs, will prove sufficient excuse for any further reference to this work until the whole question is sifted, and the terrible suspicions which will crowd upon the reader's mind are either removed or confirmed; if confirmed, then "let every man look to himself."

The Rev. Mr. Baxter lays great stress upon the word NAPOLEON. He enumerates the following among the prominent reasons why Louis Napoleon is the personal Antichrist: "Because in respect of his name he fulfils the prophecy, that the name of the Eighth Head or Antichrist should be in the Greek tongue Apollyon (or Apoleon); and should numerically be equal to the number 666."—Rev. ix. and xiii. First; we may enter a protest against the words in the brackets. Mr. Baxter does not tell us why Apollyon is the same as Apoleon; yet he inserts it in brackets as if it were identical. Second; we may take exception to Mr. Baxter's views respecting the numerical value of the name Napoleon. We do not wish to be at all personal, but we really think that Mr. Baxter has some claim on this ground to be considered the personal Antichrist himself. He tells us the old story, that when Napoleon's name is written in the dative case in Greek, it becomes *Ναπολεωντι*, which contains the fatal number: $N 50 + \alpha 1 + \pi 80 + \sigma 70 + \lambda 30 + \epsilon 5 + \phi 70 + \nu 50 + \tau 300 + \iota 10 = 666$. We object to Mr. Baxter's mode of putting this point, and to his far-fetched introduction of the dative case. He should, in justice to his subject, have asked the question, "Who is the Antichrist?" And the answer would be, "The number 666, i. e. Napoleon." The words "*id est* Napoleon," are universally written "*i. e.* Napoleon," and should be examined in their integrity, and not separated for a special purpose. The numerical value of the expression "*i. e.* Napoleon," is not, we affirm, 666, it is 681; but, let the author of the work before us note well, the expression, "*i. e.* M. Baxter," is, numerically, the fatal number 666, as can be seen at a glance.

M. Baxter, written in the Greek symbols, would be μ . *Βαγστερ*, a form which, by the way, is not uncommon in English. The matter now stands thus: "Who is the personal Antichrist?" Ans. "The number 666, i. e. μ . *Βαγστερ*." Now the numerical value of this last expression is: $\iota 10 + \epsilon 5 + \mu 40 + \beta 2 + \alpha 1 + \gamma 3 + \sigma 200 + \tau 300 + \epsilon 5 + \rho 100 = 666$, the FATAL NUMBER. Under such suspicious circumstances, we must protest against Mr. M. Baxter attempting to throw the onus of this mysterious symbol upon Louis Napoleon. The name M. Baxter, written in Greek characters, with κ for χ instead of γ s, and without the significant and unmistakable part of the answer "*i. e.*," is, numerically, frightfully near 666—it is, in fact, 668; and it is only when the name is correctly written and interpreted, without rude and unphilosophical disruption from the context "*i. e.*," that its true significance can be understood. It certainly affords an unexpected proof of the value of that wise but neglected line of Pope:

"Know thou thyself—presume not God to scan."

Under the circumstances we have attempted to develop, we are justified in declining further notice of a work which bears such appalling testimony on its title-page of the real character of its author, as expressed by his own name, when interpreted according to the rules which he himself lays down, and applies, without the least compunction, to a living fellow-creature.

Report of the Geology of Canada. Geological Survey of Canada. Sir W. E. Logan, F.R.S., Director.*

The resources and condition of Canada are exciting at the present time more than usual attention in Europe. The future of this vast portion of the British Empire is being canvassed with considerable eagerness by the Germans and French. Beautiful German compilations of the Canadian and British maps of the North-West Territory and British Columbia have been published by that distinguished geographer, Peterman, of Gotha, and since the high standing acquired by Canada at the International Exhibitions of 1851, 1855, and 1862 attracted general attention to the country, its rapid progress, and the great future which lies within its grasp, have been and continue to be subjects of more wide-spread discussion in Europe than Canadians generally seem to be aware of. In England there are many weighty reasons why Canada should attract especial attention at the present moment, and all signs of popular feeling watched and canvassed with eagerness, not unattended, on the part of many, with a pardonable asperity of language.

We have before us a considerable portion of the results of nearly twenty years labour of the Geological Commission of Canada. Until the work is complete we do not intend to notice critically the part which has been printed, although it occupies not less than 672 pages of royal octavo, enriched with a vast number of drawings and diagrams. It is sufficient to say for the present that Canada may well be proud that such an able, scientific and thorough description of her geological conformation and mineral resources has been given to the world.

GEOGRAPHICAL FEATURES.

The Basin of the St. Lawrence, the great river of Canada, which penetrates two thousand miles into the continent of America at its broadest part, drains a region equal to little less than one-third the area of all the kingdoms of

* We are indebted to the kindness of Sir William Logan for a large number of the advanced sheets of this able and most valuable Report. The article above is a condensed and popular summary of a portion of that truly national work, to be continued in future numbers of the *Magazine*. When the Report is completed we shall review in the proper place the labours of these gentlemen, who, in conjunction with Sir William Logan, and under his direction, have so ably contributed to develop the geological history of Canada, ascertain and describe its geographical features and mineral treasures, and whose labours in Europe have drawn such a large share of public attention to the mineral wealth of this Province.

Europe, exclusive of Russia. Of the half million square miles tributary to the St. Lawrence, the great lakes and the estuary comprise 130,000 square miles, and of the remainder more than eight-tenths, or about 350,000 square miles, belong to Canada, the other two-tenths constituting a part of the United States.

A range of mountains rises on each side of the great estuary of the St. Lawrence—the Laurentides on the north, and the Mountains of Notre Dame on the south. The opposing flanks of these ranges keep close on the margin of the water for a considerable distance up the river. The Notre Dame mountains begin to leave the margin about one hundred miles below Quebec, where the river is fifteen miles wide. Opposite to Quebec the range is thirty miles distant, and opposite to Montreal fifty miles, where it enters the State of Vermont and is known under the name of the Green Mountains. The Laurentides diverge from the St. Lawrence about twenty miles below Quebec, and at Montreal are distant from the river about thirty miles. Beyond this they extend up the Ottawa on the north side for a hundred miles, and then sweep round to the Thousand Islands near Kingston, from which point they stretch to Georgian Bay and continue along the eastern and northern shores of Lakes Huron and Superior; they then turn northwards and ultimately reach the Arctic Ocean.

Both of these ranges are composed of sedimentary rocks in an altered condition. The Shickahock Mountains in Gaspé, although very narrow, yet rise into points attaining heights of 3000 and 4000 feet; and the main ridge of the Laurentides, cut by the Saguenay River, attains 4000 feet above the sea. Mount St. Anne, near Quebec, is 2687 feet; one of the peaks of the Trembling Mountain in Argenteuil, 2060; and in the country between the Ottawa and Lake Huron the highest summits do not appear to exceed 1500 or 1700 feet, with the exception of one near the sources of the Muskoka which probably attains 2300 feet. The general elevation of the Laurentide range in Canada is about 1500 or 1600 feet.

The country between the great mountain ranges which have been described, is a vast plain sloping to the river. In Canada this plain rises at an average rate of six inches to the mile between Quebec and the Niagara escarpment, and from the summit of the great falls to the extremity of Lake Superior the average ascent is only three-quarters of an inch to the mile.

The entire range of the Laurentides is bespangled with a vast number of lakes, and indeed such is their profusion, and so short the intervals of land between them, that, though they may belong to different river systems, they afford, with the aid of birch-bark canoes, a ready means of passing from one navigable stream to another in whatever part an explorer may be.

One of the highest levels passed over by the Grand Trunk Railway is at Rockwood, where the altitude of the plain is 1200 feet above the sea; at Petersburg, in Wilmot, it is 1235 feet, and at Stratford 1207. The Buffalo and Goderich Railway rises to a summit level of 1209 feet in Fullarton, and seventeen miles from Lake Huron it is 1050 feet above the sea. The Blue Mountains in Collingwood culminate in a broken-edged semidome 1600 feet high, which overlooks the valley of the Nottawasaga. Between Lake Huron

and Ontario a depression in the dividing ridge of Drift is 904 feet above the sea, or 83 feet lower than the point where the Northern Railway crosses it.

A depression of 442 feet would bring the ocean into Lake Ontario by the allays of the Mohawk and the Hudson Rivers as well as by that of the St. Lawrence. It would drown the entire plain of Eastern Canada, and convert the Ottawa into an inlet 200 miles above Montreal, and carry the present inlet of the Saguenay beyond Lake St. John.

The Canadian part of the upper plain, forming the rich agricultural region commonly called the Western Peninsula, about 10,000 square miles in area, has a general smooth surface, yet it swells to a height in the Blue Mountains not inferior in elevation to some of the highest points in the more rugged Laurentian country between Lake Huron and the Ottawa. It has a coast line about 800 miles in extent, and being thickly covered with Drift, largely derived from calcareous rocks, it possesses soils of remarkable fertility, and is endowed with great agricultural capabilities. That portion of the lower plain which lies north of Lake Ontario has an area of about 16,000 square miles, and is equally favoured with remarkable agricultural resources. The great escarpment which separates the upper plain from the lower stretches from the Niagara Falls to the Indian Peninsula, and thence to the Manitoulin Islands and beyond. Not only in the Valley of the Nottawasaga, but in many other parts, the escarpment has the aspect of an ancient sea cliff, and when the plain at its foot is seen from a favourable spot on the summit, the great extent of surface over which the eye wanders without perceiving any undulation, and the even, unbroken, straight line of the distant horizon, deceive the imagination into the belief that they still belong to a sea instead of to a fertile wooded land.

ROCK FORMATIONS.

The Canadian Rocks have been designated as follows in descending order

CARBONIFEROUS.

20 Bonaventure Formation.

DEVONIAN.

19 Portage and Chemung Group.

18 Hamilton Formation.

17 Corniferous	"	} Upper Helderburg Group.
16 Oriskany	"	

UPPER SILURIAN.

15 Lower Helderburg Group.

14 Onondaga Formation.

MIDDLE SILURIAN.

13 Guelph Formation.

12 Niagara	"	} Anticosti Group.
11 Clinton	"	
10 Medina	"	

LOWER SILURIAN.

- 9 Hudson River Formation.
- 8 Utica “
- 7 Trenton “
- 6 Birdseye and Black River Formation.
- 5 Chazy = Silery. }
- 4 Calciferous = Levis. } Quebec Group.
- 3 Potsdam Group.

AZOIC.

- 2 Huronian Series.
- 1 Laurentian Series.

Country Life: a handbook of Agriculture, Horticulture, and Landscape Gardening. By R. Morris Copeland. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. Toronto: Rollo & Adam.

The mechanical execution of this work is very superior. It is well printed on good paper, and adorned with some excellent wood cuts and a large number of diagrams and minor illustrations. The literary portion of the work does not rise to the level of this well merited praise. The author has endeavoured to embrace too wide a field and has not exercised that discrimination and care which one would expect to find in a work of its external pretensions.

Nevertheless the title informs us that it professes to be a handbook, and as such it will be of considerable value to a certain class of readers, which we would be inclined to designate as “gentleman farmers,” for whom it is far better designed than for the man who styles himself a “practical farmer.” The author is by profession a landscape gardener, and as such he has devoted the greater part of his work to that delightful subject. It is written for “men of small fortunes,” and, as leading those who take an interest in horticulture and agriculture to a study of both these important necessities of a country life, it will be an acceptable addition to their library. If the success of the work should call for another edition there is room for considerable improvement and correction in not a few points. To some of these we will call attention in a spirit of friendly criticism.

In the chapter on the green-house the important question of ventilation is discussed, and the old system of admitting air at the bottom strongly recommended, as opposed to a view which is now rapidly gaining ground that top ventilation is the only security against that bane of the grapeery—mildew. Zinc paint is recommended for the inside of greenhouses, but zinc paint is unfortunately too apt to peel off, and has grown into disfavour on that account. The author cautions farmers against allowing their cattle to drink water which has lain in lead pipes, and suggests that the water in the pipes should always be allowed to run off before cattle are permitted to drink. It would have been more philosophical to have limited the caution to lead pipes leading from soft water tanks, for it is well known that all spring water con-

tains sensible traces of gypsum, and a lead pipe from a well becomes rapidly coated with the insoluble and innocuous sulphate of lead. In describing a compost for potting, we are told to add to every bushel, or thereabouts, a shovelful of lime, ashes, or gypsum. These three substances differ so widely in their action and composition, that we are at a loss to know why they are indiscriminately recommended. "Mildew and blights," we are told "are consequences of imperfect drainage." In this we differ from the author. Imperfect drainage may predispose a potted plant to be attacked by mildew, but it is most assuredly established that this destructive fungus is very largely dependant upon atmospheric conditions for the development of its ever present spores. We might take exception to much of the chemistry of the work, especially those portions relating to "salts," but as it is intended merely as a handbook for amateurs and men of small fortunes it will lead to further enquiry in subjects open to widely different opinions and views.

THE BRITISH MONTHLIES.*

BLACKWOOD.—JUNE.

"*A Glance at the Italy of Cavour.*"—The title of this paper is a compliment to the great name under whose protecting shield Italy grew to be united and strong. Cavour was a great and gifted man, but he was also an unscrupulous one. He was at once patient and impulsive, a quick reasoner, a reflective thinker; cautious to what seemed timidity at times, and then bold with a courage that scorned danger. With a manner and address the most insinuating, he carried insolence, when it suited his purpose, even into the presence of royalty. He was a statesman by predilection, and a soldier by instinct; but, above all, in his persistent scheming, his unwearied resources of craft, of apparent *bonhomie* and seeming truthfulness, he was the *beau idéal* of his nation—a perfect Italian. Had Cavour lived, the position of Italy had now been different. Discontent would not, as now, lift its voice in the north, nor brigandage ravage the south.

"*Rough Notes of a Ride to Babylon*" contains a splendid description of a desert-storm in the east. The ruins of Babylon is a great mound of earth and mounds of earth, the remains of hanging gardens, masses of vitrified brick-work, a colossal stone lion with his paws on a prostrate human figure, and a few other remnants of the former glory of Babylon. What may be

* THE BRITISH MONTHLIES, including *Blackwood* (American reprint), *Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, *The St. James' Magazine*, *Good Words*, *London Society*, *The Churchman's Magazine*, *The Exchange*, &c., &c., can be procured each month at Messrs. Bello & Adam's Toronto.

hidden beneath the mounds of earth time and explorations may show, and have, to a certain extent, shown; but Babylon is a wonderful example of the fulfilment of awful prophecies, and the golden city is now a frightful desert.

"*Constitutional tendencies.*"—An article well worthy of the perusal of those who fancy that they inherit a certain determination to particular infirmities, which are really brought on by neglect or gross indulgence.

"*Girolamo Savonarola.*"—A narrative of the life and death of the saviour and martyr of Florence.

"*A Letter from Poland.*"

"*Charles James Blomfield.*"—A review of the life of Charles James Blomfield, late Bishop of London. By his son, the Rev. Alfred Blomfield.

"*Chronicles of Carlingford: The Perpetual Curate,*" Part I., chap. 1—3. This "chronicle" is commenced at the close of the volume.

TEMPLE BAR.—JUNE.

"*Our Pipes and Palettes.*"—A satirical article on painters and painting, and particularly abusive of the Council of the Royal Academy. "When there is a vacancy in the numbers, they elect some weak inanity, of whom no one has ever heard, and whose greatest recommendation is that he is almost as bad a painter as those who elect him."

"*Breakfast in Bed.*"—After months' beating about the bush, certainly in a very humorous and rhapsodical way, the author approaches the question "On what people should have for breakfast?" and still does not answer it, but informs the reader, with great gravity, that it is a far more difficult question to solve than "What shall we have for dinner?" These papers contain many amusing criticisms on things in general and London abuses in particular; and it is pretty clear that the writer, who says he has been accustomed lately to breakfast on "a cup of tea and the papers," will never be able to solve the difficulty with which he has endeavoured to grapple so long, but which has hitherto so successfully and artfully eluded his grasp.

"*Truth in Art.*"—Men now long for the Real. The field of Art is widening, and its appreciation is becoming universal. Poet and painter alike have ample scope for their genius in the scenes and events which lie around them. Art at one time was limited in its field, its sympathies, its devotees. But notwithstanding all this, it is a wonder that this century has not produced a single poem on the events of our time, and men are still hunting among the incidents of the past, where the materials of many epics lie in an orderly mass around them and beneath their eyes.

"*Cloudy Memories of an Old Passport.*"—A record of one day in Denmark, with nothing particularly striking to narrate or describe.

"*William Lisle Bowles.*"—A biographical sketch and notice of the poems of this author.

"*The Public Press in matters of Science.*"—A severe condemnation of the course taken by the *Times* newspaper in defending Sir William Armstrong and his guns, to the great cost of the nation. The opinion is expressed that the Armstrong guns will disappear from the service when artillery is required on a field of battle. The Whitworth gun is also condemned; and the Ad-

miralty's steps, in regard to the material for ships' construction, must be tentative for some time yet. Further experience is wanting.

"*John Marchmont's Legacy*," and the "*Trials of the Tredgolds*," are continued.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.—JUNE.

"Romola."

"*Spiritualism*."—This is a very sensible article on a subject which is exciting considerable attention in America as well as in Europe. "Who supposes Buddhism to be true because, perhaps, 300,000,000 people believe it, and because all their ancestors, for many centuries, have believed it?" This is a matter of fact question, which those who are inclined to pin their faith upon the belief of others would do well to consider.

"*Sibyl's Disappointment*."—A very melancholy "true" story. Sibyl, an amiable innocent girl, quietly falls in love with Mr. Digby Stuart, an honourable, good-looking, and attractive man, who is quite ignorant of the impression he has produced. Isabel Vernon, a clever, jealous cousin of Sibyl's, discovers the secret, and writes a tender declaration of love, in Mr. Stuart's name, to her innocent rival. Sibyl and her mother, Lady Mary B.ers, receive the letter unsuspectingly, and Sibyl answers it tenderly. Mr. Digby Stuart is astonished and mortified beyond expression at the cruel jest, and persuades Lady Raymond to undeceive Sibyl and her mother.

"Lady Mary, that love-letter Sibyl replied to yesterday was not written by Digby Stuart, but by her cousin Isabel Vernon." She could not have added another syllable to soften these words if her own life had depended on it, and for the next five minutes there was no sound in the room. And Sibyl?—"So they laid her down, and where they laid her there she remained, never closing eye or moving limb or lip, suddenly stricken as by a total suspension of every sense, of every faculty." Sibyl survived several years, but the light of reason never returned. And Isabel?—"I did it in jest. I never expected the letter would deceive her or Aunt Mary either." Good-natured persons gave her the benefit of the doubt.

"The Small House at Allington."

"*Eugénie de Guérin*."—The story of the life of this remarkable French girl, who united extraordinary power of intelligence to extraordinary force of character and singular strength of affection. All these excellent qualities were under the control of deep religious feeling. We gain an insight into the depth of her feelings by the following paragraph from one of her letters: "My journal has been untouched for a long while. Do you want to know why? It is because the time seems to me mis-spent which I spend in writing it. We owe God an account of every minute; and is it not a wrong use of our minutes to employ them in writing a history of our transitory days?" She was intensely attached to her brother Maurice, and when he died the energy of her life ebbed away.

"On the future extinction of Blue Eyes."—The predominating tendency to dark hair and eyes is as one hundred to seventy, therefore, in the course of time, the dark must triumph over the fair. To the many fervent admirers

of blue eyes the possibility, nay, the probability, of black eyes one day having undivided empire, cannot be a pleasant suggestion. Even those who loudly proclaim the superior splendour of dark eyes may hear of such a prophecy with a misgiving. Tastes, we know, admit of no dispute, and we also know how incessantly they are disputed. On the colour of hair and eyes the dispute is animated. Yet Nature, in spite of a seeming impartiality in her acts, has a decided preference for black ; and, if we are to trust a physiologist, has decreed their ultimate empire, if not the final extinction of the blue. This is not pleasant news. Let us hope it is not true. Even as a variety—apart from the preferences of individuals—one would like to preserve the shade of blonde hair (except, perhaps, the whitey-brown), and all the tints of grey or blue eyes. Without whispering a word of treason against the lustrous splendour of the black, we may own the magical thrill which responds to the tender violet, or the thoughtful grey. And if what we have to announce be true, if Nature really carries out her threat, and extinguishes the fair complexions, we must pity our remote descendants ; in spite of their rich inheritance of civilisation, which will make them regard us as beggarly pioneers, they will have the drawback of living under the dynasty of universal black ; *monarchia monochromatica* ! Such is the conclusion we draw from the facts recorded by Dr. Bergholz, of Venezuela, in the *Archiv für Anatomie*.

“*Newspaper writers in Germany*” do things in a rather different manner to what we are accustomed in England or America. Restraint on the liberty of the press forms the grand distinction between German and English journalism. Ability and capital is more scattered there than in the United Kingdom. The newspaper press of Prussia has received a great stimulus recently. There are not less than 528 newspapers in that kingdom, of which 71 are dailies ; Austria Proper has 77, of which 38 are dailies ; and Bavaria 138, of which 44 are dailies. This speaks well for the literary progress of Bavaria. Some of the newspaper proprietors of Vienna are very wealthy ; the editor and owner of one daily is supposed to make \$45,000 a year. A delightful feature among German journalists is the sound harmony which prevails. A society has been organized, the heads of which are chosen from editors and writers, without regard to their political views, and the bitterest foes in newspaper controversy meet there on the most friendly footing. Many of the editors of Viennese newspapers are Jews, as also are a large number of the contributors. The law requires the editor to sign his name, and all contributions must be marked by some distinguishing sign. Consistency is, indeed, a well valued and highly preserved jewel in the conduct of a German newspaper. It would ruin a newspaper to make any deviation from the principles by which it is known. The correspondents of the German newspapers are a most numerous and important class of men. They are paid about a penny a line. Foreign correspondents are paid better, especially those in the east and in America. Court secrets are sacredly kept ; but anything relating to foreign matters, or, indeed, to home government, even unpublished despatches, are familiar as every day occurrences to the German correspondent, and even outstrip, in their astonishing familiarity with important state secrets, and the mysterious manner in which they hint at them,

the wildest American telegraphs or the boldest speculations of the *New York Herald*. But the most open scandal in the court circle, if of real moment, is altogether ignored by the correspondent, and not the faintest allusion is made to the matter. The German paper frequently contains literary discussions of interest, but the purely literary element is gradually being driven out by the pressure of political events, and the anxiety of the ruled to know what the rulers have done, are doing, or propose to do.

GOOD WORDS.—JUNE.

Papers like "*Education in the Army*," in *Good Words*, and "*Life in a Barracks*," &c., &c., in *Cornhill*, if persisted in will effect a vast amount of good. It is only by these popular appeals to the common sense of the public at large that we can hope for a rapid amelioration in the education, and morality of the army. Great improvements have been made in the soldier's condition during the last few years, yet there is abundant room for more, and the spirit of the age seems to be tending towards addressing at last as much attention to education in the army as to reformatories for criminals. We are far behind the French in these matters.

"*Up the Rhine in Winter*" is a narrative of a journey undertaken by the Editor of *Good Words* and three genial companions to Dr. Fliedner's Hospital Institution in Germany.

"*A Touch of Nature*" is an excellent tale, showing how lasting and true filial love may be, even among the homeless wanderers of the earth.

"*A Plea for the Queen's English*."—The learned Dean of Canterbury brought whole nests of bees, wasps, and hornets about his head soon after he published his first paper on the Queen's English, in *Good Words*. Letters began to flow in from all parts of England, on all imaginable subjects connected with the article. Criticisms, complaints, abuse, and satire appeared to have been showered upon him with no unsparing hand, and in the present article he replies to the most prominent and pertinacious of his antagonists. There are several points in the Dean's argument to which exception might be taken, and we do not doubt but that many persons will still adhere to their own rules of speech and orthography. The portion of the essay referring to "shall and will" might have been improved by reference to Sir Edmund Head's amusing article on the same subject, published some time ago. Occasionally the worthy and learned Dean gets a little angry at one of his reviewers, a Mr. Moon, who has published a reply to the first essay on the Queen's English.

"*Reminiscences of a Highland Parish*" is continued.

"*A true Woman's Question*" is simply "why should women pay taxes," and a ludicrous description of many of the fancied troubles nervous ladies bring on themselves by entertaining too exalted an idea of the enormity of not being instantly prepared at the call of the tax gatherer.

"What would happen if you were not in time?"

"Goodness gracious! child, don't you know? A Sheriff's-Officer would come probably—do you hear—probably, and carry away your table, or per-

haps the sofa you are sitting upon—you may well jump!—for the NATIONAL DEBT.”

“Well, not to have contracted that debt, and yet to live in such awful apprehension of the creditors is hard.”

“*Essays for Sunday Reading.*”—VI. “*Marriage, and a Single Life.*”—The only union that deserves and does not dishonour the name of marriage is one in which, whatever external attractions accompany it, there is mental and moral sympathy, and, above all, the hallowing presence of religious faith. For this alone brings us into real union with another. We may dwell in the same home with another, and yet be wide apart as if oceans rolled between us. But where there is congeniality of taste, sympathy of souls, union of heart in the same God and Saviour, no external distance can affect, or lapse of time weaken it, nor can even that which breaks up all other connections, dissolve this. The hands that were clasped at Mammon’s altar may soon drop from each other’s grasp. The hearts which passion’s force united, when passion’s fire has cooled, may fall off from each other, or, in the recoil, fly apart. But they whom God and holy love bind together, none can ever put asunder. Money may go, hardship and ill fortune betide them, but there are those, many and many a one, whom sorrow and toil and suffering, borne together, have only bound into a closer, deeper, dearer affection. The ardour of youthful passion may evaporate, but there is a calmer, serener, profounder feeling that rises, as the years pass on, in hearts that have known and trusted each other long. The fair face may lose its outer loveliness, and the form its roundness, and the once light and airy step its elasticity. But even on the outward face and form there is a beauty which steals out often, to replace with a more exquisite charm that which the years bear away—the beauty of Christian gentleness and sweetness, of maturing character and more deeply settled inward peace,—“the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.” Onward through life’s path, stage after stage, truer and more trusted, loving and more beloved, they who are thus united may tread together;—on, amidst the gathering evening shadows and the soft waning lights that tell how fast their sun of earthly joy is westering—pensively, it may be, yet not sadly or despairingly;—on, hand clasped in hand, heart knit to heart, till the hour when the inevitable parting comes. And yet even in that which to all besides has in it a horror of darkness too dreadful to be calmly contemplated, there is no lasting gloom for them. A little longer, and the loved and lost shall be once more and forever united; and when the churchyard shadows in summer and winter days play softly on the grave where side by side their dust reposes, bright with immortal beauty, loving as immortal spirits only love, they shall dwell together in the presence of the Lamb.

LONDON SOCIETY.—JUNE.

“*London Society Abroad*” is rather a commonplace sketch, and contains nothing new or particularly interesting.

“*Out of Town in the Season.*”—A short love story, well told, very satisfactory in its termination, and of not uncommon occurrence.

"*A Dreadful Discovery.*"—Mr. Twiddles ventures to indulge in private theatricals without informing his wife. Mrs. Twiddles finds a letter which Mr. Twiddles had dropped, containing most astounding sentiments of affection and signed "Angelina." Mrs. Twiddles follows Mr. Twiddles and catches him rehearsing his part with Angelina, both being dressed in costume. Mrs. Twiddles seizes Mr. Twiddles by his lace collar; explanations ensue, and Mrs. Twiddles consents to become a spectator of the play. But the excitement of "being caught" so preys upon Twiddles that he breaks down; and the moral of this story of *London Society* is, that it serves him right for joining in private theatricals without the knowledge and permission of his wife.

"*Cricketana.*"—A sketch of the history of cricket in England.

"*The Royal Academy Exhibition.*"—A brief description of the most attractive pictures in this year's Exhibition.

"*The Flowers of the Season.*"—Useful hints for ladies in arranging floral decorations for fêtes, rooms, and fountains.

"*Kent and its Oysters.*"

The illustrations in *London Society* are as usual admirable, but the literary part of this popular magazine requires the least possible amount of mental effort.

THE EXCHANGE.

We are sorry to learn that this valuable monthly has ceased to exist. Many of the essays it contained were of great value. The February number contains an article on the "*British West Indies*," showing that from 1854 to 1860, the import trade has increased more than twenty-six per cent., the export trade nine per cent., and the shipping twenty-seven per cent. The total value of imports received in the United Kingdom from the West India colonies, is about a seventh of that from all other colonies, and about a thirty-fifth part of the value of the whole imports of the country. Cotton used to be largely grown. At the beginning of the present century, 80,000 bales were sent to England—in 1861, only about 10,000 bales. But the cultivation of cotton is reviving, and public companies have been formed for establishing cotton plantations in Jamaica. They export coffee, cocoa, rum, and raw sugar. The trade between the West Indies and Canada might be profitably extended, to the mutual advantage of both Colonies, and no time appears to be so favourable as the present for establishing a permanent commercial connexion.

"*The Commerce and Manufactures of Great Britain in 1862*," is a lengthy and important statistical document, and discloses the extraordinary extent and progress of British industry in 1862. Such is the magnitude and elasticity of British commerce, that though it may be temporarily deranged, it cannot be permanently injured by any disturbing cause, such as that of the deficiency in the supply of cotton. A considerable impetus has been given by that deficiency to other manufactures.

"*Trade and Finance in 1862*," furnishes us with materials from which we

may endeavour to gain some idea of the business of the unemployed wealth of Britain. The new Banks established in 1862 may be thus classified :

Home.....	8, with	£12,000,000	capital.
Colonial.....	5, “	3,750,000	“
Indian	2, “	2,000,000	“
Foreign.....	4, “	4,000,000	“
Total.....		£21,750,000	“

The Foreign Loans during the same year were as follows :—

Egypt.....	£2,908,040
Italy	1,782,000
Morocco.....	501,200
Peru	5,500,000
Portugal.....	1,790,000
Russia.....	4,670,000
Switzerland	285,000
Turkey	5,400,000
Venezuala	1,000,000
Total.....	£23,746,240

The imports of the precious metals were :—

Gold.....	£14,389,000
Silver	7,583,000

During the same period the exports were :—

Gold.....	£11,201,000
Silver	9,817,010

Of joint stock companies, the following are the most important :—

	Home.	Colonial.	Foreign.
Mining Companies.....	£ 770,000	£ 710,000	£ 356,000
Land “	625,000	1,650,000	4,300,000
Sundry “	3,450,000	“

ONCE A WEEK.

Some Canadian cricketers appear to have doubts respecting the laws of this noble game, and the authority to whom appeal must be made in case of dispute. We commend the following extract, from *Once a Week*, to the notice of the unbelievers in the Marylebone Club :—

In 1774 cricket made a great start. Sir Horace Mann, who had promoted cricket in Kent, and the Duke of Dorset and Lord Tankerville, who seem to have been the leaders of the Surrey and Hants Eleven, conjointly with our noblemen and gentlemen formed a committee under the presidency of Sir William Draper. They met at the Star and Garter, in Pall-mall, and laid down the rules of cricket, which very rules form the basis of the laws of cricket of this day. The old skeleton hurdle was abolished, and wickets (two in num-

ber) twenty-two inches high and six inches wide were substituted; the weight of the balls was determined to be (as now) five ounces and a half to five ounces and three-quarters. In the following year, 1775, a middle stump was added, and although the height and width of the wickets, were twice increased subsequently, until they attained their present size, still in all essential points—even allowing for the difference of cricket grounds, the comparatively rough materials for the game, and the change in style—a cricket match in 1775 must have much resembled a cricket match in 1863. The next great step in cricket was the establishment of the White Conduit Club, in the year 1799; and among its members, in addition to the before-named patrons of the game, we find the names of Lord Winchilsea, Lord Stratheven, and Sir P. Burrell.—Their place of meeting was still the Star and Garter, and their ground was in White Conduit-fields. One of the attendants on this club, of the name of Lord, was persuaded to take a ground, which he did; and under the patronage of the old White Conduit Club, a new club called the Marylebone Club, was formed at Lord's ground, which was then situate on the site of the present Dorset Square. It would be superfluous to say anything about the Marylebone Club, as the fact is notorious that the rules of the Marylebone Club are the only rules recognized as authentic throughout the world wherever cricket is played, and that the very mention of the name of the club in connexion with anything said or done in the cricketing world is sufficient to stamp it as the right thing to say or do.

"*The Migration of Salmon.*"—Where does the salmon go to when it reaches the salt water? What is the cause of its going to the sea at all? What does it find to feed upon, and how quick does it grow? are slight samples of the questions which have been asked in reference to salmon growth. At one time wise people abounded who could answer these and similar questions off hand, as it were; and one of the gravest assertions of the old writers about the salmon was, that the smelt, on arriving at salt water, went off direct, and at lightning speed to the North Pole; a place where the common herring was supposed to be a constant visitor. The real truth, however, is, that no one knows where the salmon goes when it reaches the sea:—whether it proceeds so a great distance, or finds a luxuriant feeding-ground in the nearest deep water, has never been properly ascertained, but that it grows rapidly under the influence of the brine is certain. The curious instinct which leads the salmon, at certain seasons, to seek the salt water, and then to return to its native stream in order to perpetuate its kind, is another of the mysteries of salmon growth upon which different ideas prevail. It is said, that while in the salt water the salmon becomes infested with parasites of the crustacean kind, which it cannot get quit of till it reaches its native streams, or at least the fresh water. Then, again, a kind of fresh-water louse fastens upon the animal in the river that is supposed to force it seaward; doubtless, however, these are but weak inventions of man to account for phases of life which are the nature of the animal, and which it was created to undergo. The sea seems to provide a rich feeding ground for the salmon, for it returns home improved in condition and increased in size. Many of the smelts liberated from the reeding-ponds at Stormontfield were marked, in order to ascertain how long

they would be absent, and at what rate they increased in size. These have been from time to time pretty satisfactorily detailed. It will be for instance, that a moiety of the salmon born in March of the present (1863) will go off to sea as smelts in the months of April and May, 1864 that in the autumn of that year they will come back as pretty sizeable g whilst the half of their brothers and sisters will be still in the breeding-as parr! Smelts a few ounces in weight, when liberated, or marked in (we speak now of the river Shin experiments) have been recaptured in month of July, after having attained a weight of from four to seven po

AMERICAN PERIODICALS.

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND ART.—MAY.

The articles in this able Journal are most of them of a strictly sci character. "*Key West Physical Notes*," contains accounts of some interesting and curious atmospheric phenomena at Key West and ov gulf stream which will be interesting to the general reader. The Zo Light is thus described by Major E. B. Hunt, Corps of Engineers, U. S.

Zodiacal Light.—During the winter, and especially in February zodiacal light habitually attains at Key West a remarkable degree of di ness. I have repeatedly traced it nearly to the zenith, but never re beyond. The main point to which I would draw attention, is the amount of light proceeding from this source. I have over and over observed a distinct *shadow* cast by the zodiacal light. Walking fro have seen my shadow moving before me on the white roadway, as if c moonlight, though without definite boundaries. I have, by passing close to a whitewashed wall, seen my shadow very positive in dar though obscure in outline. Waving my arm up and down within inches of the wall, a tolerably defined outline of shadow resulted. respects, the shadows are what should result from so diffused a ligh may be remarked that much the largest volume of light comes from th tion below 15° to 20° from the horizon. Sometimes Venus, by its bril and position, rendered the observations doubtful; but I have seen shadows unmistakably when Venus was not visible, and so late as to ex the idea of twilight refractions as their cause. I do not know if shado zodiacal light have before been noted, but other persons corroborate impressions, leaving no doubt that real, but dimly outlined shado readily observable darkness, are habitually produced by the winter zc light. This gives a more correct idea of its great increase of brightn nearing the tropics, than can be conveyed by general terms. It is in singularly beautiful thing, to see this grand mass of mellow light, fading out into the clear sky, and quite obscuring the lustre of the Way by its superior brightness. Where it intersects the Milky Way, I the two are, at the brightest, about equal in glow, but from thence

horizon the zodiacal light so increases in radiance as to seem almost a prolongation of twilight.

HUNTS' MERCHANT MAGAZINE.—JULY.

"Ship Canals and Railroads.—Chicago Convention."—The great canal system of the United States is 1,724 miles long and is composed of the following main arteries :

	Miles.
Erie Canal, connecting Hudson River and the Lakes	363
Pennsylvania Canal, connecting Delaware and Ohio.....	395
Ohio Canal, connecting Ohio River and Lakes.....	307
Miami Canal, " " "	178
Indiana Canal, " " "	379
Illinois Canal, connecting Illinois River and Lakes.....	102
	<hr/>
	1,724

This enumeration does not include the minor canals which feed the great trunks. The Ohio system alone is 817 miles long and the coal canals are 693 miles in length. Notwithstanding the great reduction which has been made in canal rates, the traffic has sought the railroads. The Illinois Canal, though almost a dead level, having but two locks, cannot compete with railroads. It is proposed by the late Convention at Chicago to increase the capacity of the Illinois Canal and of the Erie Canal, to admit of the passage of ships to the ocean. The cost of the first improvement is estimated to be \$13,500,000, and of the last, \$3,500,000 which it is proposed to ask Congress to pay. The question is considered to be purely a commercial one, for although the treaty with England excludes the presence of armed vessels of either power on the lakes, the ability to send iron-clads through in canal boats, to be put together in a short time, is too well appreciated to admit of spending \$20,000,000 to make a passage for them. The United States Government has sent iron-clads to San Francisco in sailing vessels with great success. It is argued that if the mercantile sagacity of New York saw the want of an Erie Canal, the merchants, who have paid \$400,000,000 for railroads, will not grudge \$4,000,000 for that object, and the mode in which a ship outlet down the Mississippi may improve New York business is not clearly demonstrated.

"Paper Money.—The Lessons of History."

"Legal Tender United States Notes."—In September next the decision of the Court of Appeal on this important question will be made known. Congress declares treasury notes lawful money and makes them a legal tender. The First District Court (New York City) holds that no such power exists in Congress, while in the Seventh District the Judges took the opposite view.

"Appropriations of the last Session of Congress."—The total sum appropriated during the last session of Congress for the public service was \$973,055,670, out of which \$729,861,898 was for the support of the army, and a deficiency of \$108,732,745, also for the support of the army. The vote for naval service was \$89,848,205.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—MAY, JUNE, AND JULY.

We cannot do more than give the contents of this popular monthly for May and June. Notices written at the time were crowded out in the July Number of the *British American*.

MAY.—Charles Lamb's Uncollected Writings—Dark Ways—After 'Tape'—The Human Wheel—its Spokes and Fellows; Paul Blecker; Up the Thames; The Fern Forests of the Carboniferous Period; To E. W.; The Countess; Gala Days; Give; Only an Irish Girl; Shall we Compromise?

JUNE.—Weak Lungs, and how to make them Strong; Violet Planting; Paul Blecker; The Hencock House and its Founder; Why Thomas was Discharged; Light and Darkness; Wet Weather Work; The Member from Foxden; Mountains and their Origin; Camilla's Concert; Spring at the Capital; Horrors of San Domingo.

JULY.—"*Doings of the Sunbeam*."—A popular description of some marvellous results of photography, showing the wide application of this wonderful art, and the curious development to which it leads. Six hundred faces to the square inch are shown on some of the London Stereoscopic Company's photographs of the Great Exhibition. One picture gives the musicians. Although the faces are mere dots, yet when viewed with a microscope, they are seen to be complete, and all with their mouths open, being taken in the act of singing. Among the curious facts related of portraits, are the great number of aspects belonging to each countenance;—the family likeness which runs through a wide connection. The field of photography has a singular and very unhappy development in America. The terrible mementoes of the battle-field have been indelibly recorded by the sun. The field of Antietam shows war in its dreadful reality. The photographs of the moon are of a singularly interesting character; and not less interesting are the microscopic photographs. The method of taking spiritual photographs is explained, and the deception laid bare.

"*Outside Glimpses of English Poverty*," is a sad, and, we fear, a not over-drawn picture of the misery which exists in many large towns in England.

"*The Growth of Continents*."—An excellent popular description of the slow separation of the land from the sea, and the formation of islands and continents, with their mountain ranges. But in order to appreciate this article thoroughly, an elementary knowledge of geology is implied. The short description of the Alps and the Jura at nightfall, is very beautiful.

"*English Naval Power and English Colonies*."—The faith men have in the maritime greatness of England, is based upon the fact that, from one end of the country to the other, she is one gigantic workshop, and there is no out-measuring her mechanical activity. The United States is a strong naval power, on account of her capacity to produce ships of war, as recent events have shewn. England has now 900 vessels of war, carrying 20,000 guns. The great strength of England for maritime warfare lies in her colonies. Her war ships can go to every commercial centre on the globe, with canvas. In the Mediterranean she has Gibraltar and Malta; on the highroad to India she has refreshment stations all along it with the utmost regularity. England, Gibraltar, Sierre Leone, Ascension, St. Helena, Cape Colony, Mauritius, Ceylon, Calcutta. Thence on to Singapore and Hong Kong,—and we

may soon add a port in Japan to New Westminster. Then there is the West Indies; the commanding ports and forts at the southern points of all the continents, and the overland route to India,—Gibraltar, Malta, Persia, Aden, Bombay. The Falkland Islands, near Cape Horn; Cape of Good Hope, Ceylon, Singapore, Tasmania. The steady march towards the centre of the commercial waters of the earth, reveals a fixed purpose, which nothing is permitted to change. "Mistress and Sovereign of the Seas," she is and will continue to be.

"*Our General*," is a defence of General Butler. It makes him out to be a very amiable man, full of humanity, and with much delicacy of feeling. The description given of the morality of the slaveholders is horrifying.

AMERICAN PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR AND LITERARY GAZETTE.

Each number contains a considerable amount of interesting literary information altogether separate from the usual monthly book-list of the different publishers. Messrs. Pereire and Mons, Michel Chevalier are preparing a great French Encyclopedia, on the scale of the "Encyclopedia Britannica"—the work is intended to advocate the free-trade and credit doctrines held by the forwarders. Mons. Thiers' *History of the Revolution, Consulate and Empire* will be criticised and exposed in Colonel Charras's fourth edition of his *Waterloo Campaign*. The Gipsies have found a historian in Mr. Walter Simson. A collective edition of Mr. Monckton Mill's works is announced in London: Mr. Gregor's work, "*Trois Rois, Trois Peuples et Trois Siècles*," is ready for the press—Bishop Colenso's third volume is in the press. Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble's journal during her residence upon a plantation in Georgia, will soon be issued. With respect to government books, the *Circular* says. "Heavy editions of every document (seldom less than five thousand, often ten or fifteen thousand) are printed, not for sale to that portion of the public who want them, but for distribution at hap-hazard through the ponderous mail-bags of honourable Congressmen. Who get the books? In a vast majority of cases, the noisy politicians, the bar-room oracles, the idle talkers, the thoughtless class of people who read nothing but their newspapers. They are used to make votes. The quiet student, the man of scientific tastes, the intelligent mechanic, the young man hungry for knowledge,—these are seldom favored with a perusal of the volumes they could use so well. This is one side of the case, it is a pity to be obliged to add it is also the most favourable one."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—JULY.

"*Scenes in the War of 1812*."—The incidents of the War of 1812 are narrated in these "Scenes" with much animosity, especially against the victors in many important battles in which Hull and Winchester suffered defeat. The conduct of the British and the Indian Allies, as well as that of the British Government in sanctioning and cordially approving of the conduct of their gallant officers and troops, is severely reprobated. The writer paints one side of the picture only, and we need not say which side that is. The present time is particularly unsuited for a rehash of those barbarities which the Indians engaged on both sides indulged in. Indian warfare is always cruel, and there is no doubt that shameful excesses were permitted by

tained a view of lake Nyanza during the second expedition was from the town of Mashonde, in the Uidu portion of the country of Uganda, on the western side of the lake. Pursuing his way northward along the shore to the valley of Katonga, which is situated on the equator, the land above the lake becomes very beautiful, being composed of low sandstone hills deeply scored and seamed by the heavy rains, covered with gigantic grass of unsurpassed verdure, and by groves of trees as tall and straight as the blue gums of Australia. Travelling however is most irksome in this part of the country, for, owing to the gradual subsidence of all the streams, the moorlands surrounding them are mere net-works of rushes covering unfathomable soft bogs. Crossing the equator he reached the Mworongo, a stream of moderate size, and said to flow out of the lake. It runs north, and joins the Nile in the kingdom of Unyori, when its name is changed to Kafu. Further on the Luajerri follows its example, and still further on, at the centre of the northern coast of the lake, issues the parent stream of the Nile, falling over rocks of an igneous character, and forming falls twelve feet high, which he had christened by the name of the "Ripon Falls," in honour of the President of the Geographical Society at the time of the starting of the expedition. The escape of the Nyanza's waters, twenty miles north of the equator, was the only outlet examined, owing to the barbarous restrictions placed on travellers by the King of the country. They, however, saw the junction of the Nile with the Kafu and Asua rivers, and crossed the Luajerri half way between its escape from the lake and its junction with the parent stream. Proceeding down the Nile from the Ripon Falls, they first passed through a row of sandstone hills, after which the river rushes down due north with the beauty of a mountain torrent, running off at last into long flats, more like a lake than a river. In Unyori it is increased by the contributions of the Kafu and Luajerri, and continues navigable as far as the Keruma Falls, where it rushes on with boisterous liveliness. They could not continue their passage beyond this point owing to a war that was raging in the country. They next met the old river in the Madi country, where it still bears the unmistakable character of the Nile—long flats and long rapids. Here it is that another great feeder from the Nyanza lake, the Assua river, joins it on the eastern side. On the other side a long flat extends far into the country—as far, Captain Speke believes, as the little Luta Nzigi lake. With the rest of the Nile we ought to be well acquainted; but little is really known about it, owing to the fact of no one having yet taken the trouble to place nilometers at proper spots. Proceeding onwards the next great affluent is the Bahr-el-Gaszai, which joins the Nile with hardly any visible stream, having more the appearance of a lake than of a river. The second is the Geraffee river, which may be said to be only one-third of the Nile in size at its point of junction. Its source has yet to be discovered. Its character suggests the possibility of its coming from lake Nyanza. The third affluent is the Southern Sobat river, also full and navigable. The Northern Sobat they passed without knowing it. Captain Speke then went on to describe some other tributaries of the Nile, concluding by giving an account of his meeting with Mr. Baker at Khartoum, who had nobly come up the Nile to meet him, with no less than three ladies. Mr. Baker and his party intended following out the stream supposed to lead to the little Luta Nzigi lake to its source. They would be pleased to hear that Mr. Petherick was in perfect health and excellent spirits, and trading energetically when last he heard of him.

THE
BRITISH AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1863.

INDICATIONS OF ANCIENT CUSTOMS, SUGGESTED BY
CERTAIN CRANIAL FORMS.

BY DANIEL WILSON, LL.D.*

Among the characteristic customs of greatest prevalence throughout this continent, none has attracted greater attention than that of artificial cranial distortion. To all appearance, the civilized nations of Mexico and Peru had developed independent phases of progress in arts, science, and social policy, without mutual intercourse or any knowledge of each other. Nevertheless, we trace the singular practice of moulding the human head into abnormal forms, alike among the civilized races of Peru, the ancient lettered architects of Central America and Mexico, and among barbarous tribes both to the east and west of the Rocky Mountains. The earth-works of the Mississippi Valley mound-builders have been found to cover artificially flattened crania; and the student of American native civilization, as he turns from pondering over the marvellous bas-reliefs and hieroglyphics on the sculptured slabs of Palenque or Uxmal, is startled to find the very cranial forms and strange physiological contours of the architectural race of Central America reproduced among some of the most barbarous living tribes of Oregon and the Columbia River. But, now that the study of craniology has been carried out by many intelligent observers, the fact is becoming familiar to us, that artificial cranial deformation is no peculiarity of the American continent, either in ancient or modern times. The compressed crania of the Asiatic Macrocephali attracted the attention of Hippocrates five centuries before the Christian era; and Blumenbach, the foremost of European craniologists, figured in the first fasciculus of his "Decades Craniorum,"

* Read before the American Antiquarian Society, April, 1863.

in 1790, an imperfect compressed skull, received by him from Russia, with the information that it was probably a Tartar, and which he designates an Asiatic Macrocephalus. Imperfect as were his data, his conclusion was probably just; as subsequent inquiry has led to the discovery of various examples of the same class of compressed and elongated crania on ancient historical sites in the Crimea, and around the shores of the Euxine.

In 1843, Rathke communicated to Müller's "*Archiv für Anatomie*" the figure of another skull, strikingly resembling the one previously engraved by Blumenbach. Like the former, it is very imperfect, but corresponds to it in exhibiting the same depression of the frontal bone.—This example is described by the author as having been procured from an ancient burial-place near Kertch, in the Crimea. And, in 1849, M. Rathke published a memoir, in which he investigated the subject more fully; and showed that the vicinity of Kertch had yielded other illustrations of the same remarkable artificially modified crania of the ancient world, corresponding to those of Peru and the tribes of North America bordering on the Pacific. In illustration of the origin of the Crimean Macrocephalic crania, M. Rathke draws attention to the notices, by Greek and Roman authors, of the ancient tribes who derived their name from the singular practice of elongating the head during infancy. Hippocrates, in his "*De Aere, Aquis, et Locis*," speaks of them as a people among whom "those are thought the most noble who have the longest heads." In this respect, the modern American flat-head tribes, as well as the older Peruvians, exhibit a remarkable correspondence in the ideas by which all have been actuated. Among the flat-head tribes, the compressed and distorted skull is the symbol of aristocracy; while the slaves of the tribe are rigidly precluded from giving the prized deformity to the heads of their offspring. Other distorted crania, found in the neighbourhood of Vienna, have been ascribed to the Avars or the Huns of Attila. But these have been made the subject of a curious commentary, singularly illustrative of the essential correspondence between the artificially modified crania of the Old and New World. Dr. Tschudi, the Swiss traveller, whose works on the "*Antiquities and Ethnology of Peru*" have justly attracted attention, published a memoir on one of the Austrian abnormal crania, in the interval between the first and second publications of M. Rathke, in which he maintained the identity of the Austrian and Peruvian skulls, and traced the origin of the former to the connection between Germany and Peru in the sixteenth century, when both were under the common rule of the Emperor Charles V. At that period, as he assumed, certain artificially compressed Peruvian crania had been brought over, along with other curious relics of the New World; and having been thrown aside, they thus turned up, some three centuries afterwards, to

baffle the speculations of modern science. Further discoveries, however, have sufficed to dispel this gratuitous assumption; and it is no longer doubted, that the remarkable abnormal skulls, both of Kertch and other localities along the shores of the Euxine and in the Valley of the Danube, confirm and illustrate the references by Hippocrates, Strabo, Pliny, and other early writers, to an Asiatic people among whom the very same practices prevailed as still form special characteristics of some of the north-west tribes of America, on the Columbia and Fraser Rivers and on Vancouver's Island.

More recently, the discovery of a skull with a very remarkable vertical occiput, rising almost abruptly from the *foramen magnum*, in an ancient subterranean quarry near the Damascus Gate of Jerusalem, has added a curious and unexpected confirmation of the Asiatic source of the compressed crania of Europe. This interesting example, obtained by Mr. J. Judson Barclay during his travels in the East, and deposited by him in the cabinet of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, has been made the subject of an ingenious and able treatise by Dr. J. Aitken Meigs,* who is led to refer it probably to an Asiatic people occupying the region around Lake Baikal, and on the highway of the migrating nations tending eastward towards the Okhotsk Sea, and the islands occupied by races common to the Old and the New World.

The inference suggested by such traces of ancient community of customs between America and Asia cannot fail to point to intercourse between the two continents, and to confirm the idea of those who believe in the common Mongolian characteristics of the American and Central Asiatic races. It is not, however, necessarily to be assumed on such a theory, that Asia, as the older continent, historically considered, contributed the singular custom of cranial deformation to the New World. On the Asiatic shores of Behring Straits, and throughout the intermediate islands of the North Pacific, the traces of migration from America to Asia are abundant; but no evidence points directly to the flow of a nomad current in the opposite direction within any historic period. Considering the very wide diffusion of the practice throughout Southern as well as Northern America, and the very partial character of its adoption in Asia, I am strongly inclined to regard it as one of the traces of ethnical influence contributed by America to Asia. This view of the question is replete with interest in relation to inquiries into the origin and sources of the peopling of the American continent; but other evidence of a like kind warns the inquirer of the necessity for a thorough appreciation of the comprehensive bearings of this class of evidence, before making it the

* Description of a deformed fragmentary skull found in an ancient quarry cave at Jerusalem. *Proceed. Acad. Nat. Science of Philadelphia*, September, 1859.

basis of any general deductions. It is with this subject of artificial compression of the skull, as with so many others, the more fully it is studied, novel illustrations appear in the most unexpected quarters ; and what was once deemed peculiar to America is now found illustrated among the characteristics of many wide scattered races of ancient and modern times.

During a recent visit to Washington, I availed myself of the facilities afforded me by Professor Henry, the learned Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, to examine with minute care the ethnological collections formed by the United States Exploring Expedition, illustrative of the manners, customs, arts, and ethnical characteristics, of the races on the Pacific coasts and islands. The collections include crania of various Indian tribes of North and South America, a number of compressed and greatly distorted Chinook and other flat-head skulls, as well as crania of Fiji, Kanaka, and other Pacific islanders. A renewed visit to the Mortonian collection at Philadelphia—already familiar to me by former study of the cabinets of the Academy of Natural Sciences there—afforded additional means of testing the extended diffusion of the practice of cranial deformation. Among the Fiji skulls in both collections, several examples exhibit the broad, well-rounded occiput, which is considered by the Fijians as a special beauty. But this is not an invariable characteristic even among that peculiar insular race. One male skull brought home by the United States Exploring Expedition (No. 4581) has the full, rounded form of the occiput well defined, presenting in profile a rotund development passing by a nearly uniform gradation into the coronal region. But, in another Fiji skull of the same collection,—that of Veindovi, Chief of Kantavu, who was taken prisoner by the United States ship "Peacock" in 1840, and died at New York in 1842,—the occiput though full, is slightly vertical. The occipital development of the Fiji cranium is the more interesting, as we are now familiar with the fact, that an artificially flattened occiput is of common occurrence among the islanders of the Pacific Ocean. "In the Malay race," says Dr. Pickering, "a more marked peculiarity, and one very generally observable, is the elevated occiput, and its slight projection beyond the line of the neck. The Mongolian traits are heightened artificially in the Chinooks ; but it is less generally known that a slight pressure is often applied to the occiput by the Polynesians, in conformity with the Malay standard," * Dr. Nott, in describing the skull of a Kanaka of the Sandwich Islands who died at the Marine Hospital at Mobile, mentions his being struck by its singular occipital formation ; but this he learned was due to an artificial flattening, which, the islander had stated to his medical attendants in the

* Pickering's Races of Man, p. 45.

hospital, was habitually practised in his family.* According to Dr. Davis, it is traceable to so simple a source as the Kanaka mother's habit of supporting the head of her nursling in the palm of her hand.† What-ever be the cause, the fact is now well established. The occipital flattening is clearly defined in at least three of the Kanaka skulls in the Mortonian collection: No. 1300, a male native of the Sandwich Islands, aged about forty: No. 1308, apparently that of a woman, from the same locality; and in No. 695, a girl of Oahu, of probably twelve years of age, which is marked unsymmetrical, and with the flattening on the left side of the parietal and occipital bones. The Washington collection includes fourteen Kanaka skulls, besides others from various islands of the Pacific, among which, several examples of the same artificial formation occur: *e. g.*, No. 4587, a large male skull, distorted and unsymmetrical; and No. 4367, (female?) from an ancient cemetery at Wailuka, Mani, in which the flattened occiput is very obvious.

The traces of purposed deformation of the head among the islanders of the Pacific have an additional interest in their relation to one possible source of South American population by oceanic migration suggested by philological and other independent evidence. But this is a subject which would tempt me away from the present inquiry, and demands much ampler space than could now be allowed for its consideration.‡ Among the causes above assigned for the origin of the Kanaka flattened occiput, is one suggestive of its origin from influences which, though artificial, are not traceable to design; and to like undesigned artificial causes have been traced some of the peculiarities even of ancient British crania. The importance of this element of artificial disturbance of ethnical forms of crania is only now being fully appreciated. To it I believe to be traceable some of the predominant peculiarities which have suggested the idea of a homogeneous cranial type characteristic of the whole native population of this Western Hemisphere, and which guided the distinguished American craniologist, Dr. Morton, when describing the celebrated Scioto-Mound skull, in his selection of it as a perfect type of the native American skull-form. "This," he remarks in his "Catalogue of Human Crania," "is, perhaps, the most admirably formed head of the American race hitherto discovered. It possesses the national characteristics in perfection, as seen in the elevated vertex, flattened occiput, great inter-parietal diameter, ponderous bony structure, salient nose, large jaws, and broad face. It is the perfect type of Indian conformation, to which the skulls of all the

* *Types of Mankind*, p. 436.

† *Crania Britannica*, Dec. iii. pl. 24 (4).

‡ The author has discussed some of the points referred to, in his *Prehistoric Man*, vol. ii. chaps. xxii and xxv.

tribes from Cape Horn to Canada more or less approximate." On visiting Philadelphia some years since, with a view to the examination of the Mortonian collection, I made the ancient mound crania a special object of study. But the Sciota-Mound skull, which forms one of the most prized treasures of the collection, was not then included among the crania of its class; and it was not until my recent visit that I had an opportunity of studying the original.

The result of this examination was to satisfy me that the remarkable form and proportions of that skull are much more due to artificial influences than I had been led to suppose from the views published in the "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge."* The vertical view, especially, is very inaccurate. In the original, it presents the peculiar characteristics of the truncated form; passing abruptly from a broad flattened occiput to its extreme parietal breadth, and then tapering with slight lateral swell until it reaches its least breadth immediately behind the external angular processes of the frontal bone. The occiput has been subjected to the flattening process to a much greater extent than is apparent from the drawings; but, at the same time, it is accompanied by no corresponding affection of the frontal bone, such as inevitably results from the procedure of the Chinooks and other flathead tribes, among whom the desired cranial deformation is effected by bandages crossing the forehead, and consequently modifying the frontal as much as the parietal and occipital bones. On this account, great as is the amount of flattening in this remarkable skull, it is probably due solely to the undesigned pressure of the cradle-board acting on a head of remarkably brachycephalic proportions and great natural posterior breadth. The forehead is fully arched, the glabella prominent, and the whole character of the frontal bone is essentially different from the Indian type. The sutures are very much ossified, and even to some extent obliterated. So early as 1857, when discussing Dr. Morton's theory of one uniform cranial type pervading the whole ancient and modern tribes of North and South America, with the single exception of the Esquimaux, I remarked, "I think it extremely probable, that further investigation will tend to the conclusion that the vertical or flattened occiput, instead of being a typical characteristic, pertains entirely to the class of artificial modifications of the natural cranium familiar to the American ethnologist, alike in the disclosures of ancient graves and in the customs of widely separated living tribes."†

One result of this confirmation of an earlier opinion was to direct my

* Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley, pl. xlvii. and xlviii.

† Edinburgh Philosoph. Journal, N.S., vol. vii. p. 24; Canadian Journal, vol. ii. p. 406.

attention with renewed interest to the traces of similar undesigned artificial conformation in ancient British crania ; and it will not, I venture to hope, prove uninteresting to the antiquaries of New England to follow in the footsteps of some researches, by means of which the skulls recovered from Indian graves of this continent throw light on the habits and social life of the British Islands in pre-historic centuries. In illustrating this, it will give definiteness to the subject to refer to a specific example of the ancient British cranium in which occipital conformation is apparent, traceable, as is supposed, to the same source as the corresponding form of many American Indian skulls.

In the month of May, 1851, I learned that a rude stone cist, or primitive sarcophagus, had been accidentally discovered in trenching a garden a few miles from Edinburgh, and immediately proceeded to the spot in company with several other members of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. At a slightly elevated spot, which probably marked the site of the ancient barrow under which a chief had been entombed, a shallow cist was brought to light, formed of unhewn slabs of sandstone, enclosing a space nearly four feet long by two feet broad. A large slab covered the whole, and projected over the sides, so as effectually to protect the sepulchral chamber from any infiltration of earth. It lay in a sandy soil, within little more than two feet of the surface ; but it had probably been covered until a comparatively recent period by a greater depth of earth, as its site, which was higher than the surrounding surface, possibly preserved the traces of the nearly levelled tumulus. Slight as this elevation was, it had proved sufficient to prevent the lodgement of water ; and hence the cist was found perfectly free from damp. Within this, a male skeleton lay on its left side. The arms appeared to have been folded over the breast, and the knees drawn up so as to touch the elbows. The head had been supported by a flat water-worn stone for its pillow ; but from this it had fallen to the bottom of the cist, on its being detached by the decomposition of the fleshly ligatures ; and, as is common in crania discovered under similar circumstances, it had completely decayed at the part in contact with the ground. A portion of the left side is thus wanting ; but, with this exception, the skull was not only nearly perfect when found, but the bones are solid and heavy ; and the whole skeleton appeared to me so well preserved as to have admitted of articulation. Above the right shoulder a neat earthen vase had been placed, probably with food or drink. It contained only a little sand and black dust when recovered, uninjured, from the spot where it had been deposited by affectionate hands many centuries before ; and is now preserved, along with the skull, in the Museum of Antiquities at Edinburgh.

The skull discovered under such interesting circumstances, within sight of the Scottish capital, and in the rude simplicity of its primitive sepul-

ture, connecting so curiously the present with a remote past, exhibits a peculiar flattening at the back of the head, such as, in many Indian skulls, is clearly traceable to the use of the flat cradle-board in infancy. This source of cranial conformation did not escape the sagacious and observant eye of Dr. Morton, in relation to the peculiarities of American typical skull-forms; though the pre-occupation of his mind with the idea of one universally predominant American type prevented him giving full value to its influence. When commenting, in his "*Crania Americana*," on the characteristic peculiarities of the Peruvian skulls, he notes in reference to them, "These heads are remarkable, not only for their smallness, but also for their irregularity; for, in the whole series in my possession, there is but one that can be called symmetrical. This irregularity chiefly consists in the greater projection of the occiput to one side than the other; showing, in some instances a surprising degree of deformity. As this condition is as often observed on one side as the other, it is not to be attributed to the intentional application of mechanical force: on the contrary, it is, to a certain degree, common to the whole American tribes, and is sometimes, no doubt, increased by the manner in which the child is placed in the cradle."

By the mode of nursing the Indian pappoose, the soft bones of the skull are subjected to a slight but constant pressure in one direction during the whole period of suckling; which, among a nomad people, is protracted to a much longer period than is usual among civilized races in a settled condition of life. To this, I have no doubt, is to be ascribed certain familiar occipital forms in the Indian skull, traceable among tribes who never purposely employ any artificial means for modifying the shape of the head; and the same cause tends to increase the brachycephalic proportions, or short longitudinal diameter, as compared with the parietal breadth which is characteristic of many Indian heads. But it now becomes obvious, that a like cause has tended to the exaggeration of the same abbreviated longitudinal diameter in ancient European brachycephalic crania. Dr. L. A. Gosse has not only illustrated this in his "*Essai sur les Déformations artificielles du Crâne*," but incidentally notices the peculiarity referred to in Scottish and Scandinavian skulls, and traces it to the same probable source of the cradle-board. His remarks are, "Passant dans l'ancien continent, ne tardons-nous pas à reconnaître que ce berceau plat et solide y a produit des effets analogues. Les anciens habitants de la Scandinavie et de la Calédonie devaient s'en servir, si l'on en juge par la forme de leurs crânes."

Dr. Thurnam and Dr. J. Barnard Davis, the learned authors of the "*Crania Britannica*," also fully recognize the source of deformation as one which has affected an important class of crania recovered from ancient British barrows. Mr. Thomas Bateman ascribes the flattened

occiput observed by him in certain skulls recovered from the sepulchral mounds of Derbyshire, and described in his "Ten Years' Diggings in Celtic and Saxon Grave-hills," to the same cause; and indeed this source of certain ancient skull-forms, and the inference deducible from it, of the use of the cradle-board among prehistoric races of Britain and the north of Europe, may now be considered as generally recognized among European craniologists. Nor is the fact of slight importance; for it thereby becomes obvious, that a class of variations in the form of the human head, which becomes more comprehensive as attention is directed to it, is wholly independent of congenital or inherited characteristics.

It is in this direction that the importance of the truths resulting from the recognition of undesigned artificial causes, affecting the forms alike of European and American crania, chiefly lies. The contents of early British cists and barrows prove that the race with which they originated was a rude people, ignorant, for the most part, of the very knowledge of metals, or, at best, in the earliest rudimentary stage of metallurgic arts: they were in as uncivilized a condition as the rudest forest Indians of this continent. To prove, therefore, that, like the Red-Indian squaw, the British allophylian, or Celtic mother, formed the cradle for her babe of a flat board, to which she bound it, for safety and facility of nursing, in the vicissitudes of her nomad life, though interesting, like every other recovered glimpse of a long-forgotten past, is not, in itself, a discovery of great significance; but it reminds us how essentially man, even in the most degraded state of wandering savage life, differs from all other animals. The germs of an artificial life are there. External appliances, and the conditions which we designate as domestication in the lower animals, appear to be inseparable from him. The most untutored nomads subject their offspring to many artificial influences, such as have no analogy among the marvellous instinctive operations of the lower animals. It is not even unworthy of notice, that man is the only animal to whom a supine position is natural for repose; and with him, more than any other animal, the head, when recumbent, invariably assumes a position which throws the greatest pressure on the brain-case, and not on the malar or maxillary bones. Without, therefore, running to the extreme of Dr. Morton, who denied, for the American continent at least, the existence of any true dolichocephalic crania, or indeed any essential variation from one assumed typical form, it becomes an important point for the craniologist to determine, if possible, to what extent certain characteristic diversities may be relied upon as the inherited features of a tribe or race, or whether they are not the mere result of artificial causes originating in long-perpetuated national customs and nursery usages.

The Scioto-Mound skull illustrates that peculiar occipital conformation, produced by artificial causes, to which I have given the name of the

"vertical occiput." But there is another form equally common in American crania, and now recognized as characteristic of certain British skulls, where the compression affects the parietal bones along with the upper portion of the occipital bone, and produces an oblique flattening extending towards the crown of the head. This, Dr. J. Barnard Davis regards as something essentially distinct from the vertical occiput, and designates it "parieto-occipital flatness." The term correctly expresses the form, which is of common occurrence in Indian skulls, and is in reality the most inartificial of all the results of the undesigned pressure of the cradle board. This will be understood by a very simple experiment. If the observer lie down on the floor, without a pillow, and then ascertain what part of the back of the head touches the ground, he will find that it is the portion of the occiput immediately above the lambdoidal suture, and not the occipital bone. When the Indian mother places a sufficiently high pillow for her infant, the tendency of the constant pressure will be to produce the vertical occiput; but where, as is more frequently the case, the board has a mere cover of moss or soft leather, then the result will be just such an oblique parietal flattening as is shown on a British skull from the remarkable tumulus near Littleton Drew, Wiltshire, engraved in the "*Crania Britannica*," and in various other examples from English and Scottish barrows.

The distinct forms are strikingly illustrated, as occurring in American crania, in two examples selected by Dr. J. C. Nott as illustrations of his "*Comparative Anatomy of Races*," and produced in the "*Types of Mankind*," "to show that the type attributed to the American races is found among tribes the most scattered, among the semi-civilized and the barbarous, among living as well as among extinct races; and that no foreign race has intruded itself into their midst, even in the smallest appreciable degree.* In a communication on the subject of the American cranial type, submitted by me in 1857 to the American Scientific Association, I drew attention to this supposed correspondence between the Scioto-Mound skull and that of a Cherokee chief who died a prisoner at Mobile in 1837, and remarked,—

"In this example, in so far as can be judged from the comparison of both by drawings in profile without precise measurements, the points of agreement are indisputable, though even here amounting to no more than an approximation. The vertical occiput of the ancient skull—more markedly vertical in the original drawing than in the small copy—is only partially represented in the other. The square form of the ancient profile in the coronal region becomes conoid in the modern one; and the intersecting line drawn through the meatus auditorius externus shows a very partial reproduction in the modern example of the remarkable pre-

* *Types of Mankind*, p. 442.

ponderance of posterior cerebral development, which, if not produced by artificial means, is the most singular characteristic of the ancient head."*

The transmission of a copy of the paper referred to led to a friendly correspondence on the subject with Dr. Nott; and in one of his letters, in which he frankly owns that there are so many exceptions to Morton's Indian skull-type as to make him readily accept the opposite conclusions to which I had been led, he further adds, "According to my own observation, the characteristic of the Indian skull is not so much a flattening of the occiput proper as of the posterior part of the parietal, together with the upper angle of the occipital."* This is well illustrated in the skull of the Cherokee chief referred to, which was subsequently presented by Dr. Nott to the Natural-History Society of Boston, where I had an opportunity of examining it.

If the influence of undesigned artificial compression, thus slightly illustrated in the foregoing remarks, affects the skull forms of this continent to as great an extent as my observations have led me to believe it does, a just estimation of its effects must enter into all attempts at ethnical classification. The determination of the race of the mound-builders, for example, and the attempt to trace out their relationship to other ancient American races, must be based on much more carefully eliminated data than has hitherto sufficed to establish for them a Peruvian or other origin. But while the traces of artificial modification in the Scioto-Mound skull detract from the value of supposed analogies of form previously deduced, they lead to other conclusions illustrative of habits and customs of the ancient race, and may prove of great importance in future comparisons, when a more adequate number of specimens of genuine mound crania has been brought to light.

Meanwhile, the illustrations derived from the more general bearings of this subject, in relation to aboriginal races of Europe, are replete with interest. The philological investigations of European linguists, consequent on the discovery of the intimate grammatical affinities between the principal languages of Europe and the Sanscrit of the Indian Vedas, led to the ingenious Finnic hypothesis of Arndt and Rask, which assumed, that in the Finns, Basques, and other supposed Turanian races of Europe, we have the detached fragments of what once constituted a homogeneous population occupying the whole European area prior to the intrusion of the Aryan nations. Since then, other discoveries, of a very different class have tended to familiarize the mind with the idea of the occupation of Europe by races altogether distinct in character from any of the Aryan nations. In the drift of France and England, the startling discoveries of recent years reveal the traces of human ingenuity

* Edin. Philosoph. Journal, N.S., vol. vii. p. 17.

and mechanical skill lying alongside the bones of fossil mammals, hitherto regarded as extinct prior to the human era. The full significance of such disclosures has yet to be determined : but they unquestionably point to the existence of an aboriginal population in the north of Europe, compared with which the eldest of historical nations is altogether modern ; and they show that the arts of the aboriginal race were even ruder than those of the American forest Indian. Some of the ancient British crania have been recovered from peat-mosses, at great depths in alluvial strata, or in the excavation of deep mine shafts ; and undoubtedly belong to very remote periods. Others, however, have been obtained from sepulchral mounds, chambered galleries, and other places of regular sepulture, some of which are probably not much older than the era of the Roman invasion. In instituting a comparison between these and the crania of the American mounds, and tracing analogous habits, and modes of nurture, in races no less widely served by space than by time, it is impossible to evade the interests thereby suggested. It seems, indeed, as if the European colonists of America had abruptly displaced a condition of social life in one of its early stages of developement, such as Europe passed through more than two thousand years before. Metallurgic arts, picture-writing, architecture, and all the elements of matured civilization, were but in their germ, and, with the great majority of the aborigines on the northern part of the continent, scarcely even manifesting the germinal stage. The more minutely the attention of the archaeologists and geologists of Europe is attracted to the traces of a long-extinct primitive condition of life there, the greater will be the value attached to our studies, in this New World, of the arts, the customs, and the social habits of its aborigines, among whom we witness, in the living present, so much of what we are learning to perceive constituted the social life of prehistoric Europe.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, Toronto, April 7, 1863.

THE SPUR OF TONASCO.

Miss Vinreth was vain. That perhaps was not to be wondered at, for it is a feminine quality; probably we only admit the truth if we say essentially feminine quality; the men say exclusively so; and if we do not agree with them, or if we think that their assertion disproves it is yet scarcely worth while to contradict them.

Perhaps Miss Vinreth had some cause. She was young, handsome, and, in three titles to admiration and favour of which the possessor is ignorant. She had not passed her twenty-third birthday; her beauty showed her a face and figure of which it would have been mockery to deny the beauty; and her banker's book displayed a result very satisfactory. She was, moreover, entirely and independently mistress of her fortune and herself. Her mother had died at her birth; her father had followed his wife before the little Winifred had learned his name.

Miss Vinreth lived at a place called from its situation "The Spur." The house stood on the end of a long point of land running out into Tonasco. On either side this point the lake stretched away by wooded shores, by deep bays, and rocky inlets, for a distance of four or five miles. The dwellings on each side were but a mile from the water; but to reach from "The Spur," by land, the house which stood on the opposite shore, you must have ridden six miles round.

Miss Vinreth did not live alone. When, at the age of nineteen, she went to school, and found herself, as I have said, young, rich, handsome, and unprotected, it was represented to her that it was not consistent with the good opinions of society that she should do so. Miss Vinreth smiled lightly. "Does society think me incapable of taking care of myself?" she replied. But she had not passed five years at school to no purpose. She knew that against the fiat of the world there is no appeal. So she turned to her side, as *chaperon* and *duenna*, the widow of a cousin father's, some eleven times removed; whom, from her knowledge of the qualities she possessed and did not possess, Miss Vinreth believed to be as little disagreeable as possible in that capacity. This lady, Farsdale by name, who was of an amiable disposition and yielding temper, made a very agreeable companion. She came, at the call of her relative, from a secluded home in the mountains, and for all the influence she exerted over Miss Vinreth's ways or movements, might as well have remained there. Under the guardianship of this peaceful dragon, Miss Vinreth passed three years of as perfect freedom as though she had lived alone; but society was satisfied, and Miss Vinreth congratulated

herself to think how, in her first transaction with it, she had outwitted the world.

I have said that Miss Vinreth possessed in an eminent degree the feminine quality of vanity ; but she also possessed other qualities by no means feminine. She was selfish, and she was unforgiving. To sacrifice her own good or pleasure for that of another would for her have been an impossible thing ; and to have injured her would have been to lay up an account to be paid, with heavy interest, some day.

Nevertheless, Winifred Vinreth was courted and admired. When a girl can flash such a pair of eyes, and drive such a pair of horses ; when her voice and the contents of her purse are musical alike ; when she is romantically Arcadian in tastes, and yet has half a million of dollars to fall back on when tired of rusticity ; and when, though her temper may not be perfect, her cook is ; people are not apt to be critical. "She was a little vain," they admitted, "perhaps rather too high spirited and proud ; *but then*, poor thing, she had no mother, she would settle down in time. She certainly liked admiration ; *but then* she had a right to expect it, she would have had enough by and by. She was no doubt fond of her own way ; *but then* her way was seldom wrong, and she would learn to yield some day." So they smoothed over the faults they could not help seeing, and yet were unwilling to see. Miss Vinreth heeded no one, and went her own course. She was a beautiful and gracious Juggernaut, who, though she trampled over feelings, hearts, and prejudices by the score, did so with smiles.

Miss Vinreth spent three summers roving from one watering-place to another, three winters at her house in town. Then she grew tired of seeing always the same places and the same people, and longed for something new. Summer was approaching, and her soul fainted at the idea of resorting to the well known scenes, and enjoying (?) the worn out pleasures of the year before. She did not wish for a new companion, because she knew that in that respect it was not probable she would change for the better ; but she wanted a new residence, so she entered into a negotiation with one whose business it was to minister to such wants, the result of which negotiation was that Miss Vinreth came into possession of "The Spur." She wanted to avoid old acquaintances, so she resolved to plunge at once into the solitude of Tonasco. She wanted a new sensation, so she fell in love.

Had she done so according to Celia's prescription, it would have been well enough ; but it was not in Miss Vinreth's nature to "make sport withal." She loved, as she did most other things, with her whole heart. It is the fashion to describe as heartless those whose hearts do not happen to be good ; this is a mistake. There may be, and often is, more of an

evil heart than of a good one. Miss Vinreth had a heart, quick with passionate life and strength. Unfortunately for herself and others she gave it all away ; and more unfortunately still, she chose Harold Lazenby to whom to give it.

Harold Lazenby had been for some time in the train of the heiress, and had of course like the rest of her admirers, been lavish of compliments and devotion. He thought her a charming woman, a fine girl, and all the rest of it, but was very far from sharing the intense feeling to which his thoughtless attentions had given rise in her. Those attentions, the same she received from others, and which in them she knew meant nothing, assumed, directly she loved Harold, deep significance. The words of compliment and flattery which every man thinks he has a right to address to every pretty woman, seemed to her the true breathings of deep affection ; that polite service and attendance on her wishes, which has been, since its introduction in the days of chivalry, considered as the homage due to the sex, appeared in her eyes to spring from the watchful care of love. She waited for him to speak plainly, but she waited in vain ; till at last in endeavouring to find a cause for his silence she believed she had hit on the true one. Harold's fortune, though ample, was less than her own ; he scrupled to ask the hand of the heiress from fear that his motives might be mistaken. It depended on her to show how she believed in his sincere affection and to dispel his needless fear. The thought does not say much for Miss Vinreth's diffidence, but, as has been already said, she was vain. She could not conceive that any one whom she honoured with the bestowal of her affection could be blind to, or ungrateful for, the gift.

Thus it came to pass that both were under a mistake. Miss Vinreth believed that Harold Lazenby was, in effect, her betrothed lover ; that he had earnestly sought and won her heart, giving in return his own ; that but the last words needed to be spoken, and that those were only withheld from the nobleness of her lover's mind. Mr. Lazenby, on his part, thought it a pleasant thing to be a favoured admirer of Winifred Vinreth ; he enjoyed greatly her lively society, her talented conversation, and her brilliant wit. He even thought that by and by, when he was tired of his liberty, and inclined for quiet and a wife, that Winifred Vinreth might be his choice. You perceive how very far he was from being in love with her ; and equally distant from his mind (for Miss Vinreth in the midst of her vanity was proud,) was the suspicion that she was deeply and seriously in love with him.

Miss Vinreth found that her wishes were incompatible. Her love of retirement and her desire for Harold Lazenby's society could not be indulged at once. The solitude of Tonasco would now no longer be

delightful to her; Mr. Lazenby must be her guest, and as he could not be so alone, she must have other guests as well. She changed her opinions and plans; she had formerly said a lonely place was just what she desired because she did not wish for society; she now declared that loneliness was of no consequence because she could fill her house with visitors. So she did. She found among her hundred friends half a score who thought such a way of passing the summer would be delightfully new, and took them with her to Tonasco.

It had been represented to her that she could not at once enter on possession of "The Spur." It was but a farmhouse, very much out of order, would take some time to put in thorough repair; but Miss Vinreth was not celebrated for her patience, and not inclined to wait "some time." By the month of August, she was told, the place would be ready; but by that time the summer would be nearly gone, so she sent down an army of servants and workmen who soon made the interior of the house habitable and home-like. The grounds did not matter; they could be better attended to under her own eye; so while June breezes rustled the leaves, and June sunshine gleamed over wood and water, Miss Vinreth took up her abode at Tonasco; heedless that burdocks still flourished round the fences, and mullions and whiteweed grew up to the door.

Here for a fortnight she and her friends enjoyed to the fullest extent all the pleasures of solitude. No one of their own station did they see. They rode, they drove, they fished in the lake, they bathed in its waters, and agreed that they had never before known how delightful was a country life. Miss Vinreth provided all things necessary for their amusement; and for her own, provided—a boat.

A small boat, only capable of holding two persons; a light fragile thing, intended only for a fair-weather sea. Miss Vinreth had always been fond of the water, and in this pretty toy, escorted by some skilful pilot, Mr. Lazenby generally, as he was most skilful of all, she loved to float on the placid lake, sometimes in idleness, sometimes condescending to take the oars. Going out one evening, she remarked that baling the water over the side of the boat had disagreeably damped the cushion. "That is easily prevented," said Mr. Lazenby. "It is troublesome, too, to have to bale it out every time, and yet, till you have a boat-house, water must be left in the boat. But we can bore a hole in the bottom to let out the water, and plug it up when we put to sea. It is often done." So on their return an auger was sent for, and the business completed at once. "Is there no smaller one than this?" said Miss Vinreth. "This will make a very large hole." "All the better," said Mr. Lazenby. "We will make the plug to correspond, and the draining of the boat will take the less time." So the matter was settled, and the plan succeeded admirably, as Miss Vinreth's dress never got wet again. She enjoyed

her life at Tonasco exceedingly, though perhaps she was not quite so happy as she had expected. She was still waiting for Harold Lazenby to say, "I love you ; be my wife." And she still waited in vain.

The end of the second week brought a change ; she added a friend to her list of friends. When Tonasco had been first mentioned to Mrs. Marsdale, she had said, "Tonasco ! how fortunate, I have a cousin living on its shores. He has a daughter who will be a nice companion for you, my dear. When I last saw her she was a pretty sweet child, but she cannot be a child now. It is a long time since I saw George Sandys. "When they arrived at "The Spur" they found that the house of Mr. Sandys was the one immediately opposite on the other shore ; but Miss Vinreth showed no disposition to make the acquaintance of the pretty sweet child." She put off the visit on one excuse or another, until at last chance effected the introduction. A party of three or four, Miss Vinreth among them, had crossed the lake one evening, and landed, when a light shower of rain coming on, they took refuge under a tree. Here they were presently joined by a drenched young lady in a garden hat, who invited them to the safer shelter of the house. The house proved to be that of Mr. Sandys, and the young lady Lucy Sandys, not indeed a child, but a lovely girl of seventeen. "A pretty baby face, sweet temper, and no mind," was Miss Vinreth's decision. Mr. Lazenby looked, admired, and said nothing. Miss Vinreth took a fancy to Lucy on the spot, kissed her at parting, and invited her to come the very next day to "The Spur. So the acquaintance with Lucy Sandys was begun. How much did either foresee how it was destined to end ?

The friendship with Lucy Sandys ripened rapidly. From her relationship to Mrs. Marsdale she was much at "The Spur," where her sweet face, gentle manners, and amiable temper, soon made her a favorite with all. Miss Vinreth was delighted with her new toy, and kissed and fondled the timid Lucy to an extent which sometimes overpowered that little maiden, who was not used to it. She lived alone with her old father, who, though he only existed in his child, was not much given to caresses. Miss Vinreth made ample amends for all neglect in others. For a whole fortnight her favor lasted ; it budded, flourished, blossomed into full blown beauty—then it faded. Miss Vinreth woke to the truth, and saw, too late, what she had done.

For a long time she would not believe it ; she put away the idea from her as she would have rejected a poisoned draught ; it could not be true. Was he not her's ? Her's by every claim and title ? Had he not won her heart wholly and entirely, and professed equal love in return ? Was he, Harold Lazenby, to dare to trifle thus with her ? And was she, Winifred Vinreth, with her beauty, her wealth, and her strength of pas-

sion, to be forsaken and betrayed, for the sake of Lucy Sandys' brown curls and baby face?

So she thought in her burning indignation, as day by day the truth became more plain. He, day by day, Harold Lazenby, all unconscious of the storm he was fast raising, sank deeper and deeper in the "strong toil of grace," woven by Lucy's brown tresses and innocent smiles. He congratulated himself now, that much as he had admired Miss Vinreth, he had never committed himself to anything positive; that he had never, in his attentions, exceeded permissible bounds, and was free. Alas! how often is this the case! How little do men think, or thinking, how little do they care, what they do? So that they say, "So far and no further; so that they just stop short of that point where the censure of the world would overthrow them; all the rest is theirs. Little matter if they possess a woman's every thought, so that they can "*honorably*" say: "She is not bound to me." Little matter how they engage her heart, if they leave free her hand. Oh, those destructive attentions and flirtations! Oh, those wretched understandings and half engagements! What in this world has caused so much mischief, been productive of such misery, as they?

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The crisis came at last; not, however, as she had expected. Harold Lazenby revealed his love, not to Lucy Sandys, but to her.

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"Oh how lovely!" exclaimed Miss Vinreth. "What can they be?"

"Maple," said one. "Virginia creeper," suggested another. "Ivy," added a third.

It was a sultry August evening, and they were taking their last ride. It was three days after the scene of the oak leaves, and Mr. Lazenby had announced that important business demanded that he should next day leave "The Spur." She knew it was an excuse; she knew he went only to leave her; she knew that once gone she should never see him more, and deep and wild as her love and passion had long been, they had never been as now.

"Yes," she said, glancing at the sky. "I think it is time."

It was time indeed. Solid leaden clouds were rolling up from every quarter of the heavens, and distant mutterings gave warning of the coming storm. They turned their horses heads, and never drew bridle till they plunged into the dark shadow of the wood that lay between them and home.

In a lonely side-path they came suddenly on Lucy Sandys, alone, who uttered a scream of delight as she saw them. "Oh I am so glad! I foolishly came into this wood alone, I have lost my way. Oh, Mr. Lazenby, put me in the right road, that I may reach home before the storm comes on."

"Come with us to 'The Spur,' Lucy," said Mrs. Marsdale. "You cannot go home to-night: the storm would overtake you before you were half way."

"Oh! I must go home! Papa will be distracted. I *must* go."

"You *cannot* go. You are seven miles from home."

Lucy wrung her hands. "Oh! what will papa say! What will he do!" and her distress was pitiable to see.

Harold whispered Miss Vinreth. "Certainly," she said. "Miss Sandys, Mr. Lazenby proposes that you shall come home, and cross the lake. George shall row you over; he is an excellent boatman; and there will be time for that."

Lucy thanked her with words and eyes; and as swiftly as they could, the party made their way to the house, and thence to the shore. The servant was summoned; and Lucy, gathering up her heavy riding-skirt, and wrapped in a plaid, was placed in the stern of Winifred's own boat. "How wicked the water looks!" she said with a shudder. "Like the back of a looking-glass—so leaden, and so deathly still."

There had been no time for carefulness; so Harold had turned the little craft upside down to rid her of the water, and himself adjusted the peg at the bottom of the boat. As he did so, a light, like a streak of blue lightning, shone in Miss Vinreth's eyes.

"Wait a moment!" she said, as the man prepared to push off; and darting to the side of the boat, she once more drew the plaid closer round Lucy, and stooping down, wrapped a shawl about her feet. Then she kissed her. "Good bye, dear, till we meet again."

Meet again! Never more—in time or in eternity—shall those two, the betrayed and the betrayer, the innocent and the guilty, meet again!

The boat had almost left the shore, when Harold came forward. "It is not right to send her with only a servant. I will go myself."

Miss Vinreth gasped, and caught his arm. "By no means: the boat will not carry three."

"I mean to row;" and before she had recovered breath, he had displaced the servant, and had left the shore. She looked after him, her face livid as the clouds. "Is the peg secure in the boat?" she cried, as well as her white and shaking lips would perform the words.

"Yes; I fastened it myself." A few more vigorous strokes carried them out of hearing; and Miss Vinreth turned aside, afraid to let her face be seen.

The rest of the party watched the boat for a few minutes, and then, mindful of the storm, turned to the house. They had not reached it, when a piercing shriek rang over the water, and echoed through the wood.

Terrified, they came rushing back. What did they see? They saw the form of Lucy Sandys erect in the boat; they saw Horace Lazenby stoop to her feet—saw his gesture of surprise and alarm—and saw him endeavour to replace the frightened girl. Fast and thick came the shrieks, as he held her hands and tried to force her to be seated. O God! Is she mad? Had terror deprived her of her senses? Let the boat leak as it will, they can reach the shore if she will but be calm. Another start—the boat rocks with the movement—a moment of horrible suspense—and both figures are in the water. They are lost; the boat is upset and the oars are gone. Harold sees it; and grasping the form of his companion as she rises, strikes out for the shore.

Who shall describe the scene? The struggling form on which all eyes are fixed—the screams of women—the shouts of men—the useless running to and fro—the wild gesticulations—the ghastly agony of Miss Vinreth's face—and, over all, the black darkness of the coming storm!

Will he ever reach the shore? Fearful as are his efforts, desperate as are his struggles, good swimmer as he is, will he ever—with that heavy burden—make the land? Slowly, slowly he approaches. Nearer,—till they can see his features, and the white face upon his shoulder, shrouded in the dripping hair. Nearer,—till they can hear his laboured breathing as he gasps for air. Will he ever do it? Encumbered with his own dress, laden with her heavy habiliments and senseless form,—will he ever reach the shore?

He has reached it! A few more frantic strokes, and those who dash chin deep into the water draw to land two drenched and senseless forms;—one white, still, and ghastly; the other with a crimson torrent pouring

from the parted lips. Too much for him, and vain for her, has been the fearful fight for life. Clapsed in an embrace, close as if never to be parted, they lay upon the beach together—the dying and the dead; while above them, with the fire and the crashing thunder of the last day, breaks at last the storm.

Restored to consciousness, he waved aside the few who had not fled in terror, and beckoned Miss Vinreth to his side. She came, white and quivering—the dead face of Lucy Sandys not more ghastly than her own.

“Winifred Vinreth! unclosethe your hand.”

She obeyed. What was it that she held within it?

“I knew it. You took it out when you kissed her. Judas! are you satisfied with your work?” He gasped, and a fresh torrent welled from his lips.

“Oh! be silent! Do not speak! You will kill yourself!”

“Aye. I wish it. Since I could not save her, I will die too.”

“O Harold! Kill me—kill me! Let me die!”

“Die? No! death is not for you.” He spoke very slowly and with fearful effort. “You thought to part Lucy and me, and you have united us—wholly and for ever. You will live to feel that your treachery was known, and to die daily in the knowledge. You are young and strong; you will have the relief of neither death nor madness. You will live to die a thousand deaths before the one you pray for.”

“Harold! do you curse me with your last breath?”

“No; I curse you not. It is not my fault that you have drawn upon yourself the curse of Heaven. Were not the words a mockery, I would say, I will try to forgive you as I hope to be forgiven. Go!” . . .

She heard no more. When, many weeks after, she came back to life, she was alone at “The Spur.” Her summer friends had fled from the scene of so fearful a drama. Nothing was known of her share in the tragedy; but it was supposed that she had been beloved by Harold, and that his fate had turned her brain. Well for her had it been so: but Harold’s prophecy was fulfilled. She did not die, and her reason remained firm. She lives still—a gaunt gray woman—no longer young, but far from old, with many years before her in which to bear the torments of remorse, without repentance. She has endured and must endure.

People seldom go near “The Spur”—they fear her. The place is falling to ruin and decay. Thistles choke the neglected flowers: nettles and white weed still grow rank about the door. But those who have the courage, may see her, when a thunder-storm comes black across the lake, standing on the shore,—and view reflected in her haggard face,

stiff form, and firm clenched hands, the agony of years ago. They whisper, that at such times she still sees the boat go down in the leaden water; still sees her lover struggling vainly for his life; still hears her victim's death-shriek ringing in her ears.

THE "VOYAGEURS" OF CANADA.

BY W. GEORGE BEERS, MONTREAL.

"And ever and anon they sung,
Yo, heave ho!
And loud and long the echo rung,
Yo, heave ho!"

Have you, my friend, ever been on one of our Canadian steamers, on the St. Lawrence or Ottawa, and met with a raft, or perhaps a dozen of them, on their passage down to Montreal or Quebec? And if you have, you have seen the Voyageurs at work at their big paddles, like a family of Hercules'; and perhaps you have heard them singing some of their beautifully simple melodies, while they kept time to the dipping of their oars. You may have seen them on their great rafts of lumber, with arms bare to the shoulder, and their long black hair waving in the wind, while they step backwards and forwards as the long stroke of their oars necessitates; you may have seen them straining every muscle as they pass you in such graceful attitudes, their rich swelling voices keeping time to the simple

"En roulant ma boule roulant,"

or,

"Trois Canards s'en vont baignant,"

or,

"Si mon mone voulait danser
En beau cheval lui donner?"

all of which are great favorites of the Voyageurs. But rafts in a current and steamers in a hurry wait for no man; and soon the fine fellows on their lumber home float out of sight—their song dying away in the distance till it sounds like faint echoes on the hills. You have witnessed this picturesque scene, and have thought it very fine and romantic; and you think 'twould need not only the pen of the writer, but the painter's brush, and the art of the musician to express even half of its

beauty. Well, so it would. You never heard songs more melodious than the songs these untutored voyageurs sing: neither Mozart nor Handel could compose songs so peculiarly adapted to their particular application. The simple fascination and *chanson à voyageur* of the steersman, if the raft is not over large, and anon the bursting melodious chorus of the entire crew is beautiful. The greatest charm of the voyageurs is their singing. Nothing will arouse them from a lethargy like a song; nothing will keep them in a better humour. They will row from morning to night, singing together some favorite airs, and not appear wearied. That charming melody of

"Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past,"

was heard by Moore when passing a raft of voyageurs who were singing it: and I have heard something very like it sung by these men.

Well, I'm sure you'd like to know something about the life and habits of these daring fellows, who sleep on their rafts far more contentedly than the most of us sleep on our feather beds. The voyageurs of Canada are a fraternity of peculiar interest, to be found only in our country—a class of men strangely incompatible with the rest of humanity, as brave as they are strong, as wild as they are happy, as careless of life as they are capable of enduring hardship; always ready to give their heart and hand to a friend, or put their knives through a foe. Born, reared, and living amid the thistles of life, instead of its clover, accustomed to nothing but the extremes of hardship or indolence, "roughing it" in the wilds of our mighty forests, risking their lives on a raft of logs, fastened together, crashing down the rapids—verily, the refinements of city life is far from being congenial to their wild nature. Nature in all her freedom, unrestrained by the customs of civilization, has made the *voyageurs* a peculiarly intrepid, romantic race—with rather a tendency to the savage. The voyageurs are a proof that when man is placed in circumstances at all favourable, he soon learns to assume the savage. There is an actual romance about their lives, in the continual exposure to danger of every kind, which cannot but interest us in studying their character and habits. Washington Irving, in his "Astoria," describes their peculiar condition and mode of life, so far as he saw, and Henry was interested in them also. The former writer has, however, given them too much credit for "submission to their masters." I notice this particularly, because it is a great mistake. Generally, you do not find men who are free, and whose passions are unrestrained, submit to every whim of those above them. The master cannot force them to labor, he dares not strike them; it is only

stiff form, and firm clenched hands, the agony of years whisper, that at such times she still sees the boat go down in water; still sees her lover struggling vainly for his life; still sees the victim's death-shriek ringing in her ears.

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"And
Y
And"

Have you, my friend, ever seen a thousand men in the St. Lawrence? I expect to see them of them, on their way to the other, and if a civilized man have, you have seen him and upon him for his opinion, family of He is a man that might start the hair of some of their best men by reciting their prayers. And, as general of their company, doesn't understand a word they say, he has to with a Frenchman and say "*pas comprendre*." I pity the nervous man wind in their company.

the few some may conclude that such a class of men, who seem as if every thing rough and noisy, can be no tempting addition to the population. True; the roughness and the noisiness are not, but men are indispensable. Very much of the lumber trade of Canada and business of the Hudson's Bay Company could not be carried on if the voyageurs refused to work. The Hudson's Bay Company might paddle their own canoe "brigades," or shut up their establishment, if the voyageurs refused to work. The Hudson's Bay Company and Canadian lumberers principally employ them. Those engaged in the former, bring the furs, packed—in which the Company trades at Spring, to the three chief depôts on the sea coast, viz.: Fort Vancouver, at the mouth of the Columbia River, on the Pacific; Fort York, on the shores of Hudson's Bay; and Moose Factory, on the shores of St. James' Bay, from whence they are transported to the Company's ships to England. The voyageurs of this Company are consequently oftener in the canoe than on the raft, and are

It is a fine sight to see one of these canoe brigades leaving on their voyage. "*Bon jour*," "*au revoir*," "*hooroo*!" and strange exclamations of farewell greet those on shore. Then the stroke is taken up and away they go, the fine manly fellows keeping time to the lively chorus of "*A la claire fontaine*," or to the rigmarole which every one of them joins in, and which runs precisely like this:—

"Ta la th' ra te,
Ta la, la, la,
Ta la th' ra te,
Ta la, la, la! Hooroo!"

It is amusing what life this absurd bit of composition will put into them. I wish I could give you the air here; it is so laughable. The scene is really beautiful as you see the regular motion of the light red paddle, and hear the swelling voices across the waters.

Their arrival at Lachine, nine miles from Montreal—where is the depot of the late Hudson's Bay Company—is a time of great excitement. The wild picturesque appearance of the men, and the distance they have come, awakens a sympathy for them, and hundreds will go from town to see them. Their appearance in the city is very odd. They go along the streets, either gaping and staring at everything, and in such haste and excitement that they run against people and stumble over little obstructions. They laugh out straight in the face of some exquisite, roar aloud with laughter at the extensiveness of the ladies hoops, and the peculiarity of their hats, &c.; look in the windows at the jumble of new things, to them, and have hearty laughs at what they consider the absurdities and curiosities of city people.

The dress of the voyageur is half-civilized, half-savage. Some of them dress very fantastically; light blue capotes (hoods) corduroy trousers, or leather or blanket leggings, moose-skin moccasins, striped blue and white shirt, and a belt of scarlet; the leggings and other parts of their dress being decorated with beads and bits of colored cloth, or curiously cut tin. The coverings for their head are often adorned with feathers, gold and silver tinsel cord, etc. But we don't often see this swell-voyageur; never among the lumberers. The shirt is left open from the neck half way down the breast, showing the sunburnt, brawny neck and bosoms. Many of them trust to their thick, black hair for a head covering; many of them wear felt hats, especially when coming into the city. In fact, one notices the affectation to the savage style of dress. The voyageurs of the Hudson's Bay Company dress more fantastically than the raftsmen; are mostly finer men also; and a good many more of them are married. Surely the woman who would "of her own free will" marry a voyageur, and follow him, at times, through the woods,

and on the rafts, and labor for his comfort, surely such a woman must have devout love in her heart. What a blessing so many people in the world are so easily satisfied.

The voyageur is never a "man of property." His worldly possessions are generally the clothes on his back, a knife—sometimes a gun—and a well-tempered axe; not forgetting the minutiae of tobacco, short handled pipe, a piece of another piece of comb, a bit of looking-glass, matches, flint, &c., only surpassed in number by the contents of a little girl's pocket. When a voyageur buys a pipe, he immediately breaks off the handle to within a few inches of the bowl, logically concluding, that it is not so liable to break in his pocket or hat—they often stick them in the bands of their hats—as if it was long; and accident might break it nearer the bowl than intention. Towels and hair-brushes are alien to his nature; one large piece of sail-cloth or old rag is made to serve for towel for the whole crew. Some voyageurs can shake the water from themselves, like a dog, and think that quite sufficient. Don't laugh; for I've repeatedly seen them do it. To give them some credit, however, they do not altogether exclude soap from their toilet; but that is a luxury to be used, perhaps, once a week. As to shaving, some of them do when they think about it, but the majority let their beards grow; or some one of the crew who boasts of a pair of scissors, clips them to a suitable size for *un pipe du tabac*, for the whiskers, and *deux pipes*, for the hair of the head. You seldom see a voyageur without a chew of tobacco in his mouth, and many of them keep it in while at meals. Their habits of life being unrestrained by etiquette or conscience are by no means exemplary. There is always a moral in the vilest of natures, but seldom a model. They are civil and complacent, and sometimes exceedingly obliging to strangers; but if you accept their invitations "to dine," you must expect to see appetites as voracious as that of a beast, and gormandizing that would put to shame that civilized beast of a man who won a prize by stuffing himself at one time with enough for a respectably large family.

The integrity of the voyageurs is not always as it should be; but voyageurs are not alone in this respect. Their hospitality is unbounded, and they always esteem themselves favored by the visit of a stranger when they are at meals. Their bump of combativeness is rather much developed; so much so, that they are sometimes obliged to "let it out" by fighting their friends as well as foes. Some of the most savage think nothing of gouging your eye out—an accomplishment introduced into Canada by our Southern neighbours. Their ideas of law and government were once merged in Judge Lynch, and "every man for himself," but since the visit of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and the reception they gave him in canoes, they understand something about "the Soy-

sion, to be forsaken and betrayed, for the sake of Lucy Sandys' brown curls and baby face?

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"Oh how lovely!" exclaimed Miss Vinreth. "What can they be?"

"Maple," said one. "Virginia creeper," suggested another. "Ivy," added a third.

"It is too early for maple, ivy does not grow here, and the leaf is not in the least like Virginia creeper," said Miss Vinreth, disposing of all three. "But they are most beautiful. What can they be?"

"They are oak leaves," said Lucy Sandys, quietly.

"Oak leaves, you little goose!" said Miss Vinreth rudely. "Who ever heard of scarlet oak leaves, I should like to know?"

"I think you will find them so. I know them well."

"I am sure they are not. Mr. Lazenby, what is, or rather *was*, that tree?"

"Miss Sandys is right; it is the stump of an oak tree. I have often found these red leaves myself, growing from the remains of both oaks and elms, after the tree has been felled."

Miss Vinreth bit her lip, mortified at this trifling defeat. Mr. Lazenby twisted the leaves into a wreath, and laid them with great affection of ceremony on her hair; but they did not look well.

"Your hair is too light, my dear," said Mrs. Marsdale. And Winifred saw that Harold thought so too.

"Take them off, then," she said impatiently, tossing them on the ground. Mr. Lazenby raised them, and imprudently transferred them to Lucy's dark brown curls. There was no doubt that they looked well there; and Miss Vinreth, out of all patience, pettishly rose and turned towards home.

The rest followed her. Harold saw that she was annoyed, and remained by her side, while Lucy walked a few steps in advance, her lovely laughing face upturned to the person beside her, and the scarlet leaves still dropping from her hair.

"She is very pretty," said Miss Vinreth to Harold. "Do not you think so?"

"Most beautiful!—that is—rather so," he replied.

Winifred shivered and turned white. "Pretty girl and pretty name," she continued, "Do you not think Lucy Sandys a very pretty name, Mr. Lazenby?"

"Not particularly. They do not go well together."

She forgot her self-command. "Perhaps you would prefer Lucy Lazenby?" she said, with a laugh. A laugh to hear which was a warning. He did not answer, but he turned to look at her, and their eyes met.

Not another word was spoken, there was no need. That look told all on both sides, and Winifred knew the end was come. She saw that he was aware she had discovered his secret; she read equally plainly that he had found out her own.

"There is a thunder storm coming on Miss Vinreth, we had better return."

It was a sultry August evening, and they were taking their last ride. It was three days after the scene of the oak leaves, and Mr. Lazenby had announced that important business demanded that he should next day leave "The Spur." She knew it was an excuse; she knew he went only to leave her; she knew that once gone she should never see him more, and deep and wild as her love and passion had long been, they had never been as now.

"Yes," she said, glancing at the sky. "I think it is time."

It was time indeed. Solid leaden clouds were rolling up from every quarter of the heavens, and distant mutterings gave warning of the coming storm. They turned their horses heads, and never drew bridle till they plunged into the dark shadow of the wood that lay between them and home.

In a lonely side-path they came suddenly on Lucy Sandys, alone, who uttered a scream of delight as she saw them. "Oh I am so glad! I foolishly came into this wood alone, I have lost my way. Oh, Mr. Lazenby, put me in the right road, that I may reach home before the storm comes on."

"Come with us to 'The Spur,' Lucy," said Mrs. Marsdale. "You cannot go home to-night: the storm would overtake you before you were half way."

"Oh! I must go home! Papa will be distracted. I *must* go."

"You *cannot* go. You are seven miles from home."

Lucy wrung her hands. "Oh! what will papa say! What will he do!" and her distress was pitiable to see.

Harold whispered Miss Vinreth. "Certainly," she said. "Miss Sandys, Mr. Lazenby proposes that you shall come home, and cross the lake. George shall row you over; he is an excellent boatman; and there will be time for that."

Lucy thanked her with words and eyes; and as swiftly as they could, the party made their way to the house, and thence to the shore. The servant was summoned; and Lucy, gathering up her heavy riding-skirt, and wrapped in a plaid, was placed in the stern of Winifred's own boat. "How wicked the water looks!" she said with a shudder. "Like the back of a looking-glass—so leaden, and so deathly still."

There had been no time for carefulness; so Harold had turned the little craft upside down to rid her of the water, and himself adjusted the peg at the bottom of the boat. As he did so, a light, like a streak of blue lightning, shone in Miss Vinreth's eyes.

"Wait a moment!" she said, as the man prepared to push off; and darting to the side of the boat, she once more drew the plaid closer round Lucy, and stooping down, wrapped a shawl about her feet. Then she kissed her. "Good bye, dear, till we meet again."

Meet again! Never more—in time or in eternity—shall those two, the betrayed and the betrayer, the innocent and the guilty, meet again!

The boat had almost left the shore, when Harold came forward. "It is not right to send her with only a servant. I will go myself."

Miss Vinreth gasped, and caught his arm. "By no means: the boat will not carry three."

"I mean to row;" and before she had recovered breath, he had displaced the servant, and had left the shore. She looked after him, her face livid as the clouds. "Is the peg secure in the boat?" she cried, as well as her white and shaking lips would perform the words.

"Yes; I fastened it myself." A few more vigorous strokes carried them out of hearing; and Miss Vinreth turned aside, afraid to let her face be seen.

The rest of the party watched the boat for a few minutes, and then, mindful of the storm, turned to the house. They had not reached it, when a piercing shriek rang over the water, and echoed through the wood.

Terrified, they came rushing back. What did they see? They saw the form of Lucy Sandys erect in the boat; they saw Horace Lazenby stoop to her feet—saw his gesture of surprise and alarm—and saw him endeavour to replace the frightened girl. Fast and thick came the shrieks, as he held her hands and tried to force her to be seated. O God! Is she mad? Had terror deprived her of her senses? Let the boat leak as it will, they can reach the shore if she will but be calm. Another start—the boat rocks with the movement—a moment of horrible suspense—and both figures are in the water. They are lost; the boat is upset and the oars are gone. Harold sees it; and grasping the form of his companion as she rises, strikes out for the shore.

Who shall describe the scene? The struggling form on which all eyes are fixed—the screams of women—the shouts of men—the useless running to and fro—the wild gesticulations—the ghastly agony of Miss Vinreth's face—and, over all, the black darkness of the coming storm?

Will he ever reach the shore? Fearful as are his efforts, desperate as are his struggles, good swimmer as he is, will he ever—with that heavy burden—make the land? Slowly, slowly he approaches. Nearer,—till they can see his features, and the white face upon his shoulder, shrouded in the dripping hair. Nearer,—till they can hear his laboured breathing as he gasps for air. Will he ever do it? Encumbered with his own dress, laden with her heavy habiliments and senseless form,—will he ever reach the shore?

He has reached it! A few more frantic strokes, and those who dash chin deep into the water draw to land two drenched and senseless forms;—one white, still, and ghastly; the other with a crimson torrent pouring

from the parted lips. Too much for him, and vain for her, has been the fearful fight for life. Clapsed in an embrace, close as if never to be parted, they lay upon the beach together—the dying and the dead; while above them, with the fire and the crashing thunder of the last day, breaks at last the storm.

Restored to consciousness, he waved aside the few who had not fled in terror, and beckoned Miss Vinreth to his side. She came, white and quivering—the dead face of Lucy Sandys not more ghastly than her own.

“Winifred Vinreth! uncloze your hand.”

She obeyed. What was it that she held within it?

“I knew it. You took it out when you kissed her. Judas! are you satisfied with your work?” He gasped, and a fresh torrent welled from his lips.

“Oh! be silent! Do not speak! You will kill yourself!”

“Aye. I wish it. Since I could not save her, I will die too.”

“O Harold! Kill me—kill me! Let me die!”

“Die? No! death is not for you.” He spoke very slowly and with fearful effort. “You thought to part Lucy and me, and you have united us—wholly and for ever. You will live to feel that your treachery was known, and to die daily in the knowledge. You are young and strong; you will have the relief of neither death nor madness. You will live to die a thousand deaths before the one you pray for.”

“Harold! do you curse me with your last breath?”

“No; I curse you not. It is not my fault that you have drawn upon yourself the curse of Heaven. Were not the words a mockery, I would say, I will try to forgive you as I hope to be forgiven. Go!” . . .

She heard no more. When, many weeks after, she came back to life, she was alone at “The Spur.” Her summer friends had fled from the scene of so fearful a drama. Nothing was known of her share in the tragedy; but it was supposed that she had been beloved by Harold, and that his fate had turned her brain. Well for her had it been so: but Harold’s prophecy was fulfilled. She did not die, and her reason remained firm. She lives still—a gaunt gray woman—no longer young, but far from old, with many years before her in which to bear the torments of remorse, without repentance. She has endured and must endure.

People seldom go near “The Spur”—they fear her. The place is falling to ruin and decay. Thistles choke the neglected flowers: nettles and white weed still grow rank about the door. But those who have the courage, may see her, when a thunder-storm comes black across the lake, standing on the shore,—and view reflected in her haggard face,

stiff form, and firm clenched hands, the agony of years ago. They whisper, that at such times she still sees the boat go down in the leaden water; still sees her lover struggling vainly for his life; still hears her victim's death-shriek ringing in her ears.

THE "VOYAGEURS" OF CANADA.

BY W. GEORGE BEERS, MONTREAL.

"And ever and anon they sung,
Yo, heave ho!
And loud and long the echo rung,
Yo, heave ho!"

Have you, my friend, ever been on one of our Canadian steamers, on the St. Lawrence or Ottawa, and met with a raft, or perhaps a dozen of them, on their passage down to Montreal or Quebec? And if you have, you have seen the Voyageurs at work at their big paddles, like a family of Hercules'; and perhaps you have heard them singing some of their beautifully simple melodies, while they kept time to the dipping of their oars. You may have seen them on their great rafts of lumber, with arms bare to the shoulder, and their long black hair waving in the wind, while they step backwards and forwards as the long stroke of their oars necessitates; you may have seen them straining every muscle as they pass you in such graceful attitudes, their rich swelling voices keeping time to the simple

"En roulant ma boule roulant,"

or,

"Trois Canards s'en vont baignant,"

or,

"Si mon mone voulait danser
En beau cheval lui donnerar?"

all of which are great favorites of the Voyageurs. But rafts in a current and steamers in a hurry wait for no man; and soon the fine fellows on their lumber home float out of sight—their song dying away in the distance till it sounds like faint echoes on the hills. You have witnessed this picturesque scene, and have thought it very fine and romantic; and you think 'twould need not only the pen of the writer, but the painter's brush, and the art of the musician to express even half of its

beauty. Well, so it would. You never heard songs more melodious than the songs these untutored voyageurs sing: neither Mozart nor Handel could compose songs so peculiarly adapted to their particular application. The simple fascination and *chanson à voyageur* of the steersman, if the raft is not over large, and anon the bursting melodious chorus of the entire crew is beautiful. The greatest charm of the voyageurs is their singing. Nothing will arouse them from a lethargy like a song; nothing will keep them in a better humour. They will row from morning to night, singing together some favorite airs, and not appear wearied. That charming melody of

"Row, brothers, row! the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past,"

was heard by Moore when passing a raft of voyageurs who were singing it: and I have heard something very like it sung by these men.

Well, I'm sure you'd like to know something about the life and habits of these daring fellows, who sleep on their rafts far more contentedly than the most of us sleep on our feather beds. The voyageurs of Canada are a fraternity of peculiar interest, to be found only in our country—a class of men strangely incompatible with the rest of humanity, as brave as they are strong, as wild as they are happy, as careless of life as they are capable of enduring hardship; always ready to give their heart and hand to a friend, or put their knives through a foe. Born, reared, and living amid the thistles of life, instead of its clover, accustomed to nothing but the extremes of hardship or indolence, "roughing it" in the wilds of our mighty forests, risking their lives on a raft of logs, fastened together, crashing down the rapids—verily, the refinements of city life is far from being congenial to their wild nature. Nature in all her freedom, unrestrained by the customs of civilization, has made the *voyageurs* a peculiarly intrepid, romantic race—with rather a tendency to the savage. The voyageurs are a proof that when man is placed in circumstances at all favourable, he soon learns to assume the savage. There is an actual romance about their lives, in the continual exposure to danger of every kind, which cannot but interest us in studying their character and habits. Washington Irving, in his "Astoria," describes their peculiar condition and mode of life, so far as he saw, and Henry was interested in them also. The former writer has, however, given them too much credit for "submission to their masters." I notice this particularly, because it is a great mistake. Generally, you do not find men who are free, and whose passions are unrestrained, submit to every whim of those above them. The master cannot force them to labor, he dares not strike them; it is only

by conciliation, and not coercion, that they will respect their superiors. It is the most difficult thing in the world to get them to obey their leaders, and the man appointed captain of a raft is usually chosen by and from among themselves. It is not every man they will obey; and they would think no more of pitching him into the river, if their passions were aroused, than they would a rotten log. I have seen these men in every mood and in many circumstances, and I assure you submission is not one of their virtues. Even in the matter of rowing and working, they will do neither if eating and fighting is more agreeable. I may remark, however, that the Hudson Bay Company's authority is somewhat respected by the voyageurs.

The voyageurs consist chiefly of Half-breed Indians, French Canadians, and some Scotch and Irish. But I never heard even the latter two speak in English to each other. Their language is a mixture of Indian, French, and English, very much intermixed with "*sacres*." It is the most inconceivable jargon of *patois* and curses that humanity ever devised. One would think it was a trial to see who would make the most noise, the most gesticulation, and be the least understood. They will yell in each other's ears, like the chattering of a thousand monkeys, till your senses seem wandering, and you expect to see them eat each other up. While disputing with each other, and if a civilized being is near, they will suddenly turn round upon him for his opinion, with an expression of face and action that *might* start the hair of some people on end, and set them to reciting their prayers. And, as generally, the man they select doesn't understand a word they say, he has to shrug his shoulders and say "*pas comprendre*." I pity the nervous man who gets into their company.

Now some may conclude that such a class of men, who seem partial to every thing rough and noisy, can be no tempting addition to our population. True; the roughness and the noisiness are not, but the men are indispensable. Very much of the lumber trade of Canada, and business of the Hudson's Bay Company could not be carried on. Canada could not do without them, and the Hudson's Bay Company might paddle their own canoe "brigades," or shut up their establishment, if the voyageurs refused to work. The Hudson's Bay Company and Canadian lumberers principally employ them. Those engaged by the former, bring the furs, packed—in which the Company traffics—in Spring, to the three chief depôts on the sea coast, viz.: Fort Vancouver, at the mouth of the Columbia River, on the Pacific shores; Fort York, on the shores of Hudson's Bay; and Moose Factory on the shores of St. James' Bay, from whence they are transported in the Company's ships to England. The voyageurs of this Company are consequently oftener in the canoe than on the raft, and are not the

same we are so familiar with—the lumberers. A great commotion is caused by the brigade of boats laden with merchandise and furs. "The still waters of the lakes and rivers are rippled by the paddle and oar, and the long silent echoes, which have slumbered in the icy embrace of a dreary winter, are now once more awakened by the merry voices and tuneful songs of the hardy voyageurs." I cannot do better than give you the following quotation from Mr. Ballantyne's "Hudson's Bay," on selecting the men for a brigade:—

"Choosing the men for this long and arduous voyage was an interesting scene. L'Esperance, the old guide who had many a day guided this brigade through the lakes and rivers of the interior, made his appearance at the fort a day or two before starting; and at his heels followed a large band of wild, careless, happy looking Half-breeds. Having collected in front of the office door, Mr. McK. went out, with a book and pencil in his hand, and told L'Esperance to begin. The guide went a little apart from the rest, accompanied by the steersmen, (seven or eight in number), and then, scanning the group of dark, athletic men who stood smiling before him, called out "Pierre!" A tall, herculean man answered to the call, and stepping out from among the rest, stood beside his friend and guide. After this, one of the steersmen chose another man, and so on till the crews of all the boats were completed. Their names were then marked down in a book, and they all proceeded to the trading room, for the purpose of taking "advances," in the shape of shirts, trousers, bonnets, caps, capotes, tobacco, and all the other things necessary for a long and rough journey."

This recruiting must be a strange scene indeed. When a brigade of boats are on their journey they go well stocked with food, and encamp on the shores at certain times for their meals. Then, they consist mostly of pemican and flour, boiled into a thick soup, called *robibiwoo*. The same materials are sometimes fried, for variety, and is then called *richeau*. The latter is preferable, I think. I suppose you know what *pemican* is. It is made by pounding the best parts of the meat very small, dried by frost or a fire. This is put into bags made of the skin of the animal, and melted fat poured into it. When spiced it is really splendid. The above soup is boiled in kettles, hung upon tripods over a fire, and is constantly stirred while boiling. I may here mention that when the voyageurs are travelling they measure distances by *pipes*, as they call it. They stop paddling at certain times, light their pipes and smoke for a few minutes; then start again, refreshed, paddling at the rate of about fifty strokes a minute. "*Trois pipes*" (three pipes) are about twelve miles, and I can tell you the voyageurs' pipe yearning is a perfect sun-dial, and they can tell exactly when "a pipe" is to commence again.

It is a fine sight to see one of these canoe brigades leaving on their voyage. "*Bon jour*," *au revoir*," "*hooroo!*" and strange exclamations of farewell greet those on shore. Then the stroke is taken up and away they go, the fine manly fellows keeping time to the lively chorus of "*A la claire fontaine*," or to the rignarole which every one of them joins in, and which runs precisely like this:—

"Ta la th' ra te,
Ta la, la, la,
Ta la th' ra te,
Ta la, la, la! Hooroo!"

It is amusing what life this absurd bit of composition will put into them. I wish I could give you the air here; it is so laughable. The scene is really beautiful as you see the regular motion of the light red paddle, and hear the swelling voices across the waters.

Their arrival at Lachine, nine miles from Montreal—where is the depot of the late Hudson's Bay Company—is a time of great excitement. The wild picturesque appearance of the men, and the distance they have come, awakens a sympathy for them, and hundreds will go from town to see them. Their appearance in the city is very odd. They go along the streets, either gaping and staring at everything, and in such haste and excitement that they run against people and stumble over little obstructions. They laugh out straight in the face of some exquisite, roar aloud with laughter at the extensiveness of the ladies hoops, and the peculiarity of their hats, &c.; look in the windows at the jumble of new things, to them, and have hearty laughs at what they consider the absurdities and curiosities of city people.

The dress of the voyageur is half-civilized, half-savage. Some of them dress very fantastically; light blue capotes (hoods) corduroy trousers, or leather or blanket leggings, moose-skin moccasins, striped blue and white shirt, and a belt of scarlet; the leggings and other parts of their dress being decorated with beads and bits of colored cloth, or curiously cut tin. The coverings for their head are often adorned with feathers, gold and silver tinsel cord, etc. But we don't often see this swell-voyageur; never among the lumberers. The shirt is left open from the neck half way down the breast, showing the sunburnt, brawny neck and bosoms. Many of them trust to their thick, black hair for a head covering; many of them wear felt hats, especially when coming into the city. In fact, one notices the affectation to the savage style of dress. The voyageurs of the Hudson's Bay Company dress more fantastically than the raftsmen; are mostly finer men also; and a good many more of them are married. Surely the woman who would "of her own free will" marry a voyageur, and follow him, at times, through the woods,

the rafts, and labor for his comfort, surely such a woman must have love in her heart. What a blessing so many people in the north are so easily satisfied.

A voyageur is never a "man of property." His worldly possessions are generally the clothes on his back, a knife—sometimes a gun—a well-tempered axe; not forgetting the minutiae of tobacco, short-stemmed pipe, a piece of another piece of comb, a bit of looking-glass, a flint, &c., only surpassed in number by the contents of a little pocket. When a voyageur buys a pipe, he immediately breaks the handle to within a few inches of the bowl, logically concluding, it is not so liable to break in his pocket or hat—they often stick in the bands of their hats—as if it was long; and accident might bring it nearer the bowl than intention. Towels and hair-brushes are of his nature; one large piece of sail-cloth or old rag is made to serve as a towel for the whole crew. Some voyageurs can shake the water from themselves, like a dog, and think that quite sufficient. Don't

for I've repeatedly seen them do it. To give them some credit, however, they do not altogether exclude soap from their toilet; but that is rarely to be used, perhaps, once a week. As to shaving, some of them do when they think about it, but the majority let their beards grow, or some one of the crew who boasts of a pair of scissors, clips them to a suitable size for *un pipe du tabac*, for the whiskers, and *deux* for the hair of the head. You seldom see a voyageur without a pipe of tobacco in his mouth, and many of them keep it in while at

Their habits of life being unrestrained by etiquette or conscience mean no means exemplary. There is always a moral in the vilest of them, but seldom a model. They are civil and complacent, and some exceedingly obliging to strangers; but if you accept their invitation "to dine," you must expect to see appetites as voracious as that of a bear, and gormandizing that would put to shame that civilized man who won a prize by stuffing himself at one time with food for a respectably large family.

The integrity of the voyageurs is not always as it should be; but voyageurs are not alone in this respect. Their hospitality is unbounded, and they always esteem themselves favored by the visit of a stranger when they are at meals. Their bump of combativeness is rather much developed; so much so, that they are sometimes obliged to "let it out" by fighting their friends as well as foes. Some of the most savage think nothing of gouging your eye out—an accomplishment introduced into Canada by our Southern neighbours. Their ideas of law and government were once merged in Judge Lynch, and "every man for himself," since the visit of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and the reception he gave him in canoes, they understand something about "the Sov-

ereign," and respect to the throne. Summary punishment, though, is in accordance with their feelings. I knew a habitual thief, who had his legs and arms tied, and a rope passed around his body, and was then plunged in the river, from a raft, a dozen times. Their orisons are few and far between, and superstition replaces devotion. They neither care for man or the devil, and would sail even where Charon ferried. They have a strange way of calculating on their fingers, or with bits of wood or stone, and count by "threes."—those who can count. Very few of them can sign their own names; and a great many don't remember their surnames.—I seldom knew of any who could read. Some of them have extraordinary powers of imitation, and imitate birds and animals perfectly—a power very useful when hunting. They have no desire to be "famous," they are the most contented class in the world, and love life; but if they have to die, they will die with the stoicism of an Indian. They would be as content to sleep, like Diogenes, in a tub, as on their rafts, or in the woods. Their ideas of love I could never find out; it's a great blessing for woman if they have none. Their amusements consist of singing, dancing—wonderful dancing, too—card playing, chequers, and dice—a peculiar game I never saw before—and whiskey drinking. The former are their *forte*, the latter their curse. They generally play cards, &c., on the top of a keg—the contents of which they have previously imbibed, and have consequently a sort of affection for it—and play far away into the morning. When they return on the steamers to their stations, after bringing the rafts down to their destined ports, they keep the whole boat awake with their noise.

They bear, and go through more severity, and change of climates than the ancient Britons, and many of them with nearly as little clothes as our forefathers wore. But I cannot note *well* the manners of these strange men, without going into details, which might be unwelcome.

I have come down the rapids with these fine fellows, with my pants rolled up, and boots and stockings off, when the water would splash and dash over the logs, when the waves would seem to suck the whole mass of lumber into their depths, and at times you could not see a bit of the timber you were standing on; while your hand grasped tightly the pole which was stuck between the logs for you to hold by, when you'd think the whole mass was going to pieces, when your very knees would be beneath the water—oh! it makes one hold his breath with terror!—I have been out in the woods with them, and, notwithstanding their bad traits, and partiality to bad whiskey, I have been more amused in their company than anywhere else. I spent the two months vocation which "our school" allowed.

Their passions are very fierce; they are often brutes in action, but there

is a complaisance and kindness beneath all this, which is easily brought to the surface. The voyageurs of Canada are a class of men peculiar in everything, and differing from other men in everything relating to habits; but they are a wild and romantic class, who murmur not to toil far, far back in the thick dark woods in the cold winter, where the wild bears prowl, and all is desolate—who risk their lives on the raft of logs; who are content with their simple fare, and are happy in their hardships.—One cannot but pity them, but they are content, and “what’s the odds?”

THE CITED CURATE.

BY MISS MURRAY.

CHAPTER IX.

FARDLEY'S LETTER CONTINUED.

For a little while Kate and I stood together looking over the cliff, down into the glen, which was thoroughly illuminated by the blaze from the burning hay-rick. The broad, glaring lights, the deep, dark shadows, —the tufted thickets, the jagged rocks, the brown heath, the white crags, the snarled and twisted trees, the glittering stream leaping down the cliff—all the wild scene on which they were thrown, formed one of those vivid necromantic like pictures which stamp themselves indelibly on the brain. Yet clearly as I can recall it now, the impression was scarcely felt at the time. I thought only of watching the departure of my enemies, and making sure that no straggler still lurked near the house; and Kate's eagle glance followed mine. But not a human being was visible; they had all vanished. Now Kate drew a long deep breath, as if her bosom had just thrown off an intolerable load.

“They're all gone,” she said, “I saw Freney turn the corner of the glen. You're safe now.”

“And who am I to thank for my safety, Kate?—And *how* am I to thank her?—But how you tremble!—Does your arm pain you very much?”

“A little, and besides I am cold. But the walk home will warm me.”

"Home! Do you think I would let you walk home after all you have gone through to-night?"

"Oh, I must go. My father will be frightened if he misses me.—Don't, Mr. Temple, don't ask me to stay."

"Only till morning, Kate, and then I'll take you home myself. Why should you be afraid to trust yourself with me for a few hours?"

"I am not afraid, sir, but the people might say—"

"What matter what they say. Is it necessary that you should walk home through the dark night, when you are suffering such pain, and are hardly able to move, lest people should talk nonsense?"

"I don't care for myself," she said, with a smothered sigh, "but it might grieve my poor old father if he heard such things as I heard them say to-night. And I'd care if they said what was false of you, and accused you of being wicked and cruel, when I know that your all that's good and kind."

Is there anything more bitter to a nature that is not altogether ignoble than to receive praise from a trusting heart, which you know you do not deserve. Kate little knew how her words stung me.

Poor girl, though she was eager to set out on a walk of five miles, fatigue, pain, and excitement had completely exhausted her, and she could hardly descend the cliff, even with my support; yet when we came to the gate, she stopped, and again declared that she must go home—"I'll be quite strong when I am once on the road," she said, "but before I go you must promise me one thing."

"What is it, Kate?"

"That you won't stay another night in this house. You must go to live in the town or some place where your life will not be in danger."

"I promise you, I'll take care of myself, Kate. But now listen to me. If you persist in going home, I must go with you."

"Indeed you must not," she exclaimed.

"If you were the most indifferent acquaintance I have—nay, if I had never seen you before in my life, I should not let you walk home alone at such an hour, especially while such demons as were here half an hour ago are prowling about; then how do you suppose I would allow you to do so."

"They would do me no harm, but *you*—I would not have you travel that road to-night for the whole world."

"Then you must stay, Kate."

"Very well," she said, quietly, "I'll stay. At any rate I would not have gone very far. I only meant to hide myself somewhere near to watch that they did not come back. I cannot feel sure that you are safe till daylight comes."

Was that what you meant, Kate? You are afraid to come with me into the house then? I did not think you were afraid of me."

"Afraid of *you*, sir—Oh, no! I am not afraid to go with you anywhere!"

Walter, I like to live over again that night, as I do while I am writing this to you. Nothing blissful and beautiful ever comes back again, then how could such a night as that ever return!

There was scarcely any wind, and the house and stable were all stone, so that there had been no great danger of the fire spreading from the burning rick, and it was now getting low. The doors of the house lay in fragments, and some of the windows were torn out of their frames; the furniture was broken and scattered about, and on entering the study, what fuel do you think I found feeding the fire in the grate? The picture of Francesca di Rimini. That was Freney's doing, I could swear. Of course he saw the likeness to Kate, and I daresay believed it to be her portrait—as you did. But wonderful as the resemblance was, it was a purely accidental coincidence. I saw it in an old Jew picture-dealer's, as I told you, and bought it, because it was so faithful an image of that face, in which I had for once found my ideal of woman's loveliness realized. In the place it had occupied a huge coffin was scratched with a charred stick, and my name scrawled in the centre. I own to you, Walter, the change gave me a disagreeable sensation. I thought it looked ominous. Everything else in that room had escaped, except, strange to say, the little china flower-pot with its sprig of heath, which you may remember; the flower-pot was broken and the flower gone.—That rascal Freney must be a wizard and have known that Kate had given it to me. Even my pistols had been left untouched. I would have given a good deal to have had them in my hand when I stood on the cliff and expected every moment to see my pursuers close at my side.

Placing Kate in an arm-chair by the fire, I threw on some turf and bogwood, making a brilliant funeral pyre over the ashes of my poor Francesca, and then bringing out some wine, which, I daresay, my visitors did not suspect me of possessing, I compelled her to take a little, and kneeling down beside her, I made her let me examine her wounded arm. It was swollen and inflamed, and she must have been enduring great agony from it the whole time we were on the rocks, though she had so bravely suppressed all signs of pain. I bathed it in a cooling lotion and bound it up in a handkerchief as tenderly as I could, and though at first she timidly resisted services which it seemed so much more natural to her to give than receive, she submitted after a while with mingled pleasure and bashfulness, and seemed to feel a strange and

new delight in being thus cherished and waited on by one she loved so well.

Never could mortal maiden have looked more lovely than she did then, her grey hood thrown back, and her shining curls falling on her shoulders, the warm crimson hue of the blazing fire lighting up her delicate features, and giving an almost supernatural brilliancy to her rich dark eyes—eyes the sweetest in the world;—proud and glad that she had saved my life, happy that I was by her side tending her and taking care of her, thrice blessed in the timid half-assured consciousness that I loved her! And this loveliest, sweetest and purest of human beings, this most loving, gentlest, truest heart, loved me as I never shall be loved again—for to no one on earth can such a love be twice vouchsafed! I had only to say to her “Kate, be mine for ever!” and she would have followed me from one end of the earth to the other, and clung to me while life was left to her. Wild thoughts of breaking through the cramping, galling withes that bind me to this trivial, monotonous sphere of being, of carrying her to distant lands where the fire forever burning within me could discover some other food than vain hopes and empty imaginings, and where my craving ambition might find or make a path to greatness, denied in this country of rules and lines, of measured roads, and clipped hedges, and walled-in gardens, came thronging fast. Italy, Greece, Syria, in either of them a strong energetic aim wielded by a daring and creative brain might find elements which only awaited the formative impulses to be moulded into empires; and some day hailed as liberator, prophet, king; I might clasp a diadem on Kate’s peerless brow! Madness all this, no doubt, to the eye of sober reason, but to such moments of inspiration, genius has often owed the projects that ended in a conqueror’s crown. Nothing but the love of this simple girl had ever made me swerve one moment from the worship of Power, and at that moment I verily believe I could have led a host to victory for the chance of obtaining both! I gazed in the face of the fair unconscious sibyl who had inspired the wild thought working within me, and who, little dreaming that her destiny and mine were then trembling in the scale, looked at me with such trusting, tender eyes. Walter, how the struggle might have ended, I know not, but as if sounded by magic, a loud bugle horn sounded close outside—my wild visions fled and I started to my feet a cold hard man of the world once more!

Going into the parlour I saw through the shattered window half a dozen horse-police on the lawn. They were returning from an unsuccessful expedition to the mountains in search of an illicit still, and as their road lay near the glen, the burning rick, now a red smouldering mass, attracted their attention, and they had come up to the cottage, sounding a bugle to summon another party that were behind. After

speaking to the serjeant, I went back to the study to arrange with Kate about her return home, but when I entered it, I found that she was gone. My first impulse was to follow her, and I was just going out by the window through which she had passed when I heard my name pronounced in bland, polished accents, which I at once remembered. I turned hastily and met Sir Francis Denzil, who, grasping my hand warmly, expressed great pleasure at seeing me safe.

"We only arrived yesterday," he said, "and I was aroused from a sound sleep by some of my terrified English servants bursting into my room, and declaring that a rebellion had broken out, that one of the gamekeepers had seen your house on fire, and had come to warn us that we might expect a speedy visit from the rebels in our turn. I soon discovered that the report I had heard was considerably exaggerated, but the story about the burning of your house seemed true enough, so I got on horseback as quickly as I could, and came here with some of my servants. How did you get out of the rascals' way? Had you notice of their coming?"

"Yes, one of my parishioners, a protestant, though belonging to a catholic family, let me know their kind intention, and so I left the house in time."

"What a narrow escape! We must reward the faithful fellow that gave you information—one of your converts, I suppose—for I hear it is your active labours as a clergyman that has excited such a hatred against you among these wretches."

"See what they left to greet me on my return," I said, pointing to the gigantic coffin on the wall inscribed with my name.

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed Sir Francis, starting. "Listen to me my young friend," he added, gravely; "you must run such risks no more. You are much too clever a fellow to be left to the mercy of such incarnate fiends. You must come home with me at once, and make Grey Court your residence for the present."

He would not listen to any excuses. "Have you a horse?" he asked.

"Not within reach," I said, and my thoughts forcibly flew back to Kate, toiling wearily and painfully through the long five miles that lay between her and home; her only solace that she had left me in safety.

"Well, one of the servants shall give you his, and you can give directions about having your clothes and any valuables you may have here removed to Grey Court. He will have the policeman to protect him.—Now let us be off. Evelyn will be in an agony of suspense till I return."

"What, then does Miss Denzil know of your coming?" I asked.

"Of course she does. Do you suppose her maid could resist making

her mistress share her terror? No doubt the poor child's imagination has already encompassed you with a martyr's halo, but I daresay you will have no objection to dispel the illusion, and appear before her without a hair of your head being singed."

But I need not go on, Walter. I am still at Grey Court, treated as a valued friend by Sir Francis, and certainly not with dislike by his fair daughter. She is fair, too, with deep, melting blue eyes, clear as a limpid well, a brow smooth and cloudless as that of an angel might be, shaded with soft glossy curls of a golden brown, a chin fair as snow, showing the rose's blush on the transparent cheek at every word, all her features soft and delicate, and her mouth like an opening rose-bud. There!—I have made a pretty picture, have I not? But a face scarcely so brilliant in its hues, bearing more traces of thought and feeling, yet fresh and pure as morning, and lighted by eyes whose lustre is that of the soul, rises up before me as I gaze on it, and blots it from my sight.

But I have sworn to be firm, and now Fate has come to my aid, shall I turn recreant? Never, come what may!

Witness my hand and seal,

EARDLEY TEMPLE.

CHAPTER X.

The next tidings that reached me of Eardley was the news of his marriage to Miss Denzil. Shortly after I received an invitation to visit him at Grey Court, to which he and his young wife had just returned after their bridal tour.

From some whim which I could scarcely explain, even to myself, I resolved to pass the night before my going to Grey Court, which was Saturday, at the inn by the Ford, and meet my friend the next morning at church. The landlady was surprised to see me when neither fishing nor grouse shooting was in season, but on learning that I was on my way to the Court, ran off in such rapturous descriptions of the beauty and goodness of Mrs. Temple, and the great affection Sir Francis showed to his son-in-law, that it was evident Eardley's popularity was still at full tide.

"There was not such a well matched pair in the kingdom," she declared, "for Mr. Temple was fully as handsome for a man as she was for a woman, and if she had the most money, he had genius and learning enough to weigh down all the riches in the world. And, indeed, every one in the house made more of him than if he had been a prince!"—She next told me of the villainous attacks the Whiteboys had made on the young curate, and declared her solemn conviction that they had been

set on by the priests in revenge for the young curate's zealous efforts to open the eyes of the poor deluded papists. Some of the wretches, she said, had been taken, convicted, and transported; soldiers and police had scoured every mountain and glen in the country, and neither a rebel nor a pike had been left a hole to hide in; the place had never been so peaceable or safe in the memory of man. I did not forget to ask for Freney, but it appeared that he had not been seen in the neighbourhood since such stringent measures had been taken against the Whiteboys, with whom he was supposed to be connected.

I had not forgotten Kate Redmond, but from some dread of inculpating Eardley, in some way or other, I refrained from making any enquiries about her. Her lovely young face seemed to gleam before me as I sat in the little inn parlor and looked out on the swollen river rushing by, and I wondered again and again what her fate had been.

It was now nearly the middle of December, and as I took the road to the church on the moor the following morning, the contrast between the present scene and what it had been when last I traversed it, bright and soft in rich September, was great. The valley and heights were bleak and bare, the trees brown skeletons, the sky dull and grey, the river flooded and discoloured, rushing angrily along, not a ray of sunshine to brighten the dreary waste, not the note of a bird to be heard; a few daisies, scattered here and there still raised their little heads, but every other flower was gone, and the very sound of the church bell had to my ear a sad as well as solemn tone. When I came out on the moor with its solitary church and few scattered headstones, standing bare and grey in the midst, I thought I had never seen any spot look more lonely, desolate and austere; and the dark barren mountains that enclosed it seemed to shut it out from every image of hope and life. No larks now sang carols in the cold damp air, no bee or linnet flitted among the heath and thyme, whose dry and withered stems no longer emitted their pleasant fragrance when my foot crushed them.

The bell had ceased and the last straggler had entered the church before I reached it. The pews were so crowded, that it was with difficulty I found a seat, and the congregation's attentive and interested air proved the influence their young pastor's eloquence exercised over them. Eardley looked quite as handsome as ever, yet I fancied him somewhat changed. Something harder, sterner, more sarcastic, was impressed on his face; there was less sweetness in the haughty mouth, less softness in the flashing eye. After one glance at him I looked for Kate, but she was not to be seen. I had expected to find her absent; it would have jarred against all my pre-conceived ideas had I found her in her place as of old, and the gaily dressed damsels who occupied her seat were more in character there now than she would have been. Eardley's bride was

not present either ; there was no one in the Denzil pew but an elderly gentleman, tall, handsome, and dignified—Sir Francis, of course.

The service proceeded as usual till Eardley left the reading desk to go to the communion table. He had just entered the railing, and turned to close the door, when I saw him grow deadly white, and gaze down the aisle with a wild horrified stare. At the same moment a low murmur ran through the congregation.

Up the aisle of the church, her eyes bent immoveably on Eardley, Kate Redmond walked slowly and steadily. The light, wavering, flash of insanity glittered in her eye, its vacant wandering smile was on her lips, and her cheek, though a hectic flush burned in its centre, was hollow and wasted. Yet enough of her loveliness remained to make its wreck inexpressibly touching and mournful, and there was a sad sweetness mingled with the wild expression of her face, that took from her madness all that was fearful and appalling. She was dressed in the every day dress of an Irish peasant girl, a blue calico jacket, and black stuff petticoat, and her head was uncovered ; but nothing about her was out of order except her hair, which hung loose on her shoulders ; its long silken tresses reaching nearly to the ground. Some of the congregation rose, and all stared at her, but no one attempted to stop her till she reached the marble font, just in front of the communion table, where she stopped, and supported herself by grasping it with her slight bloodless fingers. Eardley stood by the railing, one hand yet holding the door, his face blanched white as his gown, his eyes fastened as by a spell on Kate's. Hers had never once moved from him.

At last she spoke. "I have come to bid you farewell," she said, and her voice, though still silvery in tone, was so shrill and over-wrought as to pierce the ear painfully, "I couldn't die in peace till I had seen your face again. For I'm dying fast. You'll soon hear that I'm laid in my grave, and then you'll be sorry, and say, 'Poor Kate Redmond ! it was I killed her, but I loved her once !' For you did love me, didn't you Eardley ? Your heart's joined to mine, and even when I'm under the earth, they can't be sundered."

Unable to master his anguish, Eardley turned away and covered his face with his hands, and at the same moment, Sir Francis Denzil left his pew and came noiselessly up the aisle.

"He's sorry for me now," said Kate, bending wistfully towards her unhappy lover. "I knew he would be. He can't bear to look in my face when he sees how plainly death has marked it with his finger. But I know we won't be separated long. Something tells me that you'll soon come to me, and we'll be together in another world, though we were parted in this. There now, he's crying," she exclaimed, more wildly, as a sort of convulsive sob burst from Eardley—"Oh, his heart's not

hard or cruel as they said it was ; it was always soft to me, and I knew how he suffered when he bade me farewell. That hour my heart grew as cold as ice, and my brain began to burn like fire, and they've been that way ever since. But he loved me all the time," she continued, as if that one conviction atoned for everything else ; "he told me he'd never love any one but me, and I know he never will !"

Utterly powerless to control himself, Eardley made a movement towards her, she sprang to meet him, and in another moment they would have been in each other's arms, had not Sir Francis interposed between them, pushed Eardley back, and lifting up the struggling girl, carried her towards the door. Her cries now became heart-rending, and in piteous accents she besought Eardley to come to her, but he had been recalled to himself, and stood pale, stern, moveless, as if made of iron except for the wild fire of his eyes as they followed the frantic girl.—At the door she broke from Sir Francis, and turning towards the stony inexorable figure of her lover, but without attempting again to approach him, she cried—"So you won't come near me, you won't touch me ; you hate me, you despise me. It isn't enough that you've killed me, but you won't speak a word to me, or move a step to make me die in peace, and rest quiet in my grave. But I'll never rest quiet till you come, Eardley Temple ; I never will ! I summon you to follow me and answer before God for all your cruelty to me, before the next green leaves fall from the trees !"

Wildly and shrilly as her words rang through the church, fearfully as they impressed every one else, Eardley heard them without moving from where he stood. His first terrible emotion conquered, he was master of himself again ; he neither stirred nor spoke, but his eyes seemed to devour her as she thus poured forth her frantic words, and to meet her frenzied glance with an imploring passionate appeal. The next instant, before Sir Francis and others who had come to his assistance could again seize her, she rushed from the church.

Several persons followed her out, and I among the rest. Sir Francis spoke a few words to some one in the porch, I think giving directions that she should be taken care of, and then returned to his pew.

When I came out, she was sitting on a grave, her arms twined round an old man who sat beside her, evidently her father. He looked upwards of seventy, and more feeble and bent than is common even at his years, but his finely-marked features, and large dark blue eyes bore traces of the beauty that had adorned his prime. His hat had fallen off and his hair of the pure silvery tint, so beautiful in old age, was blown wildly about by the breeze, its white locks blended with Kate's raven tresses, and tears, which he made no effort to stop, or even to wipe away fell slowly down his wrinkled cheeks. A hushed and pitying

group of spectators stood near, but neither father or daughter heeded them; they were only conscious of each other's presence.

"Hush now, father, hush!" murmured Kate, softly stroking his face as if he had been an infant, "don't cry any more, and I'll sing you a song you always liked to hear me sing,"—and she began one of those mournful ballads so much beloved by the Irish peasants.

"Cruel is this winter's wind
That chills my heart with cold,
But crueller that false one
That sold his love for gold!"

The wild broken melody of her voice had a pathos no art could reach, and the poor old man seemed to feel all its force, for he sobbed out—"Oh, don't, my heart's darling; you'll kill your old father if you go on that way!"

"Aye, it's too mournful, isn't it, father?" she said. "But I can't think of anything merry now; if I try to sing gay songs, sad tunes and sorrowful words come to my lips; I think there's nothing else in my heart. I suppose it's this pain in my head that ails me throbbing and shooting all day. I don't know what else it can be."

"Oh, Kate, my darling," my heart's treasure, exclaimed the poor old man, "how can I bear it! How can I look in your face and see the change that's come over it, and keep my senses! The light's gone from your eye, and the smile from your lip, and the heart's dead in your bosom, and you're wasting away before my eyes! Oh, how can I bear it at all!"

"Bear what?" she asked, wildly, and drawing back a little to gaze in his face, "do you think I'm mad, like the rest?"

"No, no, my darling, not mad; God forbid! only dying by inches before my old eyes."

"Ah! that isn't the worst," she said, more gently, and with a strange frightened look, "there's many worse things than dying. How hard and cold he looked, all but his eyes, and they blazed like furnace fires—they're burning into my brain now. But there's quiet for us all down under the green grass, and I'll soon be lying there."

"And your poor old father, too, Kate, my darling. God is good, and will take us both together."

"There now," she cried, "I forgot my father was listening, and talked about dying. It was only nonsense, father dear; I won't die. I'll stay and take care of you. And I'll sing for you every night as I used to do. What shall I sing?"

She seemed unable to recal anything but the same sad old strain she had before commenced, though its mournful notes appeared to inflict

almost as much pain on herself as on her hearers, and she immediately stopped again. At that moment she chanced to catch sight of me, and my presence seemed in some way to bring the scene that had just passed in the church more vividly before her bewildered mind;—"Were you there?" she cried, wildly "did you see him? Do you think it was really him? Oh, it was him!" she exclaimed, in an accent of the most heart-rending anguish; "it could be no one else! No one but him ever looked so handsome and so proud; but oh, he didn't seem the same to me!"

"Stop talking of him, stop talking of him!" cried her father with fierce vehemence, adding curses too fearful to write, but which still, at times, I hear sounding in my ears; for the trembling weak voice, the bent enfeebled body, the withered, ashen coloured face, the shaking hands, and half-crazed, scintillating fire in the eyes of the aged figure that pronounced them, made them seem to me more awful than any maledictions I had ever heard; those terrible cries for vengeance contrasting so fearfully with the tottering feeble frame which had given them utterance.

Kate shuddered violently, and putting her hands on her father's lips tried to stop him. "Hush! father, hush! don't curse him!" she cried "you're cursing me when you curse him, for my soul's his, and his is mine. Oh, father, father, don't curse him any more;" for the old man's passion, now thoroughly aroused from the lethargy of age and imbecility, was again about to break forth in words, "Oh, wicked father, how can you curse him that I love so well!"

"To hear you talk that way is the worst of all," cried her father passionately, "how can you love him, the false, cruel villain! Hate him and curse him as I do, and then maybe we'll live to trample on his grave yet."

"I'd rather you'd trample on my heart!" she exclaimed, frantically starting to her feet, "But you don't know how I love him; how could you—no one knows; he knows least of all! Oh, Eardley, my heart echoes for you night and day—will you never come to me again!" And sinking down in the grass she buried her face in her hands.

The poor old man's impotent paroxysm of fury melted again into softness at the sight of his daughter's sufferings, and kneeling beside her he lavished the fondest caresses and the most endearing epithets on her.

"Forgive me, Kate, my own darling, forgive your poor old father; he didn't mean to grieve you, but he's old and foolish, old and foolish. Look up, my darling child, look up, and I'll never curse him again!"

But she heeded him no longer; utterly exhausted, she lay half unconscious, and no effort could rouse her.

"Let us take her home, boys," said her father, at last, "she doesn't

mind anything when she gets this way, and she'll let us take her home quietly."

A jaunting-car was brought, and old Redmond getting up on it, the passive girl was placed beside him. Putting his arm round her, he supported her head on his shoulder, and as I looked at them I thought of poor old Lear holding his dead Cordelia in his arms. The driver of the vehicle jumped up on the other side of the car, and giving his horse a signal from his whip to move on, they drove away across the moor, and seemed to vanish among the gloomy mountains that formed its barrier.

ON THE WORD "CANADA."

THE learned Dean of Westminster, in his interesting and valuable work on "The Study of Words," remarks, that "the rise of some new words is mysterious, they appear, they are in everybody's mouths; but yet when it is inquired whence they are nobody can tell. They are but of yesterday, and yet with a marvellous rapidity have forgotten the circumstances of their origin." He adds, "one might suppose that a name like 'Canada,' given, and within fresh historic times, to a vast territory, would have been accounted for, but it is not."

Although philologists are not yet agreed as to the derivation of the word "Canada," yet numerous have been the attempts made to account for it. Some writers have suggested an aboriginal origin; others an European; while some have gone to search for it among the languages of distant India.

We will consider first, the European theories; secondly, the Asiatic; and lastly, the aboriginal American.

I. Some have maintained that the name of our beloved country is derived from two Spanish words, "Aca" and "nada." These writers say that when the Spaniards—who visited the shores of the St. Lawrence long before either the French or the English—arrived here they were, as usual, eagerly in quest of their long sought El Dorado; but that on finding neither silver nor gold nor precious stones they departed, saying to each other, "Aca nada," "Aca nada,"—"There is nothing here."

The red men who dwelt on the banks of the river, hearing these oft repeated words, treasured them up in their retentive memories; not knowing, however, their meaning, (according to some writers) or not

wishing to have any dealings with the treacherous white men, (according to others) when the French voyagers arrived the Indians, who supposed that they also were Spaniards in search of gold, kept continually repeating to them "Aca nada," "Aca nada." The French (say these writers) mistook these words for the name of the country, and abbreviated them into "Canada."

This theory as to the origin of the word is, however, liable to several strong objections: first, it is very improbable that the learned men who accompanied the French expedition under Jacques Cartier were all so entirely ignorant of the language of the Spaniards, their neighbours, as not to be able to recognize these two very common words, "Aca, nada." Secondly, instead of the early voyagers finding "nothing here," we know that these Europeans did find some gold here, and took home large quantities of a substance which they thought was gold, but which eventually turned out to be only mica; they likewise found some precious stones, resembling diamonds, near where Quebec now stands, and from that circumstance gave the name of Cape Diamond to a neighbouring headland. A third objection is, that *Aqui* not *Aca* is the Spanish for *Here*, and it would be forced and unnatural to corrupt "Aquinada" into Canada.

The chief supporters of this theory are Dr. Mather, in his "Magnalia Christi Americana," Bk. VIII., p. 71; Harris, in his "Voyages," Bk. II., p. 369; and Moulton, in his "History of New York."

II. Other writers have suggested a second Spanish theory: these hold that it is highly probable that the Spaniards—who, as above mentioned, are known to have visited the St. Lawrence before either the French or the English—on observing the high banks between which the River of Canada poured its waters into the mighty Atlantic, in their astonishment and admiration compared the river to a mountain torrent leaping down some ravine or chasm, and called it Canada; which word, perhaps, the aborigines picked up and repeated to the French, who gave it to the country on both sides of the river.

III. John Josselyn, Gent., in the fifth chapter of his curious and amusing book, published in 1672, and entitled "New England Rarities, discovered in birds, beasts, fishes, serpents; and plants of that country, also a perfect description of an Indian Squa, in all her bravery, with a poem not improperly conferred on her," says, speaking of Canada, "the country was called Canada from Monsieur Cane." We believe, however, that this derivation depends solely on the authority of Mr. Josselyn, and is held by no other writer.

IV. Another conjecture on this subject is thrown out by Dr. Davis, a member of the Council of the Philological Society of London, in an article lately published in the *Canadian Naturalist*. He fancies that

the name may have an oriental origin, "for," says he, "I met some years since with the word Canada in a very learned article on the Canarese language and literature, in 'Zeitschrifter Deutschen Morgenlandischen Gesellschaft,' for 1848, p. 258, where the erudite author gives *Canada* as another form of the names *Canara* and *Canata*, from whence we doubtless get the geographical names Canara and Carnatic in Southern India. The occurrence of the word reminded him that Columbus and the early voyagers thought that they had stumbled on the eastern coast of Asia, and it suggested that as the American Islands were called the West Indies after the East Indies, so it was possible part of the main land was called *Canada*, in reference to that part of Hindostan that was so named, either because the voyagers took it for a portion of India, or because they fancifully chose to give the name to the new continent.

V. As before mentioned, some philologists have sought for the derivation of the word "Canada" among the various languages and dialects of the natives of the country. Jeffreys, in his "Historia Americana," gives a derivation which, as far as we can learn, rests on his authority alone. He says, "the word Canada is Indian, and derived from two words, namely, *Can*, a mouth, and *ada*, country, and so means '*the mouth of the country*.'" This name probably was first given to the River St. Lawrence, which, at its *embouchure*, resembles somewhat the mouth of an animal.

VI. The last theory that we will bring forward is that which is most generally held, and is most probably the correct one. Those who support this theory maintain that the word Canada is derived from the Iroquois word *Canata*, a town or village. The word Canada first occurs in the narrative of Jacques Cartier, who entered the St. Lawrence in 1535, and was the first European who explored the interior of the country. He heard the Indians talking about their town of Stadacona (which was situated near where the City of Quebec now stands) as "Canata," or "Kanada," and he applied the name to the whole country; which name this, the brightest jewel in Britannia's crown, has ever since retained. In his narrative he remarks, "Ils appellent une ville, Canata."

Charlevoix, in his "Histoire de Nouvelle France," Vol. I., chap. 9, speaking of this word, says, "Quelques uns derivent ce nom, du mot Iroquois, Kannata, que se prononce *Canada*, et signifie un amas de cabanes."

The celebrated chief Tyendinagea (better known by his English name of Captain Joseph Brant), in his translation of the Gospels, always uses this word to express a town or city. And in all other translations into the Mohawk, and its cognate dialects, the Onondaga, Oneida, &c.,

similar words are used, as "A City called Nazareth" is "Ne Kanada-gongh konwaytsk Nazjareth," in Mohawk.

Mr. Davies, in the excellent article before quoted, says, "this is the explanation which appears now to find most favour, and, though not satisfied with it myself, I must add that it is somewhat supported—as it struck me—by the analogy of another term, namely, *Canuc*, which is used vulgarly and rather contemptuously for Canadian, and which seems to me to come from *Canuchsha*, a word employed by the Iroquois to denote a 'hut,' (see *Arch. Am.*, Vol. II., p. 322.) Hence a Canadian is a townsman, a villager, while a Canuc is only a 'hutter.'"

M. M.

ON THE CULTIVATION AND MANUFACTURE OF FLAX AND HEMP IN CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

FLAX AS A FARM CROP.*

Flax is one of those hardy plants which grow upon almost any kind of arable soil capable of producing average farm crops in common cultivation. Like other plants, it has its likes and dislikes, and succeeds best when cultivated on a medium rich sandy loam. The fibrous nature of its roots causes it to delight in a deep and open soil, through which they may ramify, both vertically and horizontally. Low alluvial soils tend to encourage mildew, which, not unfrequently, attacks flax cultivated in such situations in America.

Rotation is almost immaterial, provided the soil be in good heart and free from weeds. In Europe it is made to take every position which can be assigned to it in rotation with other crops, convenience generally being the rule which determines its place, but when special attention is devoted

* It does not come within the scope of this article to discuss, or even to describe the minutiae of flax cultivation, or the preparation of the fibre. The reader who is desirous of devoting attention to this part of the subject will find ample information in "Our Farm Crops," by Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh; also in various articles and correspondence in the *Canadian Agriculturist*; Kirkwood on Flax in the Parliamentary Reports. A small pamphlet entitled "Flax, directions for its Cultivation and Management." "A manual of Flax Culture." (Moore, Rural Manual, Rochester, N. Y.) The same remarks apply also to hemp.

to rotation, practice serves to indicate that it should follow a straw or hoed crop.

THE SEED.

European flax-growers exercise the greatest care in the selection of their seed. In Germany particular value is attached to linseed from Courland and Livonia, where the soil and the nature of the climate, especially the short hot summer, bring the flowering and fruit time near together; so that the flowers, being simultaneously and uniformly fructified, produce ripe and perfect seeds.* The Belgians, also, always select Baltic flax for their seed. For the heavy soils the Dutch seed is frequently used, which is the produce of Riga seed, once grown in Flanders. The American seed has been tried, but experience has shown that the plants had a tendency to grow branchy instead of a single erect stem; and although good for seed purposes, a large portion of the fibre was necessarily lost in scutching. In the regular flax growing countries, where they rely greatly upon their flax as the money-producing crop, they always obtain a new supply.†

Professor Wilson recommends sowing merely sufficient foreign seed to reproduce the quantity required for the succeeding flax crop, in order that a clear sample may be obtained, for foreign seed is notoriously dirty. This practice is generally followed in Belgium and Ireland.

The quantity of seed sown varies from one to two bushels to the acre. The larger quantity being used when flax is grown for the sake of its fibre. Thick sowing induces the plant to throw up a tall slender stem, and its fibre is developed at the expense of the seed. When sown for fibre and seed, it is recommended to be sown earlier than when seed alone is the object of its cultivation. The seed should be very lightly covered, a common bush-harrow being used for the purpose, and the work finished with a light roller.

Sown in the last week of April, or the first week in May, after danger from frost is over, the flax crop will be ready for pulling in Canada about the middle of July, according to the season and the latitude, and the exact time for pulling, if both fibre and seed are to be saved, is a matter of much importance. "In Belgium—and we instance that country, as the flax cultivation has a higher importance there and receives far more attention than with us—the way they proceed is this:—A full grown plant

* Liebig's Natural Laws of Husbandry.

† The amount of Riga flax seed exported for sowing in 1850 was 128,518 barrels. Each barrel weighs about 200 lbs, and contains three and a half bushels. The prices of Riga seed have ranged from 35 shillings sterling to 53 shillings per barrel, or about \$2.50 to \$3.75 per bushel, within the last twenty years.

is selected, and the best matured and richest capsule is taken. This is cut across with a sharp knife, and the section of the seeds examined, if they have become firm inside, and the outside has assumed a good deep green colour, the plant is considered fit for immediate pulling. At this time the entire plant will exhibit signs of its approaching maturity—the bottom of the stalk will be seen to have assumed a yellowish tint, and have become much harder to the touch than it was before, good indications of an interruption to the circulation of the juices of the plant. If this altered condition be allowed to go on by the plant remaining in the ground, the change of colour will rapidly make its way up the stem until it reaches the capsules, and then the seeds will be found to be fully matured, quite hard, and to have assumed the dark colour with which we are so familiar in the market samples. The next stage of the plant would be the bursting of the seed-vessels, and dissection of their contents, and the decay of the entire plant; but to preserve both seed and fibre, the plant should be harvested at the earlier stage, at which time the fibre is at its best condition. If left until the seeds are quite matured, the stem gets hard and woody, and the fibre is apt to get much broken in the subsequent process of separation. Long experience has proved that this is the most profitable time to pull the flax; for although the seeds are not at that time fully ripe, yet if allowed to remain in the sheaf, they will absorb from their integument a quantity of sap to render them sufficiently mature for the purpose of vegetation, though perhaps for commercial purposes their market value may not be so high as if allowed to stand a little longer in the field."

TAKING THE CROP.—FLAX-PULLING MACHINES.

As it is probable that the ordinary mode of taking the crop, technically called "pulling," will be commonly practised for some years to come in Canada in many localities, a brief reference to it is necessary before alluding to the flax-pulling machines. Flax is pulled, stem and root, by the hand, bound in small sheaves to dry the fibre and ripen the seed thoroughly. It is then stooked, and when cured it may be housed at once. The idea that it is necessary to pull flax by the hand in place of using machinery for gathering it or cutting it, is fast giving way to more advanced opinions.

There can be no doubt that the supposed necessity for pulling flax by hand has been one cause for the neglect of its cultivation, "but it need not be so for the future; it is now found, that when the ground is smooth and well rolled, it may be as well cut with the reaping machine, except for the very finest fibres; in this case a machine for pulling it has been invented, which executes the work with great rapidity, and at a very

small expense.”* Such is the evidence of competent men in America.—In the United Kingdom Professor Wilson says, “If the tillage operations of the farm have been properly carried out, and the directions given as regards tilth of surface, and rolling after the seed is got in, has been attended to, there is no reason why we should not avail ourselves of the ‘mowing machine,’ which is now doing such good work in our grass fields, and cut down our flax, as near the ground as possible, in the same manner.” For all textile uses, the portion of the fibre, of any value, exists only in the stem above the ground, the lower part of the stem cut off by the mowing machine is worthless for fibre producing purposes, and arrests the process of fermentation when in the “steep.” The ends or butts of the steeped straw are also injurious in the process of dressing the fibre, so that on several grounds the use of the mowing machine is preferable to pulling.

RIPPLING.

“Rippling,” or the process of separating the seed from the straw; is best accomplished with a common rippler or comb soon after the crop is cut, if it be delayed until the winter, it undergoes a beating process, which separates the seed from the capsules without difficulty. Rippling can only be undertaken with safety soon after the crop is pulled, as the fibre becomes too brittle for this process if the plant is permitted to get thoroughly dry. The seeds may either be used directly as food or sold for the extraction of the oil they contain, and the manufacture of oil-cake.

THE ROTTING PROCESS.

We now arrive at the most serious objection to the extended cultivation of flax, at least in this country and the United States. The rotting process in unskilful hands is always uncertain, and frequently leads to disappointment and serious loss; nevertheless it is essential that this necessary part of flax manufacture should be carried on within a few miles of the spot where the crop is grown, otherwise the expense of carriage of the straw would so far diminish profits as to render flax cultivation unremunerative. About three-fourths of the entire weight of the straw is useless for textile purposes, but it is not useless as fodder or manure. Since the straw will not bear the expense of transportation to any considerable distance, it is clear that the farmer must either consent to perform the rotting, breaking, scutching, and hackling processes, as they

* Report on Flax and Machinery for making Flax Cotton: By a Committee of the New York State Agricultural Society.

do in Ireland, or factories for the express purpose of preparing the straw for the manufacturer must be situated near where the flax is grown. A flax district must, as it were, be created, and a factory erected within the limits of the district, just as saw mills are generally built near the supply of timber, instead of remote from it. Experience shows that where a constant supply of flax is cultivated, and enough to support a factory can be relied on, there is never any trouble or difficulties in finding enterprising and capable men willing to erect and work a factory. It is a want of mutual confidence on the part of the grower and the flax-factor which has checked the cultivation of flax in Canada: the factor has not erected his mill, because the farmer showed no reliable disposition to cultivate the flax, and the farmer refused to grow his crop because he was not sure of the factor being ready with his mill to consume it. It is thus that a generation has passed away without any improvement being made, and those lessons of experience which the first settlers had learned in the cultivation of this plant and its subsequent manipulation, or knew before they emigrated from "home," have not been transmitted from father to son; hence the present generation, as a class, have actually to be taught a portion of that valuable industry with which their fathers were familiar, and by neglect has grown out of date and perhaps out of remembrance. The State of New York cultivated 46,000 acres of flax in 1845; ten years later the area under that crop had diminished seventy-five per cent. The United States, in 1850, produced 7,709,678 pounds of flax; in 1860, only 3,783,079 pounds, a diminution of more than fifty per cent.

In order to understand the true nature of the preparation of flax for the market, and the difficulties and chances which attend it, a brief description of flax straw is necessary, so that the object of the successive manipulations to which it is subjected may be understood.

COMPOSITION OF FLAX STRAW.

If we examine minutely the structure of flax straw, we shall discover that it consists of five parts. 1st, the epidermis or outer covering; 2nd, the bark; 3rd, the fibres, which make it commercially valuable; 4th, the woody centre, or "shove"; 5th, the pith. The "fibres" form a tubular sheath round the woody centre or shove, and are cemented together by a mucilaginous compound which it is the object of the manufacturer to dissolve, so that the fibres may be separated after they have been removed from the bark and woody centre, into delicate filaments or fibrilla. The grand object of the flax-fibre manufacturer, then, is to separate these filaments uniformly from one another by a cheap mechanical or chemical process. This is effected in a greater or less

degree by the steeping, breaking, and scutching processes. The "steep" dissolves, after fermentation, the mucilaginous cement which binds the filaments into fibre and the fibres into a tubular sheath. The breaking process enables a considerable portion of the woody centre, or "shove," and the bark to be separated, the remaining part is removed by the scutching machine, when the material is considered to be fit for market purposes. All of these objects can be effected by hand labour, and the greater part of the flax fibre in Europe is so prepared; but hand labour in this country is too expensive, and would always operate as a bar to the extensive preparation of flax fibre among our farmers, hence the absolute necessity of performing as much of the mechanical processes by machinery as possible, if we desire to extend the cultivation of this valuable plant.

A great step has already been made in advance by the Government introducing into the country Rowan's flax-scutching machines. To this machine has recently been awarded the gold medal, from among forty competitors, at the late Agricultural Meeting at Lille, the centre of a district where the cultivation and manufacture of flax is the staple industry.

The cheapness of Rowan's machine places it within the reach of small manufacturers, and the excellent work it accomplishes, with the small amount of loss, gives it a practical recommendation of the highest value in extending the sphere of this important branch of industry.

It will be argued by many that in the present scarcity of capital in Canada it will be necessary to rely upon the farmer preparing the straw for the operation of the scutching machine; that there is no prospect of the establishment of a sufficient number of factories in districts where flax would probably be grown if the entire process, from the steep to the prepared fibre, is to be accomplished in one and the same establishment, the farmer merely supplying the straw. Although the arguments which could be advanced in favour of home steeping are very strong, yet they are far from opposing an obstacle to the gradual introduction of a modification of Schenck's process in factories especially designed for the purpose. Schenck's process is speedy, economical, reliable, and can be conducted throughout the year. It does not involve much outlay of capital, and has been actually introduced, to a considerable extent, in Ireland, where skilled labor available for the ordinary rotting process is everywhere abundant. In Ireland there are now upward of thirty establishments at work on this principle, requiring annually from fifty to sixty thousand tons of straw.

The mode of operation is simple in the extreme; it consists in submitting the straw to the solvent action of water at an uniform temperature of 80° or 90°. Instead of the flax requiring to remain in the steep for ten to twenty days, according to the temperature, the whole

fermentative process is completed in three or four days. The operation is altogether independent of the weather, and can go on uninterruptedly throughout the year. Tanks, with a hot water pipe passing through them, are all that is required. The results have been favourably reported on by the Irish Flax Improvement Society. The investigations of that body led to the conclusions that Schenck's process increased the yield of fibre, increased the strength of the fibre and increased the quality of the linen made from the fibre. Prof. Wilson speaks of this process in the following words: "This process is so simple, and its advantages over the old method so manifest, both in respect to time, quantity and quality of produce, that it is somewhat remarkable that, notwithstanding the knowledge which existed of the value of temperature in respect to fermentation, even indeed in reference to flax itself, it has only so comparatively recently been employed."*

In the Report of the Committee of the New York State Agricultural Society (Feb. 1863.) the following words occur: "It seems to us that our experimentalists have much neglected Mr. Schenck's method of steeping the flax in warm water at ninety degrees, with Mr. Pownall's improvements in exposing the steeped straw to the pressure of a pair of smooth iron cylinders, while at the same time a stream of water is made to flow upon the rollers, so as to wash away the softened organic matters which adhere to it." Numerous other processes for separating the fibre have been invented and to a small extent practised, but they are not suitable to Canada.

FLAX-COTTON.

The process for the manufacture of flax-cotton which some years ago excited so much attention in connexion with the name of the unfortunate M. Clausen, although previously discovered by Lady Moira in 1775, failed on account of the attempt to obtain uniformity in the length of the fibre by the simple process of cutting, which had the effect of leaving rough or "stumpy" ends, which so impaired the quality of fabrics made from the so called flax-cotton as to prove fatal to the success of the process. Nevertheless, well founded expectations are entertained that flax-cotton is no idle dream, and that a process will soon be developed for obtaining this result. Indeed so confident are persons interested in the cultivation of flax in the ultimate success of the project, that the United States Commissioner of the Census states in his report published in 1862, that "the manufacture of fabrics from flax-cotton has been commenced and success in a new branch of industry is confidently expected."

* "Our Farm Crops."

ENCOURAGEMENT OF HOME INDUSTRY.

With respect then to the encouragement of the cultivation of flax in Canada it appears essential that the following steps require to be taken:

1. The annual importation and subsequent distribution under careful and responsible supervision of a certain amount of Riga Flax Seed.

2. The establishment of flax growing districts, in each of which a flax mill for the preparation of the fibre should be established and efficiently sustained.

3. The purchase from the farmer of crude flax straw by flax factors at the district mills.

The introduction of Schenck's improved process and the employment of Rowan's scutching machines.

It is not to be supposed that the purchase of flax straw, at the district mills, precludes the purchase of fibre prepared by the farmer by the steeping or dew-rotting process, it is rather to secure a certain market for flax-straw in suitable condition, and by the employment of Schenck's process, and Rowan's scutching machine to prepare an article for exportation which shall by the price it will command abroad encourage private enterprise to establish mills in all suitable localities.

It is suggested that any government aid which the Minister of Agriculture may be disposed to recommend should be placed at the disposal of the Boards of Agriculture for Upper and Lower Canada, for the purpose of importing Riga Seed; also that handsome premiums be offered for a certain number of bales of flax, the produce of *district mills* either erected by private enterprise or joint stock companies, where crude straw would be purchased from the farmer and manufactured into merchantable fibre.

The experience of the past two years shows that the efforts which have been made in various parts of Upper and Lower Canada to encourage the cultivation of flax among our farmers is beginning to produce good results,* but before the introduction of this most impor-

*BRITISH AMERICAN LAND COMPANY,

Sherbrooke, C.E., 23rd June, 1863.

DEAR SIR,—I hasten to reply to your letter of the 20th instant, just received.

I can give you no exact statistics, but a few words will convey to you what has been done, and is now doing, on the subject by our people.

Throughout Lower Canada, some years ago, every farmer—whether French Canadian in the Seignories, or English in the Townships—grew more or less flax for domestic use. The French still continue the growth, for their own domestic manufacture, in small garden patches; but the practice was almost entirely discontinued in the townships when cotton goods took the place of the home-made linens to a great extent. The cultivation of flax is now being revived, but not for domestic use so much as for export to England, Ireland, and the United States.

tant plant as a farm crop becomes general throughout the country, the subject will have to be warmly entertained and discussed by the different agricultural societies and measures taken to secure a market for the

The quantity grown has been as yet very small, but it is increasing rapidly, the only drawback being that the farmers are slow to be convinced that the market is likely to be permanent.

The townships of Eaton, Ascot, and Lingwick grew a small quantity last year. I have had the Eaton flax—which was dew-retted only—scutched by Rowan's machine, and have sent two sample bales home—one to Messrs. Marshall, of Leeds, the other to Belfast—to get a report as to quality, &c. The report from Messrs. Marshall is, on the whole, very favorable. I am, as yet, without any report from Belfast; but I believe they are spinning and making the flax into cloth, with the view of shewing its capabilities.

This year I have distributed about two hundred bushels of seed in the townships of Bury, Lingwick, and Eaton, and as the season is much more favorable than last year, I anticipate a very good result; I hope also to have this flax water-retted and not dew-retted. There are besides large experiments being made in flax in the Bedford District of the Eastern townships, including the counties of Shefford, Brome, and Missisquoi. In the village of St. Armand, in the Bedford District, a woollen and flannel manufacturer, of the name of Lagrange, has purchased flax (some of that grown in Eaton) to mix with wool, and with a most satisfactory result.

The Eastern townships, generally, are exceedingly well adapted for flax growing. The soil of the valleys (intervale lands) is very fine, and the uplands are mostly of very good quality. We have generally more moisture than in Western Canada, although I fancy the Western farmers are generally more painstaking.

We possess very great facilities, not only for growth, but for the after preparation of flax, in the abundance of water for steeping, and water power for scutching and manufacture into linen,

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

R. W. HENNEKER.

Editor of the *British American Magazine*.

MONTREAL, August 10th, 1863.

DEAR SIR,—Absence from home for some time, and a pressure of engagements on the part of the writer since, have prevented an earlier acknowledgement of your much regarded favour of the 10th ult. We feel a deep interest in the culture of flax in this country, believing that, if properly developed, it may prove of very great value as a staple article of export and domestic manufacture. It has obviously this advantage over wheat, that it is not subject to the destructive attacks of insects and rust, which render the latter so precarious as a crop; nor does the market price of fibre and seed fluctuate so much as the cereals which have heretofore claimed the chief attention of the agriculturist.

We are convinced that a general adoption on the part of our farmers of systematic drainage, deep cultivation, and rotation of crops, with a considerable breadth devoted to flax, would render our agricultural interest extremely prosperous; and with its agriculture, every other species of industry would necessarily advance in a corresponding ratio.

crude straw* besides circulating such information among farmers as will enable them to effect the water-rotting process in a satisfactory and profitable manner, if they prefer it, within easy reach of a scutching machine.

With the view to promote the growth of flax and hemp, we imported a quantity of Riga flax seed and Piment hemp, for sowing, which we supplied at cost. We have a sample before us of Riga flax grown this season in this vicinity, which measures forty-six inches. This description of hemp (piment) grows from ten to twelve feet in height.

We purchase from twenty-eight to thirty thousand bushels of flax-seed annually, which produces from fifty to sixty thousand gallons of oil and about five hundred tons of linseed-cake. The latter is mostly shipped to Great Britain, for cattle food. Our machinery *could work up a much larger quantity if the seed could be obtained*. This department of our works is idle for a portion of the year on account of the paucity of the raw material.

We enclose a copy of a circular which we printed last spring for circulation in the rural districts, and we shall be happy to supply any further information which we may have it in our power to contribute, to promote an object which we deem so important.

We are, very respectfully,

Your most obedient servants,

LYMANS, OLARK & CO.

Editor of the *British American*.

* In the State of New York last year, the average crop in Niagara County was one ton of straw and fourteen bushels of seed to the acre. The Lockport Flax-cotton Company contracted last year with the farmers of the neighbourhood for flax straw at \$10 a ton. Flax seed is worth \$1.50 a bushel.

THE SETTLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. HOLIWELL.

Authoress of the "The Old World and the New," "The Earles in Canada," &c.

CHAPTER V.

NELLY.

Owing to fatigue and excitement, Lawrence slept to an unusually late hour on the morning succeeding her ravine adventure. Beautiful visions had haunted her sleeping hours, but as the sun rose in the heavens "a change came o'er the spirit of *her* dream." Claridge was cold and stern to her, large tears rolled down her cheeks, her breast heaved with sobs, and she was truly glad to be aroused from so painful a state, by Maggie unceremoniously shaking her. "Miss Lawrence, what ails yer? You're as white as a sheet, and crying like anything broken-hearted! Here's a letter for yer from Mr. Claridge, he brought it himself an hour ago, but I wanted you to rest yourself, I knew you were tired out last night—there, read it, and get dressed quick or yer pa will have to pour out his own coffee."

Lawrence wiped away her tears and tore open the missive. Her face clouded as she read; it was overflowing with true and honest affection, but there was an under current of pain, of mental suffering, she could not comprehend. He begged her to have a little patience with him, to grant him time to write home and receive an answer, before he spoke of his presumptuous hopes to her father. He had lately received a letter from his parents desiring him to leave Swinton, as his year was nearly expired, and locate himself in the neighbourhood of New London, but now he wished to alter their decision, and prayed her indulgence.

This was a real trial to Lawrence; she could hardly retire to rest the previous evening without telling her father all, and how to keep the secret till Hemsley could hear from England seemed an endless period of probation. It never occurred to her that though he had not falsified he had suppressed the truth, he needed an English letter, but not from his parents alone! Lawrence strove in her love to bear her forced silence cheerfully, but it preyed sadly on her light heartedness, and her father several times enquired so tenderly what ailed her, that she could scarcely restrain the impulse she felt to throw herself on his neck and tell him her secret. However, she strove in employment to find peace. Claridge enjoyed but little of her society, his presence gave her as much pain as

pleasure ; and her lover learnt that to tempt Lawrence from the straight path of duty, was not the way to promote her happiness or his own.

A welcome distraction arrived about this time in the person of Mrs. Sheldon, who reached Mapleton village, penniless and heartsick, early in June. She was pressed to accept the hospitality of the Vale, but respectfully declined, declaring her post was by her son, and beside him only could she take her rest. The unfortunate youth, who had so far recovered as to be able to walk about a little, displayed no pleasure at seeing his idolising parent, although the demonstration of her affection melted all who beheld it. He was rather annoyed than otherwise at her appearance ; she was a plain woman, and the foolish boy had bragged so much of his origin, and talked so grandly of his descent, that it was mortifying to his pride to acknowledge a mother who might well pass for a decayed housekeeper or retired tradesman's wife. Mr. Gilbert had endeavoured, at Miss Mapleton's suggestion, to interest him in a prospect of future study, and he had listlessly turned over a few law books, but there was no life in his actions, no energy in his intentions. He only craved for the rapid lapse of time, that he might own his small property and go to ruin as quickly as he could desire.

One of Mapleton's smallest cottages being vacant in the suburbs of the village, Lawrence persuaded Mrs. Sheldon to take possession, the young lady furnishing it in plain comfort from the superfluities of the Vale, Ailsie secretly adding considerably to its appointments. Had Ralph been moderately contented his mother would have been happy, she had not felt at home before for years, driven from lodging to lodging, and distracted for means to pay her rent. She was not an independent, proud-feeling woman, and Lawrence's way of doing a kindness could not offend any person, so Mr. Gilbert, to his infinite thankfulness, was left alone in his humble dwelling. The change was certainly satisfactory to both parties, for Sheldon's indolence and want of principle provoked the self-denying student as much as his severity and industry irritated the pleasure-loving stranger.

Miss Glegg's interrupted friendship with Lawrence was resumed, and they frequently made a call at Mrs. Sheldon's shanty ; they never saw the invalid, for frail in body and morose in mind, he shut himself up in his stifling little room, sometimes not vouchsafing a word to his devoted mother for a week together. He never recognized Ailsie's attentions to his parent, although that weak woman clung to the stronger, younger spirit from the first interview, and was never weary of dwelling on her charms to her son. Often through the long summer evenings the elder woman and the younger would sit in the porch, discussing the failings and peculiarities of the object of their mutual regard, poor, simple Mrs.

Sheldon never suspecting her companion of other motive than christian charity.

Miss Glegg frequently passed an hour at Mapleton Vale on her way home, and then music and conversation charmed the old Lieutenant into the belief that it must be his sad fancy that had stolen away the roses from Lawrence's cheek. Claridge was grateful to Ailsie for the opportunity of being with his lovely Lawrence, how sweet the privilege of turning over her music, of joining his voice with hers in pleasant harmony! What happiness to seek her soft glance and return it with one of liquid fire! To kiss a floating curl, a stray ribbon, a fallen flower that had graced her hair, or nestled in her bosom. The young girl felt his devotion, it gave her the wildest joy, only why could she not share it with her father? Why need they address each other as bare friends? Why veil their loving looks from a parent's indulgent eye?

Hemsley's reflections, when he gave himself time to reflect, were far from enviable; anxious thoughts of past folly, of may be a human heart aching for him across the Atlantic, disturbed his pillow and haunted his working hours. In Lawrence's presence alone could he find forgetfulness and peace, and now that favour was grudgingly granted him, for every moment of her leisure was devoted to her father, as if she sought in her attention to overcome the recollection of her deception, for deception her unwilling silence seemed to her transparent mind, accustomed from infancy to live in the full daylight of her father's eyes.

One evening after a long and pleasant ride with her father, Lawrence was struck with the ghastly pallor of Maggie's countenance as she opened the door. Before she could question her she was gone; but Lawrence, quickly throwing aside her habit, sought her in her own domain, the kitchen. She was working as energetically as usual, folding clothes for the next day's ironing.

"What is the matter, Maggie?" said her young mistress, "has anything gone wrong?"

"Don't come here, Miss Lawrence, with your softness and your pitiful ways, the curse of God is on me and mine! I wish I was dead, and cold, and stony like my heart. Go away, Miss, I hate you just now, I shall be rude and bad to you, and say things you ought not for to hear."

"Maggie, Maggie, hush! you are wicked to talk so, your face is pale with bitter anger; lay by your work and tell me what it is."

"I have nothing to tell you, Miss Lawrence, I can bear my own burdens, though savagely."

"But you might bear them meekly if you shared them with somebody. Has anything happened to the children? You frighten me, Maggie, you look so dreadful."

The woman had sunk into a chair beside her basket of linen, clenching

her hands tightly, as if resolved to preserve a dogged silence. Lawrence approached her timidly, but when she saw the unspeakable anguish that was depicted on her coarse features, every feeling was swallowed up in pity, and, loosening Maggie's clutched fingers by very force of tenderness, she knelt by her side, saying, "God afflicts not in anger but in love, Maggie, therefore we should submit, not rebel; accept the cross, and it will be lightened by the very submission. I know but little of real sorrow, but I have found my small troubles lessened by acknowledging the superior wisdom of our Heavenly Father, and waiting patiently for the end."

"There's no end to my grief, but death."

"Oh, Maggie! there is nothing irretrievable in this life, tell me your hopeless sorrow, let us see if there is no 'silver lining to the cloud.'"

Maggie looked straight into Lawrence's face, and in a hollow tone replied, "Nelly is ruined. I hope never to see her again alive."

"Maggie! Maggie!" shrieked Miss Mapleton, recoiling from her with horror, "curb your passionate tongue, God may grant your wicked prayer. How is Nelly ruined, where is she, what do you mean?"

"I do not know where she is, or what has become of her, I took her shoulders with my two strong hands and put her out of doors, bidding her never to seek my face again."

"What have you done? Nelly, so proud, so high-spirited, will take you at your word! If, indeed, she has sinned so deeply, the more she needs your tenderness; if your door is shut against her who will open theirs? I fear you have done very wrong, how long is it since you parted?"

"An hour, may be, but it seems twenty years to me."

"Put on your hood, Maggie, and let us go and seek her."

"Seek her that's brought shame on me? never!"

"Then I will go alone."

Lawrence gave a last look at the stony face to see if there were any relenting, then turned hopelessly away. She dispatched Paddy to explore the neighbourhood, while she walked to Mrs. Sheldon's cottage herself. Although it was getting late, Lawrence, brave at heart and strong in her good resolves, tripped quickly along unconscious of timidity. The summer moon cast a bright radiance over everything, and in a quarter of an hour she reached the cottage. Without questioning wherefore, she linked Nelly's misfortune with Ralph Sheldon, and fancied the unhappy girl might fly to her betrayer in her hour of need. What excuse to frame for her visit, when at the humble door, she knew not, excuses were never ready on Lawrence's lips; a simple observation saved her the trouble. The window was partially open, and through it issued a sound of reading; she stooped her head, and saw the pious mother, Bible in

hand, reading aloud to her son, who, stretched on his bed, was listening in sullen silence.

"There, mother, that will do," he exclaimed petulantly, "go to bed, you would go on buzzing all night, I believe,—give me a cigar, and leave me alone."

As Lawrence turned away heart-sick, but satisfied that Nelly had not sought Sheldon's roof for protection, she reflected that Mrs. Sheldon might achieve more by catering for her son's amusement than by aiming higher; a child must be taught to stand before it can walk, to learn its letters before it can read; so must a fallen human soul rise by short steps, we must be content to lead it by circuitous and flowery paths to the stern walk of virtue. Lawrence retraced her steps, sadly thinking of poor, pretty Nelly. Paddy returned after a couple of hours' fruitless search, and she was fain to submit to inactivity during the night; as usual all her anxiety was shared with her father, who severely blamed Maggie for her harshness. The following morning Lawrence renewed her efforts without reference to Maggie, whose hollow eyes and cadaverous face shewed the suffering she was enduring. Her master's words echoed in her ears, "Maggie, Maggie," he said, as she brought him his boots for his morning walk, "who made you a judge over Nelly? if you have meted to her according to her deserts, how will the same judgment find you?"

Claridge, indefatigable in everything that interested Lawrence, set his energy to work to learn poor Nelly's fate. Alas! it was so sad and sinful that oblivion had better have shrouded it forever.

Peter Waylett, the fisherman, while fishing the previous night, two or three miles below the village, where the rocks are steep and the water deep and dark, was attracted by a heavy splashing sound; he drew his net and rowed to and fro, till presently he espied a body floating near his boat, the bright moonlight revealed a human form of female mould, with long black tresses undulating like seaweed on the surface of the waves. With difficulty he lifted her into his small craft; the breath of life was scarcely flown, and he thought if remedies could have been instantly resorted to she would have recovered. He gained the shore as quickly as possible, his log shanty was close by, and he and his wife tried every means through the night to restore animation. Their efforts were useless. The stained, outraged, passionate soul of Nelly had sought another tribunal than the world's. Would Supreme Power exercise mercy or justice?

Claridge learned all this from Peter Waylett, whom he met in the village inquiring for Nelly's friends. Hemsley took him to Mapleton Vale to tell his story in his own unsophisticated manner. They found Lawrence and her father sitting on the verandah, a few words explained the cause of their visit. Plentiful tears rolled down Lawrence's cheeks

as she listened to the fisherman's simple recital; as he finished she became conscious of another presence, and looking up saw Maggie standing at the open window, with a face as rigid and livid as dead Nell's. She had heard all, she knew her wicked wish was granted, her mad words registered in fiery letters for eternity. Vain were Lawrence's compassion and pious soothings: no tears dimmed the stony glitter of her eyes, no bursting sobs relieved the anguish of her heart. Good Peter Waylett evidently believed poor Nelly's death was accidental, whatever Mr. Claridge and Mr. Mapleton may have thought, they spoke of it as a shocking casualty; but Lawrence and Maggie, though not acknowledging the dreadful certainty of Nelly's self-destruction to each other, felt a horrible conviction of her sinful suicide. Over and over again Lawrence realized the mad leap of the betrayed, goaded soul, into those dark deep waters. It was the first time in her life that gross sin had intruded its downward career and summary punishment on her observation, and the sight chilled her young soul with terror. It was not only Nelly she saw in the miserable event, but the weak and ignorant all over the world; she caught a glimpse of life, unjust, cruel, selfish life, and her heart grew sick and sorrowful. Poor Nelly's obsequies were conducted in the quietest manner. Miss Mapleton went to the humble shanty of Peter Waylett and wept over the pale corpse of her loved though humble companion, she smoothed back her rich black hair as she lay in her coffin, and exclaimed with a burst of indignant tears, "How wicked must the world be if such a tissue of wrong and sin could reach us here and lead a human soul to perdition! How can Divine Justice be satisfied with such a disparity of punishment, what misfortune that can overtake him can equal the misery of his victim? God of the poor and the fatherless, guide thy erring creatures and pity their frailty!"

"Were you speaking, Miss?" inquired Mrs. Waylett looking into the room, with a fat baby in her arms.

The interruption recalled Lawrence's wandering thoughts and restored her composure, and after thanking the fisherman and his wife for their christian charity, and recompensing them for their loss of time, she took her lonely way home. On the road she saw Maggie, bent and bowed, following an unfrequented path to Peter Waylett's shanty. No remark was made by Miss Mapleton as to her absence or the object of her visit, but she prayed earnestly that poor Nelly's dead face might preach a sermon to the mother's proud and rebellious heart. Nothing could exceed the kindness and indulgence of the young mistress to her stubborn domestic, and the strong woman's rough attention and undemonstrative affection proved that she was not indifferent. She strove, though with but little success, to moderate her harsh manners to the others, who clung to their mistress with tenfold the affection they felt for their

mother ; but as they were neither as self-reliant or as handsome as their unfortunate sister Miss Mapleton anticipated a happier destiny for them.

Poor Nell died with her dark secret unrevealed. Either she loved her betrayer too well to expose him, or she had a blind instinct of the uselessness of appeal to so selfish a nature for protection or reparation ; be that as it might, his sin was buried for ever from human sight, and no one, save Lawrence in the solitude of her own thoughts, linked Nelly's sad death with Ralph Sheldon. There are other murderers than those condemned and executed by public justice.

Claridge's long looked-for letters from England arrived at last, they proved satisfactory ; whatever little affairs he had to arrange were amicably disposed of, and he set off for the Vale in brilliant spirits. The first blast of autumn's breath had already painted the forest, and it was through an avenue of gorgeous hues that he approached the house. It was, indeed, a glorious evening in every respect, the light of joy returned to Lawrence's face when she learnt there was to be no longer a concealment from her father, she laughed at Hemsley's anticipations of paternal anger ; for now that other objections were removed he magnified his own deficiencies and Lawrence's wealth, and felt that nothing short of the passionate love he bore her could brace him up to the courage requisite to ask her hand from her idolising father. They parted with the understanding that Hemsley was to come in the morning and have a private interview with the Lieutenant.

CHAPTER VI.

MARRIAGE BELLS.

Lawrence could not sympathise with Hemsley's fears and sad prognostications concerning the way her father would receive his proposal. In vain he set before her the worldly estimate of the case, the probable selfishness that would be imputed to him from her father downwards to the most ignorant inhabitant of Summerford.

"Dear Hemsley," she whispered, as she walked through the hall with him on his way to the old officer's private sitting room, "I have been thinking of all you said last night, and the more I think about it the more I feel sure you are wrong. If papa were poor, he might object, because he would not like to see me want for anything, but as it is, what use would more money or land be to us ? Papa is a wise man Hemsley, he values other things besides wealth."

So, cheered by Lawrence's confidence and faith, Hemsley braced up his man's heart and entered the *sanctum sanctorum* of Mapleton Vale. This apartment, exclusively devoted to the master of the establishment,

was furnished and decorated with eccentric taste. The walls were hung with tapestry of Hindoo manufacture, a legacy from his brother, Ensign Mapleton of the Royal Bengal Artillery. Poor Horace! so dashing, handsome, and brave! he found an early grave under the tropic palms, another victim to the desolating pestilence that carries off more of Britain's sons in that unwholesome clime than all the ravages of war. In one corner were piled the vestiges of his naval career, and crowning all a French flag, that as a mere boy, a midshipman of a year's standing, he had by a bold stratagem taken from an enemy's ship, during a fierce encounter in the Baltic. Then there was his cabinet of treasures, so oddly ordered, strange specimens of ore and pebbles found on the Huron shore, mixed up with shells from the Mediterranean and the Baltic. Yet he never for a moment confused their history or their class. Leonore's letters, yellow and faded with age, were laid side by side with little memorials of Alice or of Lawrence's infancy, dead flowers, trifling articles of jewelry, &c. Mapleton was a man of reminiscences and dreams; fancies, fostered no doubt by the many years of utter isolation he had spent in the wild woods, before Lawrence with her innocent prattle followed him wherever he went, and left him no refuge from her loquacity. A small bookshelf comprised his library, he was not a studious or a learned man, he enjoyed the experimental sciences as far as he could prosecute them practically, he knew more of the plants, insects and birds of the country than most people, he was deeply interested in natural phenomena, and was so fond of exploring among the rocks and strata that the less enlightened villagers thought he expected to find a buried treasure. Vestiges of these pursuits adorned his room, stuffed birds, winged insects, different earths, wild herbs, aquatic plants, transformed his apartment into a miniature museum. The only link there to the external world of selfishness was a small, high writing desk, containing deeds, business letters and account books. Mapleton had a way of his own in business, and his book-keeping would have puzzled an accountant. Yet his affairs were always prosperous; he was just while he was benevolent, and, although liberal in giving, liked his due. That desk was never approached but when necessity compelled, yet if there was business to be done, it was done at once, no procrastination or flinching from present duty, he never indulged himself till work was over, but it was with a smile of satisfaction that he turned from "debit and credit" to his garden, his favourite studies, or his daughter.

The old gentleman was mending some fishing tackle when Claridge presented himself, he expressed no surprise at being sought in private for Lawrence had forwarned him of the visit though not of its purport, possibly he may have had his own suspicions. He went on with his employment consulting his visitor on the subject, and appeared so far

from suspecting any motive of importance to have influenced Hemsley in seeking the interview that the young man's courage almost failed him. At length, after a silence which it was his part to break, as Mr. Mapleton had made the last observation, he said desperately, "My father wishes me to leave Swinton as soon as I can, the very small capital he can afford to give me is at my disposal at once, and he suggests the neighbourhood of London as a desirable place for settlement, yet leaves it to me to decide, and thinks if I could get the benefit of your advice and experience it might be very useful to me."

"So, so, young man, you have made up your mind to live among us, to become naturalised, aye? Well I do not know that you could do better, but you should weigh well all you turn your back on, and count the friends you leave, before you resolve on a matter for life. I had seen more of the world than you have when I settled myself in this wild spot, and besides I had a powerful incentive that in your case is wanting."

"I have nothing to resign Sir, I daresay the world is well enough to those whom fortune favours, but to one like me, a poor parson's poor son, it turns a very cold shoulder. I do not know what your incentive was, but I doubt if it could have been a stronger one than mine."

"Indeed, I thought your motive in settling here, was the very laudable one of improving your fortunes?"

"That object is subservient to a higher."

"Well, well, I do not seek your confidence beyond what you voluntarily give me, I must believe your motive a good one, for I have watched your course with pleasure and appreciate your morals and your manners."

"I have sought your presence to-day Mr. Mapleton with the double intention of asking your advice concerning my pecuniary affairs, and of making known to you the high object I have in view. Imagine the utmost presumption the wildest ambition could prompt, then say if you can guess my incentive to energetic toil."

"Really, Mr. Claridge, you speak so enigmatically I am quite at a loss to imagine what you mean, when you spoke first of an incentive to action I thought most probably love quickened your arm, but now you refer to ambition I must own I can see no hope of gratifying it as a small farmer in an out of the way district, if you wish me to understand you, you must speak more plainly."

"Then Sir, I love your daughter! she is the goal of my expectations, the star of my future, let me speak before you overwhelm me with your reproaches, not intentional, not by design have I won her heart, or given her mine, far from it; I fancied I had left it behind me and sported in the sunshine of her presence secure in my armour. When I found out my error it was too late to retreat. I am aware of my numberless deficiencies, of my inferiority to her in all respects, I can only plead in

self defence that I love her, I believe as faithfully and truly as man can love, will you believe this? even if you forbid any engagement between us."

The old man passed his hand dreamily over his forehead, the great trial that he had been looking for the last year or two had come at last, and it was not so deadly a blow as he expected. If Claridge were ever so devoted, or Lawrence ever so fond, he had not the means to carry her off to his castle and leave him a prey to melancholy. There were bright lights in the picture and perhaps his daughter might be made happy without so great a sacrifice on his part.

"Does my daughter sanction this application to me?"

"She does," returned the young man, "indeed I sought this interview almost entirely at her instigation, for my own moral courage forsook me at the prospect of making such a proposal."

"And why?"

"What have I to offer your child but a devoted heart?"

"Are devoted hearts so common that she could afford to barter it for acres or bank stock? Hemsley Claridge I have expected this, and have watched you as I would my own son since your arrival here, and I tell you frankly that one offense in morals or manners would have banished you from my house. I am not going to pass an eulogium on you, I give you credit for too much good taste to tolerate it, but I will say that I would rather give my daughter to you, poor as you are, and poor and proud as your friends are, than bestow her on some selfish wretch, in whose eyes her wealth would be her chief charm, and although your circumstances lay you open to suspicions of your disinterestedness I know you are not actuated by base motives. I have watched your every look, noted your most trifling words, and I feel confident that although you are not steadily grounded in good habits and high principles, you aim to do what is right, and meanness and selfishness have no part in you. I do not fear that I shall have to repent of my generosity to you."

"Never, Sir, so help me God!" replied the youth wringing his hand with emotion, as much with gratitude at this voluntary tribute of good opinion as for his unparalleled kindness. The old gentleman said they must not keep Lawrence in suspense while they were settling details that could be arranged another day, he had better find her, tell her of his success and bring her to her father to receive his blessing. The ceilings were scarcely lofty enough for the elated lover, though it must be owned his rapture was somewhat damped by finding Lawrence quietly hearing Maggie's children read. How could she be so self possessed when he was so agitated? she did not feel much for the chance of disappointment when she could employ herself thus! The young creature burst into a fresh joyous laugh as he muttered his remonstrances.

"Dear Hemsley, there was no risk, I was as certain of papa's answer as I am of your love, I do not even ask you what success you have had, and you do not look so very pleased that I might take it for granted, still I know it, and am perfectly at ease and at peace in my confidence."

Claridge clasped her to his beating heart and whispered some confused words of angels, &c., that young men are apt to do in such circumstances, and then they returned to the Lieutenant's sitting room to talk over their happiness and receive his congratulations.

The following day Mr. Mapleton opened to Hemsley and his daughter his plans for their future. He could not spare Lawrence, he said, in his old age, he looked to her to close his eyes, had she been a boy he should have expected him to have taken many cares from his shoulders, and by attending to business and superintending the estate, he would have had leisure to follow those pursuits in which he found amusement, and go down peacefully to the grave. That task now devolved on Hemsley, he must take a son's place, there was a great deal to be done, his office would be no sinecure, he was particular to a figure at the same time he exercised judicious benevolence, and he expected his successor to follow in his paths and improve on his schemes.

"I shall be the master in honour and name," said the old officer, "you in power and work. You must rent out to advantage, clear the remaining wild land, improve that under cultivation, watch the funded interest, sell out, or buy in, according to the times, see that those in subordinate places do their duty, from Paddy upwards, reprimand the lazy and assist the unfortunate. Lawrence will take care of the old and the sick and keep a sharp eye to the school interest, between coaxing and admonition secure a good attendance of children both at the common and Sunday schools. Altogether my young friend your labours will be pretty onerous, does your courage fail you?"

"No indeed, only I doubt my capacity; at all events I must pray that my induction may be gradual lest your affairs fall into confusion through my ignorance."

"Now, that we may not have to revert to the subject again, as not being a pleasant one between relatives, I wish you to understand what your income will be, here is my last year's blue book, the revenue I trust, under your administration will not be less; it should increase every year for half a century to come. Well, as I was observing, you will there see the sum total of my returns, half of them for the future will be yours and your wife's."

Poor Claridge's cheeks flushed crimson; the old man opened the volume in question, and placed it in his hands, but the figures swam before his eyes and he was not much the wiser for his examination, the

only feeling of which he was sensible was that a lifetime of devotion was not sufficient to give to either father or child.

"Lawrence is a good housekeeper," continued Mr. Mapleton without noticing the young man's confusion, "and will never waste your means, trust her as implicitly as I have done, let me say this much to you, as an old man who has experienced life in many phases, and may be supposed to know something of mankind. Live together literally, never have a separate thought, as a good basis to begin the habit upon, never spend a cent without mutual account, don't be trying to make the other believe you are free from little faults and weaknesses, because human nature is frail; but be natural, be truthful to each other. If you, Lawrence, want a dress richer or more gaudy than Hemsley likes, tell him so, and say you would be the happier for it, and if Claridge wants to spend money in some Utopian scheme that he knows you would not approve, still let him consult you, talk over it together; listen to her view of the case Hemsley, combat it, go against it if you will, but do it openly, be ready from the beginning to say to each other, "I do not see it in your light, I like my own way best, I wish to do so and so," and let the other yield."

"I think, dear Papa, your homily will be useless, for we shall always be of one mind."

"Thank you, Lawrence, that was just what I was going to say," said Hemsley with a grateful smile.

"Well, children, put my axioms by, they will keep, only remember to bring them out when they are needed; by the bye, when are you going to leave Swinton's?"

Claridge looked at Lawrence who smiled and blushed, the old man understood the state of affairs and said with a sigh, "I suppose now that things are so far settled, it is of no use putting it off, and still less use for you to be giving your strength and labour to that rascal. Well, Lawrence, when is it to be?"

"When you and Hemsley will, papa."

"Say next Sunday then."

"Oh! papa, how can you!"

"You said when I will, and I will next Sunday, what is to prevent? You want no *trousseau*, the garden blossoms will make your bridal wreath, your muslin dress your wedding robe, Maggie will supply us with dainty fare and Mr. Muckle will be here to preside."

"Dear papa, say Christmas if you please, I wish to have some pleasure in dwelling on the past and looking to the future, let me live Lawrence Mapleton, your own darling, a little longer."

She threw herself on her dear old father's neck with such affection

that he could scarcely steady his voice to say, "Well, Claridge, what do you say?"

"Lawrence should have the privilege of deciding altogether, her wish is mine, whatever it may be.

"Very well begun really! then Christmas let it be."

Quickly indeed flew the intervening time to all the actors in the scene. Hemsley had many letters to write, to his parents, his sisters and the very few friends he wished to retain as a Benedict. Mapleton insisted on his keeping for his own immediate and private use the money sent out by his father, though he desired to throw his mite into the general stock. That he needed the supply may be well imagined by those who know the inroads farm work makes on garments of the strongest description, especially when, in addition to that, he had been in the habit of airing the best of his wardrobe in daily visits to the Vale. Then he had an opportunity of indulging his taste and affection in a few gifts to Lawrence, all well chosen, useful and lasting. The delight with which she put on the little pearl ring he brought her from New London had in it something childish, her young fresh feelings had never been blunted by any previous pleasures of the kind, and every delicate thought for her happiness and enjoyment was appreciated by her at its full value.

The news soon spread through the village, and everybody had their say on the subject.

"Poor young thing, to be snapped up by a fortune hunter," mumbled an elderly lady of the old maid type.

"Lucky dog," said Major Gleg, "he has played his cards well; what a fool old Mapleton must be!"

"Curse him," muttered Sheldon between his teeth, "to think that he can walk into that house and hang up his hat, without another thought but how to spend her money."

"I wonder whether Mr. Claridge really loves her," simpered Miss Terry, who had been to boarding school in London for a year and had read two or three novels.

Fortunately these remarks never reached those they affected, and with the exception of Claridge, who would most undoubtedly have winced under them, it is a question whether they would have excited aught but a laugh. Certainly the old Lieutenant had acted in a very unusual manner towards the young man, who, in spite of cash deficiencies, had presumed to love his daughter. Query: was he justified in so doing? Doubtless Mammon is the god of this world but is his universal worship a proof that it is a righteous one? Can even the most covetous or ambitious of worldly pelf say, in all candour to themselves, "Money is above worth, dollars above mind." Those who are not possessed of it

may be excused for valuing it highly, for it is a necessary evil, and existence cannot be borne without it, but surely for those who roll in affluence it may be permitted to look beyond the golden circle of their possessions, and recognize with a generous heart the natural nobility of some of earth's poorer children without society crying out "they are taken in," "they are imposed upon!" Let us honour the old settler, who, in his simplicity of heart and purity of motives, gave his pearl of price, all dowered with a goodly heritage of gold and land, to a faithful, noble youth, an adventurer, indeed, who had adventured his life's fondest hopes in a bark that could never founder; for it was built on high principles, rigged with purity and at the helm sat perfect love.

ORIGIN AND CHARACTER OF THE EARLY TRADE CONTESTS BETWEEN CANADA AND NEW YORK—THE ST. LAWRENCE *vs.* THE HUDSON.

BY J. GEORGE HODGINS, LL.B., F.R.G.S.

To non-commercial men, and other on-lookers, who have silently watched the ebb and flow of trade to the sea-board, by way of the St. Lawrence, it may be interesting to glance back nearly two centuries and recall the circumstances under which the early contest, in favour of trade between Canada and Europe *via* the St. Lawrence, began.

That the river St. Lawrence is the great natural outlet to the commercial trade of the vast country lying in the interior, and along both sides of the Canadian Lakes, is an obvious fact which requires no demonstration to prove it. It is self-evident. In later times, the artificial channels of the Erie Canal and the New York Central and Erie Railroads, have proved formidable rivals to the natural route of the St. Lawrence, which, even the additional aids of the St. Lawrence canals and Grand Trunk railway, have not yet been able wholly to overcome. But in early times, there were no such rivals, and the contest for supremacy then partook more of a tribal and warlike, rather than of a geographical or commercial character.

The great river systems of this continent are not only vast in their proportions, but are also marked by great physical distinctness. When we speak of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence, we at once associate with

the name of the one, the sunshine and perennial bloom of the South, and with the other, the periodical return of the silence and snow of the northern winter. Yet, they take their rise comparatively near to each other, in the same water shed, if not in the very same hilly ranges.

By a singular coincidence, the discovery of both these great rivers was due to the early French explorers of Canada, who, with sagacious foresight, sought at Quebec and New Orleans, to lay the foundation of future supremacy over the waters of each of these great arteries of commerce. Perhaps no chapter of the early history of Canada is so full of heroic incidents and daring exploit, as that relating to French Canadian explorations on this continent. Soon after the settlement of the infant colony at Quebec took place, this spirit of enterprise developed itself. Nor was it satisfied until the Saguenay, Richelieu, St. Maurice, St. Lawrence, Ottawa, and French rivers, and the St. John, Champlain, Ontario, Erie, Ste. Claire, Huron, Nipissing, and Superior lakes were successively traversed and opened up, for future traffic and enterprise. Even the then mysterious Mississippi was explored for many miles down its course, and subsequently to its mouth.

It cannot be said that this extraordinary activity in explorations was the result of a romantic zeal. The prosaic principle of gain, no less than the higher one of Christian benevolence, stimulated most of these efforts. The early projectors of colonization in this country, were made up of two great parties—those who looked upon Canada as a great field of Missionary labour, and those who looked upon it merely as a vast mine, out of which untold wealth might be obtained, with very little effort. The trading merchants of Rouen and Rochelle, as well as other royal chartered associations, pursued their plans in the spirit of this latter class and in antagonism to that of the former. By their narrow and exclusive policy they showed how lightly they valued the religious interests or material prosperity of the colony, as compared with its capability, in a wilderness state, to furnish so many thousand skins of wild animals every year. So completely was the very commercial existence of Canada bound up with each of these successive trading companies, that at one time the inhabitants could neither import articles from France, for themselves, or for trade with the Indians, without permission, nor purchase imported articles, except at the Company's stores, and at a fixed tariff of high prices. Even the royal Intendant himself, (M. Talon) had, in 1665, to implore the interposition of the French monarch, to prevent the colony from going to ruin under such a perniciously repressive system. The representations of the Intendant were listened to; and to the colonists was given "freedom of trade with the aborigines and with the mother country." M.

Garneau, in his *Histoire du Canada*,* thus refers to the deplorable state of the Colony, on the relaxation of the restrictive commercial *régime* to which it had been so long subjected. He says: "The commercial freedom thus accorded was really urgently needed, as every interest of the Colony had fallen into decay. The Sovereign Council (at Quebec) had felt constrained to multiply its restrictive regulations, to pacify certain sections of trades, and to foster special interests to the injury of others; insomuch that the collective industry of the Colony has been reduced to a state of bondage. Thus, for example, the Council tried to lower the monopolist prices (become exorbitant indeed) of the Company's merchandise, by issuing a tariff with lower rates, fixed by law. As a natural consequence, none of the commodities so depreciated by purblind authority, being brought to market at all, were to be bought at any price. Such a state of things, which, though it did not last long, went nigh to effect the perdition of the colony, ceased at once as soon as trade with the Savages and France was declared free."

Notwithstanding these restrictions, the staple traffic of the country was, in order to comply with the demands and expectations of the stockholders at home, vigorously prosecuted. In 1665, 550,000 francs worth of furs alone was shipped to France. Of course, every effort was made, and every expedient was resorted to, in order to obtain these furs from the Indians. The disputes and rivalry excited among the various tribes, were so strong and violent, that the general policy of the government of the day was often subordinated to the necessity of allaying or suppressing these internal disputes and disagreements.

During all this time, a powerful rival, like the youthful Hercules, was silently gaining strength and growing into prominence on the southern Atlantic seaboard. The English, having dispossessed the Dutch at Manhattan (New York) in 1663, and, being less phlegmatic than their predecessors, soon developed the peculiar energy and commercial activity of their race. Enjoying perfect liberty of internal trade, they gradually extended their forts and trading posts far into the interior. In doing so they were peculiarly fortunate in securing the active friendship of most of the celebrated Iroquois Indian tribes or cantons, whose hostility to the French and their Huron allies was both fierce and unrelenting. Nor was it without a sufficient cause that the Iroquois cherished this hostility. The first time they ever met was signalized by an unprovoked and murderous attack upon them by the French,—who had become the allies of their enemies, the Hurons,—and this was shortly afterwards followed up by another and still more decisive blow. With a singular want of sagacity, Champlain had, on his arrival in Canada, allied himself with the

* Bell's Translation, Vol. I., p. 220; Montreal, John Lovell

nearest Indian tribes. Without inquiring into the character or resources of the enemies of these tribes, he espoused their quarrels; and in the first few unequal encounters with the dreaded Iroquois, he gained an easy victory, by means of his destructive European weapons. Fearfully indeed were these unprovoked quarrels avenged. The injuries then inflicted were never forgiven. For more than a hundred years the fierce war whoop of the unappeased Iroquois scarcely ever ceased its echo among one or other of the French settlements,—which, in time, had stretched themselves from the lower valley of the St. Lawrence to the upper valley of the Ohio.

It is true that other causes tended to foster this vindictive feeling against the French on the part of the Iroquois; and the English colonists in New York did not fail to turn it to good account in their schemes of traffic. Having soon exhausted the supply of beaver within their own cantons or territories, the Iroquois were unable, without encroaching upon the beaver preserves of their neighbours to furnish a sufficient number of skins to satisfy their own love of gain or the demands of the English. As these preserves lay within the territory of their hereditary enemy, the Iroquois felt little compunction in invading them themselves and even in compelling the Indian allies of the French living there to furnish them with beaver to be sent forward to the English traders. This, in many cases, they were not loath to do after a little while, especially as the price paid by the Anglo-Iroquois trader for the beaver skin was higher than that paid by the French, while the articles supplied by the English in barter were cheaper. This was the case in 1670,—shortly after the Dutch ceased to hold possession of New York; and the fact was afterwards confirmed by Frontenac, in a letter addressed to Louis XIV. He says: "I consider it my duty not to conceal from you that the English rate the beaver carried to Orange (Albany) and elsewhere one-third higher than it is rated at the office of your Majesty's revenue; (*Ferme*;) and that they pay ordinarily in dollars, without making any of the distinctions customary here (at Quebec); and when merchandise is preferred, they furnish it at a lower rate, by half, than our merchants do."

In order to show exactly what was the difference of prices in the Indian trade at Montreal and Albany, in 1689, we give the following table:

<i>The Indian pays for</i>	<i>At Albany</i>	<i>At Montreal</i>
8 lbs. of powder.....	one beaver	four beavers.
A gun	two beavers	five beavers.
40 lbs. of lead	one beaver	three beavers.
A red cloth blanket....	one beaver	two beavers.
A white blanket.....	one beaver	two beavers.
4 shirts	one beaver	two beavers.
6 pairs of stockings....	one beaver	two beavers.

As might easily be supposed, a rival tariff of prices so favourable to the Indian, the half-breed, and the *coureurs de bois*, or white trappers, as well as to the increase of trade at Albany at the expense of Montreal, would need little argument to commend itself. Thus it proved; and in proportion as it was known did it lead to embarrassment and hostility on the part of the French authorities against the English traders. Neither friendly alliance nor national pride was proof against it. The Huron and Ottawa Indian allies of the French, secretly leagued themselves with the Iroquois to supply beaver to the traders at Albany; while the licensed French *coureurs de bois*, and even some of the highest French officials, were found either active agents of, or silent partners in, this forbidden traffic. In November, 1679, Duchesneau, the royal Intendant, thus writes on this subject to the minister of Louis XIV. at Paris: "The *coureurs du bois* . . . carry their peltries to the English, and endeavour to drive the Indian trade thither. Du Lut, the leader of the refractory, and who has ever been the Governor's* correspondent . . . shares whatever profits he makes with him and Sieur Barrois, his secretary, who has a canoe. Among his . . . the Governor takes the precaution to pass his beaver in the name of merchants in his interest; and if Du Lut experiences any difficulty in bringing them along, he will take advantage of the agency of foreigners." As an evidence of the value even then of the right kind of a *douceur* in this traffic, we quote the following curious passage from the same letter: "The Indians having included in their presents to the Governor some old moose hides and a belt of wampum, which they appreciate highly, but which the French do not value as much as they do beaver, he caused his interpreter to tell them, according to their mode of speaking, *that such did not open his ears*, and that he did not hear them *except when they spoke with beaver!*"

In the contests for the fur traffic between the traders of Montreal and Albany the latter had decidedly the advantage over the former in the more liberal system of trade established by the government. In Canada the fur and peltry traffic was chiefly in the hands of some chartered company or association, or in those of the government. No one was allowed to trade with the Indians for furs except by special license. Various other restrictions and charges were also imposed, in addition to the payment of a heavy royalty on each beaver or other skin brought to market. The license system led to great abuse; and the payment of the royalty and other exactions to farmers of the revenue, &c., were very onerous; besides, a high tariff of prices was generally fixed for articles supplied to the Indians and traders. In New York, the fur trade stood upon an entirely different footing. There every one was at liberty to embark in the trade at his pleasure, without restriction or without the

* Perrot, Governor of Montreal.

payment of any fee for the right of doing so. He could also sell articles in exchange for furs at such prices as he pleased, or could obtain for them. The revenue tax was limited to the payment of ninepence for every beaver skin exported; other skins were rated according to the beaver standard. It is easy to see under which system—that in force in Canada, or that followed in New York—the fur trade would flourish. It will be easily seen, too, how strenuous the efforts of the French traders would require to be in order to resist a rivalry so potent and so active. The Indians were not slow to perceive the nature of this rivalry; and they did all in their power, by sometimes supplying both parties and by fostering mutual dissension, to promote their own influence and to prevent an union of interests between the French and English traders, which would inevitably result in their destruction or subjugation.

As the English neared the St. Lawrence and the borders of the great lakes, the French sought, by extending their trading posts towards the North West, to maintain the balance of trade in their favour. Exploring parties were despatched far into the interior; and distant tribes were visited, and trading posts established among them. In this way many new discoveries were made far to the west and north. Nor did these efforts end in mere discovery. A chain of posts or trading forts was established, which not only gave the French an immense political influence over the aboriginal tribes scattered throughout the vast area, but also secured to them a territorial jurisdiction, for the very purpose of the peltry traffic which was then of the utmost importance to them. In this way the great rival entrepôts of European trade at Quebec or Tadousac, and at Albany or New York, were abundantly supplied; and for a time both enjoyed great prosperity.

Both the French and the English colonists were anxious to promote as large an export trade as possible between themselves and their respective countries. New York and Quebec were therefore, as long ago as 1670, in direct antagonism as to their commercial interests. The French sought to obtain from the neighbouring tribes, and from the interior as large a supply of peltry or furs as possible. The English were equally on the alert; and they had this advantage, that they were perfectly untrammelled in their trading operations with the Indians. They sold their goods cheaper than the French, and, in consequence of a brisker trade, were enabled to pay more for the peltries in exchange. As the trading influence of each party came more directly into contact, the prices of furs increased up to the English standard, while the desire to obtain them as the basis of trade became the stronger with each. Not only did the Iroquois continue to furnish large supplies to their allies, the English, but by their skill and prowess they were successful in inducing tribes far in the interior, and within the territory of

the French, to furnish them with beaver and other skins, so that they might resell them to the English. M. Talon, the Intendant, in a memorial to the King, dated November, 1670, estimates that "the English at Boston, and the Dutch at Manatte, (New York) and of Orange, (Albany) who are subject to them, attract, by means of the Iroquois and other Indian tribes, over 1,200,000 livres of beaver, almost all dry and in the best condition, part of which they use in trade with the Muscovites. All this beaver is trapped in countries subject to the King (Louis XIV.)" It was in this active or positive form of Anglo-Iroquois interference that the rivalry between the traders at Quebec and New York first commenced. So audacious an interference on the part of the Iroquois with the territorial trading rights of the French Colonists could not be permitted to pass unpunished. The French Governor of the time (M. de Courcelles) at once determined to inflict a signal blow upon the power of the insolent Iroquois. He marched straight into the very heart of their country, and for a time was highly successful in his efforts to compel them to respect his authority. But these and subsequent repressive efforts against a determined and interested enemy had but a temporary effect. The English took part with their allies, and silently and skilfully followed up every advantage of position and influence gained by the Iroquois.

At length the French and English came face to face in this conflict of jurisdiction of territory and of traffic, in 1686. In that year, Col. Thomas Dongan, Governor of New York, gave a pass to Col. Patrick Macgregorie, in command of a small party, to trade with the Ottawa Indians at Michilimackinac. Up to that time, Col. Dongan says, "No man of our government ever went beyond the Senecas [Senecas] Country"—near Niagara. Macgregorie was taken prisoner and sent to Montreal. Angry indeed was the correspondence which followed between the Governor of the aggrieved French colonists in Canada and the Governor of the aggressive English colonists of New York. The one haughtily denounced, while the other explained and temporised in diplomatic phrase. Nevertheless, the rival traffic went on; and many a bloody blow was struck by the Indian allies of either colony for the possession of some rich cargo of furs on its way to the rival trading-posts.

The French, being first in the field, could not brook the loss of prestige which the successful rivalry of the English traders on the borders of the great lakes or on the rivers in the Ottawa or St. Lawrence valleys produced. With sagacious foresight the French had erected palisaded enclosures around their trading-posts at Tadousac (Quebec), the River Richelieu, Trois Rivières, Montreal, and Cataroucy (Kingston). Subsequently, and as a counterpoise to the encroachments of the English, they erected palisaded forts at Niagara, Detroit, Sault Ste. Marie, Michili-

mackinac and Toronto. Thus, after Governor Dongan had sent Colonel Macgregorie to trade at Mackinac, the Canadian Viceroy, M. Denonville, wrote to the French minister, to authorize the erection of a fort at Niagara, which, he said, "would secure to us the communication between the two lakes, and would render us masters of the road the Senecas take in going to hunt for furs."—"This post would absolutely close the entire road to the Outaonacs against the English, and would prevent the Iroquois carrying their peltries to the latter." The post was accordingly erected in 1687, and named "Fort Margaret." Finding that this did not sufficiently accomplish his purpose, M. de Denonville shortly afterwards writes to the minister to say: "The letters I wrote to Sieurs du Lhu and de la Durantaye (of which I send you copies) will inform you of my orders to them to fortify the two leading passes to Michilimaquina. Sieur du Lhu is at that of the *Detroit* of Lake Erie, and Sieur de la Durantaye at that of the portage of *Toronto*. These two posts will block the passage against the English, if they undertake to go again to Michilimaquina." Nor on their side were the English idle. Creeping gradually up the Hudson River, they erected armed trading posts at Albany and up the Mohawk valley, until at length they boldly threw up a fort at Oswego,—mid-way between Frontenac and Niagara.

Although the English governors of New York were to a great extent held responsible for the conduct of the Iroquois towards the French, it is clear that they were not only unable in many cases to restrain them, but the English were themselves often equally the object of attack or dislike. Thus M. de Denonville, in a memoir on the State of Canada, dated 12th Nov., 1685, speaking of the Iroquois, says: "Even the English in Virginia have suffered, and still daily suffer from them;" and in his memoir on the same subject, dated 8th October 1686, he adds: "The Iroquois have no other design than to destroy all our allies, one after another, in order afterwards to annihilate us; and in that consists all the policy of M. Dongan and his traders, who have no other object than to post themselves at Niagara, to block us; but until now they have not dared to touch that string with the Iroquois, who dread and hate (the) domination (of the English) *more than ours*, loving them not, in truth, except on account of their cheap bargains." As to the character and policy of the Iroquois towards the French and their allies, we find M. de la Barre thus speaking of them, in a letter to the Minister of Louis XIV., dated 4th of November, 1683. He says: "That nation (the Iroquois) the strongest and shrewdest in all North America, having, twenty years ago, subjugated all their neighbours, turned their attention to the trade with the English of New York, Orange, (Albany,) and Manette (New York); and *finding this much more profitable than ours*, because the Beaver (exempt from the duty of

one fourth which he pays here, (Quebec) is much higher there than with us, they sought every means to increase it; and as they perceived that they could not succeed better in that than by destroying the Outaouax, (Ottawa Indians,) for thirty years our allies, and who alone supply us with *two thirds* of the Beaver that is sent to France, they, * * * after having excited all the five cabins, (or cantons) declared war against these people, doubting not but they would easily master them. This done, they would absolutely intersect the path to the South, by which our French go trading with licenses, and prevent the farther Indians bringing any beaver to Montreal, and having mastered the post of Missilimakinac, establish a new one there of themselves alone and the English."

The determination of the Iroquois to extirpate the Ottawas so as to control their beaver traffic and thus "intersect the trading path" of the French "to the South," was no doubt due to the refusal of Count de Frontenac to permit the Ottawas to enter into a treaty for trade with the Iroquois some years before. By this treaty the Iroquois "offered to supply the Outaouaes with all the goods they required, and the latter were to carry to them generally all their peltries, and the exchange was to take place on Lake Ontario." Frontenac, in his *Journal of a Voyage to Lake Ontario in 1678*, remarks: "The only way to traverse and upset this negotiation was, as had been frequently before proposed, to establish a post on the same lake, which would prevent the communication of the nations of the South with those of the North, and force the latter to continue to bring us not only the peltries that usually come by the river of the Long Sault, but even those our neighbours (the English) profited by, through the facility of being able to cross the lake without any impediment."

Of these Ottawa Indians and their usefulness to the French the royal Intendant, M. Duchesneau, thus speaks in his memoir to the French government, dated 18th Oct., 1681. He says: "The Ottawa Indians, who are divided into several tribes, and are nearest to us, because through them we obtain beaver; and although they, for the most part, do not hunt, and have but a small portion of the peltry in their country, they go in search of it to the most distant places, and exchange for it our merchandise, which they procure at Montreal. * * * They get their peltries, in the North, from the people of the interior, * * and in the South from the (Sacs, Foxes, Pottawatamies, &c.)

Notwithstanding all the efforts made by the French to restrict the traffic in beaver skins and peltry within their own territories to the St. Lawrence route, they were in the end powerless to accomplish it. They at one time interdicted trade with the Anglo-Iroquois;—then they made

them presents ;—again they threatened them—made war upon them—invaded and desolated their villages ;—they made treaties with them, and urged and intreated the Dutch and English to restrain them, and even sought to make the latter responsible for their acts—but all in vain. As the tide silently rolled in upon them, and the English, who were always heralded by the Iroquois, advanced northwards and westwards towards the St. Lawrence and great lakes, the French, still gallantly holding their old forts in their possession, also pressed forward before them and occupied new ground. With singular sagacity, too, they selected the best spots, whether for defence or offence, or for interrupting trade. To this day the sites of their trading forts at the narrows or straits of Kingston, Niagara, Detroit and Mackinac, are considered strategic points of great value and importance.

Having exhausted these means of preserving the peltry trade of the great St. Lawrence valley to themselves, two other schemes were successively proposed. The one—that of war against the English Colonists and their Indian allies—had been tried, though in rather a desultory manner. It was therefore thought that a war on a scale commensurate with the object to be sought against—that of conquest—should be undertaken. But apathy at home and want of ability in Canada, prevented this scheme from being fully carried out. One other plan remained—in case all attempts to detach the Iroquois from their English alliance should fail—and that was the possession by purchase of all the English strongholds and trading posts in New York. This accomplished, the Iroquois could be inevitably crushed, then destroyed, and the whole Sovereignty of the rival colonies transferred to the French monarch. This scheme was warmly advocated by the royal Intendant, Duchesneau, in 1681 ; by the Viceroy Denonville, in 1685 ; and by the Viceroy as well as De Callières, governor of Montreal in 1687 ; but it was not considered feasible by Louis XIV. The idea of conquest was, after a while, revived with great energy, by DeCallières, as the only means of saving Canada. The King at last consented ; appointed DeCallières prospectively first French governor of New York, and sent minute instructions to Frontenac, in 1689, for conducting the expedition. The project was, however, abandoned, in 1690, by the King's express orders, but was again revived in 1701, with no better effect—D'Iberville, the naval officer appointed to conduct the expedition, having reported upon it as "visionary."

From this time until the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1714, a continued system of warfare was kept up, chiefly between the rival maritime colonies. After that the French peltry traffic declined ; and events of graver moment occupied the attention of statesmen and politicians both in Europe and America. These events eventually culminated in that mo-

mentous one which led to the separation of Canada from France, in 1759, and for ever put an end to the struggle between the French and English colonies for supremacy among rival Indian tribes, and for the monopoly of the fur trade. Little did those, however, think who were then the victors, that within twenty years their own proud flag would be ignominiously lowered at the seat of their power in New York. Little too did they know then that hereafter they would be compelled to maintain at Quebec the struggle in favour of the St. Lawrence route to Europe, which the vanquished French colonists had so valiantly done against them during the preceding one hundred years.

We hope to devote a future paper to the discoveries and trade of the rival colonists in the Hudson's Bay Territories.

THE SALMON QUESTION IN CANADA.

The title of this article will, we fear, be sufficient to cause many of our readers to turn from it with indifference, as if it related solely to Lower Canada, or involved merely matter of amusement for the wealthy or of recreation for the sportsman, but such is not the case, the whole population of the province, especially of *Upper Canada*, are, if they only knew it, deeply interested in it. So strongly was the value of the Salmon as an article of food and an article of commerce felt in England at the time of the passing of Magna Charta, that that title deed of her liberties includes a stipulation for "the free run of Salmon" in her Rivers and Estuaries, which present practice unfortunately denies to them in Canada.

The Salmon is a production of nature adapted for man's nutriment which is self-sown, self-grown, self-reared and self-ripened, without any demand for space, care, seed or investment of human pains or money. Salmon flock of their own accord to our Rivers and there deposit their spawn. The spawn is quickened into life and myriads of little fish soon swarm in the stream. At the beginning of May, and during the remainder of that month and June these young fish swim down the rivers to the open sea. There, in their natural feeding grounds, they fatten so rapidly that they increase in weight, five, six, seven and eight pounds in as many weeks. This has been most satisfactorily proved at the artificial breeding establishment at Stormontfield, on the Tay, where, the smolt of three ounces weight, unmistakably marked, and

liberated in March and April, has been recaptured in June and July of the same year, a grilse of five or six pounds weight. But the singular point of the case is that after fattening himself in this manner, he will, of his own free choice, come back again to be killed. The same instinct which took him off to sea brings him back again to the River. He will infallibly return from his pasture to his nursery, and there offer himself for capture without any cost for keep, for attendance or for transport. He will make flesh more rapidly, than any cake fed ox or any milk fed hog, and do it all for nothing. The only thing he asks is not to be interrupted—not to be stopped when he comes to our Rivers to breed—not to be turned back when he goes away to grow. All the rest he will do for himself, and will add pound after pound to his own substance for our benefit and pleasure if we will but leave him alone to do it.

But it is a strange instance of mortal perverseness that the only crop which costs us nothing to raise, should have been already all but extinguished in the upper portion of the province, and is upon the very verge of extinction in a great part of the lower. No fish, flesh or fowl ought to be so cheap or plentiful in Canada as Salmon, whereas it has hitherto been the dearest of all, without a shadow of reason or necessity. We set impassable barriers across our streams in the shape of inaccessible milldams to keep them out—yet they exhaust themselves and die in trying to overleap the obstacles.

The Law—22nd Victoria Chap. 62, Sec. 27—enacts that the owners of such dams or slides shall maintain in each of them; “a fishway of such form and dimensions as shall be determined by the Superintendent of Fisheries, under a penalty of four dollars for each day on which he shall fail so to do after two months notice by the Superintendent.” Yet it is notorious that hundreds of mill-dams, without fishways, are still in existence in Canada East and Canada West, and no one appears to be aware that any serious effort has been made in either section of the Province to put the Law in force.

Thus we persist in destroying our own harvest in defiance of the law, whereas if we withheld our hands there would be hardly any limit to the produce. Never did tariff take so grotesque an expression as this. Salmon endeavour to import themselves, free of charge, for our consumption, and we put a prohibitory duty on this bounty of nature.

This really involves public as well as private interests—the people at large should not be damaged while millers are suffered unpunished to commit this wholesale destruction of nutritious food. It is only destruction of this kind and spearing on the spawning beds, which requires to be prohibited. We are so fortunately situated, that the salmon come by force of instinct to our rivers, without allurements of any kind. They want only a free passage up and a free passage down ;

or at least so far free that they may increase, multiply, and go on without material hindrance.

And let it not be imagined that the western section of the Province is unconcerned in this matter. Thirty years ago, almost every stream tributary to the St. Lawrence from Niagara to Labrador on the north side, and to Gaspé on the south, abounded with salmon; while at present, with the exception of a few in the Jacques Cartier and the St. Francis, there is not one to be found in any river between the Falls of Niagara and the City of Québec:—all have fallen victims to the impassable mill-dams, and there can be no doubt that were they removed, or the fishways which the law prescribes attached to them, they would again abound with salmon, and proprietors on their banks would find it to be their interest to aid the officers of Government in protecting the spawning fish.

Many persons in Toronto know that the true salmon are still taken annually at the mouths of the Credit, the Humber, and at Bond Head, during the month of May, which is earlier than they are usually killed below Quebec, proclaiming, as it were, that if the streams were open to them, they would again ascend them, stock them with their offspring, and provide for the people of Upper Canada an abundant supply of the most valuable of fresh-water fish. But this will never be effected until the Superintendents of Fisheries are taught fearlessly to prosecute every man who maintains on any river any effectual obstruction to their ascent of it.

Having said so much on this branch of the subject, let us make a few brief observations on the Rivers—east of Quebec—which still abound with salmon, and on the mode by which these rivers might be made to render an annually increasing revenue to the Province.

The number of these streams—according to the official advertisement of the Crown Lands office—which is not accurate—is *sixty-seven*. But suppose the number to be fifty, and that they hold some proportion in the numbers of their fish, and their consequent commercial value to the Rivers in Europe—what ought to be the revenue derived from them?

The English newspapers state that the Duke of Richmond recently refused an annual rent of £15,000 sterling—for thirteen years—for the fishery of the River Spey in Scotland, now there are the very best reasons for believing that amongst our Canadian Rivers there are many as productive as the Spey, and that the only obstacle to the Government's deriving a large income from them, is the difficulty and uncertainty of reaching them and returning from them by sailing vessels,—while there are hundreds of noblemen, gentlemen, professional men, and merchants in the British Islands who pay high rents for every river there and in Norway where a fish of a pound weight is to be caught, and many

of the latter classes in Canada and the United States, who would gladly pay large annual rents for our Canadian rivers, if they could only enjoy the recreation of fishing them for a brief period, and be certain of returning to their occupations at a fixed time.

If the Commissioner of Crown Lands, and the Commissioner of Public Works would co-operate—the former by advertising during the Winter in the English, American and Canadian Papers—and the latter by causing the Government Steamers to make a trip to and from the Salmon Rivers every fortnight during the months of June and July, there can be no doubt, but that the Government would immediately derive an increased revenue from these Rivers—the resources of the country be considerably developed, and its valuable fisheries better appreciated. It is not intended to suggest that the Government Steamers should carry anyone on these trips, free of cost, on the contrary, a remunerative tariff should be adopted, and the vessels should, at the same time, convey oil, stores, &c., to the various light houses and depots on the coast, which would be an economical course, compared with their present system. For some reason, which it is not easy to fathom, the masters or managers of the Government Steamers have steadily set their faces against calling at the Salmon Rivers. On two occasions, Sir E. Head left Quebec in the *Napoleon*, with the intention of calling at the Godbout, but the master flatly refused to stop there, spoke of danger and responsibility, and carried Sir Edmund on to Mingan in spite of him. The absurdity and futility of such pleas have been fully demonstrated by the fact that the Steamer “*Arabian*,” chartered by private individuals, has stopped, and loaded and unloaded, and embarked and disembarked her passengers, at the Godbout and the Moisie, for the last two years, without the slightest danger, difficulty or inconvenience.

If the course advocated should be adopted, advertisements should be sent abroad with no niggard hand; and should be soon set forth, in order that the information they will contain may reach Europe, the United States and Canada, in time to enable speculators, fishermen, and tourists to make their arrangements for the ensuing Spring and Summer.

With regard to the efficiency of the Fishery Act, as far as salmon are concerned, there can be no doubt but that that Act, with the orders in council supplementary to it, leave nothing to be desired in the way of legislation, if they were only honestly and earnestly carried out by the Superintendents of fisheries, which hitherto, has not been done. Progressive improvement has been very evident in all the Rivers which have been properly protected, in all of which great multitudes of young fish, have, for the last three years, been observed descending towards the sea, thus affording bright prospects of abundance of salmon for the future.

The following suggestions for the further improvement of the salmon fisheries, in addition to those already mentioned, are, we think, worthy of serious consideration.

1. That the present system of leasing them should receive the consideration of the Government, with a view to ascertaining whether it would not be beneficial to the Rivers, to the lessees, and to the Government that they should be let for longer periods than at present.

2. That the removal of obstacles—the application of fishways to mill-dams, and the artificial propagation of salmon, should be immediately proceeded with in every River in Upper and Lower Canada, where salmon formerly abounded. The two former should be carried out by the Superintendents of fisheries, for the latter, a person well acquainted with the process, should be imported from France or Ireland. The ova of the salmon should be procured in the Autumn, in the Rivers on the North shore of the St. Lawrence below Quebec, carefully preserved during the winter, and largely sown—before their development, in the Spring, in the streams west of that city.

3. The subject of bag or stake nets fixed in the sea—i. e., the River St. Lawrence—will require the consideration of the Government—whether such nets drive the fish from the coasts, and are consequently more injurious than nets placed within the Rivers, is a question which is at present agitating all the British Islands, and upon which such evidence has been adduced before the British Parliament that no doubt can exist upon the subject. But in no part of the world have such flagrant abuses been committed by the use of these iniquitous machines as have been perpetrated in Canada.

It is the fashion, however, amongst the maintainers and proprietors of the stake nets and brush weirs in the St. Lawrence to accuse their opponents of being merely selfish fly fishers, who, for the promotion of their sport, would willingly sacrifice the wealth which the Province derives from these engines, and deprive its population of a valuable and luxurious article of food.

If this question be examined ever so briefly it will be found, that these maintainers and proprietors are in reality the selfish parties, who, for the gain they derive from their ruinous machines, have already deprived more than one-half of this Province of that noble fish, the Salmon, and do not hesitate to drive from our shores the Whale, the Halibut, the Cod, the Mackerel and the Bar, by depriving them of the food which instinct teaches them to seek in our magnificent estuary.

Turn for a moment to page 172 of the Report of the Commissioner of Crown Lands for 1862, lately laid before Parliament, and there we find the following words from the pen of the Superintendent of Fisheries in Upper Canada. "*The system of extending wattle fences in the St.*

Lawrence has, in a great measure, destroyed the salmon fishery of Upper Canada."

What this gentleman calls "watling fences," are better known in Lower Canada as Brush weirs, which are the most destructive description of stake net, for they are *always* fishing, by day and by night, on Sunday and holyday, they kill every sized fish, from the salmon of 40lbs. to the salmon fry of two inches long, and these they take while the tide is rising and while it is falling, in fact there is no cessation to their evil doings, they take the sardine, the capelin, the herring, the smelt and the salmon smolts, in *hundreds of millions*, and so far diminish the food which the cod, the mackarel, the bar, the halibut, and the whale seek on our shores.

These destructive engines have been abolished by legislative enactment in England and Scotland, and a Bill for their removal from the Irish rivers has been read a second time in the present session of the Imperial Parliament, and is probably, by this time, the law of the land.

No protective measures, however stringent, no expense in the artificial propagation of salmon can be of the slightest avail in restoring the lost salmon to the denuded streams westwards of Quebec, while these machines annually destroy the smolts in millions, either to be boiled down into oil or to *manure the fields on the banks of the lower St. Lawrence*. As well might we hope to encourage immigration to our country by placing rocks and snags in the course of our Ocean Steamers, and digging pitfalls in our rail roads.

But here the advocates of the stake nets meet us with the question, "If you abolish stake nets in the St. Lawrence, how will you supply the market with salmon?" The answer is easy—let the lessees of the tributary streams set stake nets if they please—in the Rivers for which they pay rent, then for their own sakes they will not exterminate the breeding fish. Let each lessee kill the fish for which he pays the Government.—Let the highway be open to the salmon, and so give Upper Canada a fair share of that noble fish, but restrain those who pay nothing, or merely a nominal sum for a license to fish, from destroying the most valuable fisheries of the Province.

These traps for the destruction of the salmon are a comparatively recent Scotch invention, the introduction of which has caused endless litigation, much bloodshed, and a sad diminution in the numbers and size of the fish in the British Islands. Can it then be wise or prudent to continue their use in Canadian waters? Is it right that Upper Canada should submit to be deprived of the finest of all fish for the benefit of their grasping owners? None of the difficulties which beset the British Government in getting rid of them beset us in Canada. In the former, the conflicting claims of landholders on the estuaries,

on the banks of the lower portions of the rivers, and in the upper and breeding parts, have rendered it nearly impossible to do justice to them, or, what is still more difficult, to satisfy all the claimants. But in Lower Canada, all the estuaries and all the salmon rivers are the undisputed property of the Crown, and Her Majesty's Government can have no difficulty in making proper regulations for fishing them. To legalize by act of parliament engines, which placed in the paths of the salmon capture undue quantities, and in greater proportion than they can be produced, is not only an act of cruelty but of sheer stupidity; and when these are fixed in the tidal portion of a river, they become nuisances and obstructions to navigation.

Messrs. Ffennell and Barry, the British Commissioners of Fisheries, have, in their last six reports, uniformly and utterly condemned the use of these destructive nets. But our Canadian legislators appear to close their ears to the voice of experience, and to adopt what the British legislature is occupied in repudiating.

4thly. Each Overseer of Fisheries, being a Justice of the Peace, should be authorised and empowered, in cases of necessity, to swear in special constables, and to charge the Department for their expenses while he employed them in preventing encroachments or in apprehending offenders, which expenses might be eventually charged upon the lessees of the Rivers where the offences were committed. Powerful schooners, British and American, with numerous crews, many of them of reckless character—are in the habit, during the summer, under various pretences, of anchoring in the mouths of the Rivers, and, by illegal and unauthorised fishing, by inviting the peaceful habitants and Indians to intemperance and infraction of the Law, and by throwing the offal of the fish they catch into the streams, doing an immense amount of mischief. It frequently happens that the crews of two or more such schooners unite in these lawless depredations, and it must be self evident that an overseer of Fisheries, single handed, must be powerless in their presence, and that they can have no difficulty in escaping where they have plundered the lessees, and, as in some cases—outraged the inhabitants.

In conclusion we would express an earnest hope that the present Session of the Provincial Parliament will not pass away, without due attention having been given to this matter by the Commissioner of Crown Lands, and the passing of a Bill to remedy the evils complained of, which will have the effect of inducing mercantile men and capitalists to embark in our fisheries, thus developing the resources and increasing the revenue of our country.

REVIEWS.

A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe. By John Wm. Draper, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York, Author of a "Treatise on Human Physiology," &c., &c. New York : Harper & Brothers. Toronto : Rollo & Adam.

The special object of the work, of which the title is given above, is to demonstrate these two propositions, to wit : first, "that social advancement is as completely under the control of natural laws as is bodily growth ;" and secondly, that "the life of an individual is a miniature of the life of a nation." It is presented by its author as the completion of a work previously published by him on Human Physiology, in which man was treated of as an individual, and contains the evidence of a physiological argument respecting the mental progress of Europe, of which he read an abstract at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Oxford, in 1860. The fruit of many years thinking it is now (though substantially finished so long ago as 1858) submitted, we are told, "with many misgivings as to its execution to the indulgent consideration of the public." To such consideration Dr. Draper is certainly entitled, both on the ground of the difficulty of the subject and the ability with which he has acquitted himself.

The work possesses, it will be observed, a two fold character, that, namely, of a history, and a scientific explanation of the history—two things so distinct as to leave the acceptance of the one quite compatible with the rejection of the other, should the arguments adduced in its favour be deemed insufficient.

Of the principle lying at its base, laid down and illustrated in chapter first, that the universe, including the individual and social life of man, is subject to law there can be no reasonable question. It is involved in every notion of a plan on the part of the creator, and established by the correspondences in the results everywhere evolved. The mode, however, in which the law operates and the measure of force exerted by it, in the case especially of man, remain open questions after the recognition of the fact ; and they are questions whose importance cannot be over-estimated. In dealing with them all reasonable freedom should be allowed on the one hand, and all reasonable caution observed on the other. Whatever exerts an influence should, as far as practicable, be carefully noted, and each element contributing to the general result be credited with its own share in it. The process will be vitiated, and consequently the reliableness of the conclusions reached be destroyed, if this principle be violated, whether by the ascribing of power to that which exerts none, the denying of it to that which does exert it, or the making of it in any case less or more than it is.

In shaping man's history, whether in his individual or social character, three elements will be found, speaking generally, co-operating, to wit : the constitution given him by his Creator ; the circumstances by which he is surrounded ; and the power exerted by him through the medium of his will.

These might, perhaps, be reduced to two, by including the last under the first, all that is needful being gained if the *fact* of freedom be granted and the measure of its influence be easily assigned. The former is done without hesitation by our author, who differs in this respect from the late Mr. Buckle, who not merely denied freedom to man, subjecting him without help to the mercy of causes purely physical, but went so far as to argue against the reliability of consciousness for the purpose of depriving us of the evidence of it which every one feels he has in his own breast. Inasmuch, moreover, as everything which exerts a moulding or modifying influence upon us, not even excluding revelation, produces its effect ultimately in harmony with and through means of our nature, if the term organization be made to cover the whole of that (the mental construction and the fact of freedom, as well as what is merely bodily,) there may possibly be no great harm in speaking of it as controlling, no serious error, at all events, though we would regard it as a mode of expression very liable to be misunderstood.

Seen through the medium of physiology history presents, our author holds, a "new aspect to us." We gain, he thinks, by so viewing it, "a more just and thorough appreciation of the thoughts and motives of men in successive ages of the world." This we can accept without difficulty; but the statement that "the equilibrium and movement of humanity are altogether physiological phenomena," appears to us too strong. In this and certain other passages, not very numerous, some modification of the phraseology might be useful in the way of helping to prevent mistake on the part of readers, to whom some of the thoughts, being possibly new to them, may seem startling.

Holding that there is "a progress for races of men as well marked as the progress of one man," and that "the march of individual existence shadows forth the march of race existence, being, indeed, its representative on a little scale," Professor Draper selects the intellectual class as forming the true representative of a community; in other words, he adopts intellectual development as his test or measure for the determination of the progress reached in any given case. Such development manifesting itself in the five forms of Philosophy, Science, Literature, Religion, and Government, he sketches the movement of each of these as exhibited in the history of Greece, which, as the eldest member of the European family, may, he conceives, be taken as a type of the others. As a matter of convenience, he divides the intellectual life of the type thus chosen into arbitrary periods, distinct from though merging into each other, which he designates: 1, the Age of Credulity; 2, the Age of Inquiry; 3, the Age of Faith; 4, the Age of Reason; 5, the Age of Decrepitude;—answering to periods in the individual life specially marked by these characteristics—each of which he passes in review for the purpose of gathering its contents.

From a state of comparative barbarism he traces the progress of Greece, through the gradations named, up to the high point of civilization ultimately attained by her—which qualified her for the place, which she has so wondrously filled, of leader in the march of Mind.

The Greek religion the author shows to have carried in itself the seeds of its own dissolution, involving, as it did, a vast mass of misconception in the regions alike of philosophy and fact. "Two circumstances," he remarks, "of

inevitable occurrence, insured the eventual overthrow of the whole system ; they were geographical discovery and the rise of philosophical criticism." For illustration of these, see pages 32-37.

A rapid expansion of the Greek Intellect took place after the First Olympiad—one effect of which is stated to have been that it became "ashamed of the fables it had believed in its infancy. Of the legends, some are allegorized, some are modified, some are repudiated. The great tragedians accept the myths in the aggregate, but decline them in particulars ; some of the poets transform or allegorize them ; some use them ornamentally as graceful decorations. It is evident that between the educated and the vulgar classes a divergence is taking place, and that the best men of the times see the necessity of either totally abandoning these cherished fictions to the lower orders, or of gradually replacing them with something more suitable." With the poets the philosophers and historians sympathized, imitating at the same time their course.

"The immoralities," remarks Dr. Draper, "imputed to the gods were doubtless calculated to draw the attention of reflecting men, but the essential nature of the pursuit in which the Ionian and Italian schools were engaged bore directly on the doctrine of a providential government of the world. It not only turned into a fiction the time honoured dogma of the omnipresence of the Olympian divinities—it even struck at their very existence by leaving them nothing to do. For those personifications it introduced impersonal nature or the elements. Instead of uniting scientific interpretations to ancient traditions, it modified and modelled the old traditions to suit the apparent requirements of science." Of this the necessary issue was "that the Divinity became excluded from the world he had made, the supernatural merged in the natural agency ; Zeus was superseded by the air, Poseidon by the water ; and, while some of the philosophers received in silence the popular legends, as was the case with Socrates, or like Plato recognized it as a patriotic duty to accept the public faith, others, like Xenophanes, denounced the whole as an ancient blunder, converted by time into a national imposture. (pp. 35, 36.) "The rise of true history brought the same result as the rise of true philosophy."

"In apparent inconsistency with this declining state of belief in the higher classes, the multitude, without concern, indulged in the most surprising superstitions. With them it was an age of relics, of weeping statues, and winking pictures. The tools with which the Trojan horse was made might still be seen at Metapontum, the sceptre of Pelops was still preserved at Orchomenia, the spear of Achilles at Phaselis, the sword of Memnon at Nicomedia ; the Tegeates could still show the hide of the Calydonian boar, very many cities boasted their possession of the true palladium from Troy. There were statues of Athene that could brandish spears, paintings that could blush, images that could sweat, and endless shrines and sanctuaries, at which miracle-cures were performed. Into the hole through which the deluge of Deucalion receded the Athenian still poured the customary sacrifice of honey and meal. He would have been an adventurous man who risked any observation as to its inadequate size. And, though the sky had been proved to be space and stars, and not the firm floor of Olympus, he who had occasion to

refer to the flight of the gods from mountain tops into heaven would find it to his advantage to make no astronomical remark. No adverse allusions to the poems of Homer, Arctinus, or Lesches were tolerated; he who perpetrated the blasphemy of dispersonifying the sun went in peril of death. They would not bear that natural laws should be substituted for Zeus and Poseidon; whoever was suspected of believing that Helios and Selene were not gods would do well to purge himself to public satisfaction. The people vindicated their superstition in spite of all geographical and physical difficulties, and, far from concerning themselves with those contradictions which had exerted such an influence on the thinking classes, practically asserted the needlessness of any historical evidence." (pp. 37, 38).

The rise of the Roman power by the intercourse it promoted, and the crowding together of gods and goddesses at Rome, which helped by their contact to "bring one another into disrepute and ridicule," accelerated the fall of Paganism, which had its commencement nearly a thousand years before in the opening of the Egyptian ports.

What took place in Greece our author affirms to have taken place "on the great scale" throughout Europe; and he sees in the wonderfully increased facilities for locomotion now existing, with the other inventions of our age, "the ominous precursors of a vast philosophical revolution."

After a digression, extending over twenty-eight pages—with which chapter third is occupied—on the subject of Hindoo theology and Egyptian civilization, the Greek Ages of Inquiry, Faith, Reason, and Intellectual decrepitude are passed in review, chs. 4-7, and the rise and decline of Physical Speculation and Ethical Philosophy, the rise of Science, and the death of Greek Philosophy detailed—sketches being given of the leading Schools, including notices of their more distinguished teachers and summaries of their doctrines.

Of the mode of treatment, the following extract from the account of the Platonic Philosophy may serve as an example:—

"Some of the illustrations commonly given of Plato's ideal theory may also be instructively used for showing the manner in which his facts are dealt with by the methods of modern science. Thus, Plato would say that there is contained in every acorn the ideal type of an oak, in accordance with which, as soon as suitable circumstances occur, the acorn will develop itself into an oak, and into no other tree. In that act of development of such a seed into its first growth, there are, therefore, two things demanding attention—the intrinsic character of the seed, and the external forces acting upon it. The Platonic doctrine draws such a distinction emphatically; its essential purpose is to assert the absolute existence and independence of that innate type, and its imperishability. Though it requires the agency of external circumstances for its complete realization, its being is altogether irrespective of them. There are therefore, in such a case, two elements concerned—an internal and an external. A like quality is perceived in many other physiological instances, as in the relationship of mind and matter, thought and sensation. It is the aim of the Platonic Philosophy to magnify the internal at the expense of the external in the case of man, thereby asserting the absolute supremacy of intellect; this being the particular in which man is distinguished from the brutes and lower organizations, in whom the external relatively predominates.

The development of any such organism, be it plant or animal, is therefore nothing but a manifestation of the Divine idea of Platonism. Many instances of natural history offer striking illustrations, as when that which might have been a branch is developed into a flower, the parts thereof showing a disposition to arrange themselves by fives or by threes. The persistency with which this occurs in organisms of the same species, is, in the Platonic interpretation, a proof that, though individuals may perish, the idea is immortal. How else, in this manner, could the like extricate itself from the unlike; the one deliver itself from, and make itself manifest among the many?" (p. 120.)

Another explanation is suggested by the Professor, but want of space compels its omission. We would call attention, as a further illustration of his manner, to the very interesting description furnished (p. 139-144) of the Alexandrian Museum, from which we had marked a portion for quotation.

The results of the Grecian experiment becoming available to the other nations of Europe through Rome, by which they were gathered up and passed on to them, by way of aid towards the better understanding of their development, a digressive sketch is given, in chapter eighth, of her history and philosophical influence, which will well repay careful perusal.

On the war-system of Rome take the following remarks :—

"The political maxims of the republic, for the most part, rejected the ancient system of devastating a vanquished state by an instant, unsparring, and crushing plunder, which may answer very well where the tenure is expected to be brief, but does not accord with the formula subdue, retain, advance. Yet depopulation was the necessary incident. Italy, Sicily, Asia Minor, Gaul, Germany, were full of people, but they greatly diminished under Roman occupation. Her maxims were capable of being realized with facility through her military organization, particularly that of the legion. In some nations colonies are founded for commercial purposes, in others for getting rid of an excess of population: the Roman colony implies the idea of a garrison and an active military intent. Each legion was in fact so constructed as to be a small but complete army. In whatever country it might be encamped, it was in quick communication with the head-quarters at Rome; and this not metaphorically, but materially, as was shewn by the building of the necessary military roads. The idea of permanent occupation, which was thus implied, did not admit the expediency of devastating a country, but, on the contrary, led to the encouragement of provincial prosperity, because the greater the riches the greater the capacity for taxation. Such principles were in harmony with the conditions of solidity and security of the Roman power, —which proverbially had not risen in a single day—was not the creation of a single fortunate soldier, but represented the settled policy of many centuries. In the act of conquest, Rome was inhuman; she tried to strike a blow that there would never be any occasion to repeat; no one was spared who by any possibility might inconvenience her; but, the catastrophe once over, as a general thing, the vanquished had no occasion to complain of her rule. Of course, in the shadow of public justice, private wrong and oppression were often concealed. Her officers accumulated enormous fortunes, which have never since been equalled in Europe, through injustice and extortion. Sometimes

the like occurred in times of public violence ; thus Brutus made Asia Minor pay five years' tribute at once, and, shortly after, Antony compelled it to do so again. The extent to which recognized and legitimate exactions were carried is shewn by the fact that upon the institution of the empire the annual revenues were about two hundred millions of dollars." (pp. 185, 186.)

Chapter nine, which treats of the European Age of Inquiry, describes among other matters the rise of christianity and its contests with paganism, and victory over it ; the various forms assumed by it ; the relation of Constantine to it ; the Arian controversy ; the progress of the Bishop of Rome towards supremacy ; the character and influence of the Ecclesiastical Councils of the East on it.

In dealing with the causes which aided the triumph of christianity, too much breadth is, we think, assigned to the belief respecting the supposed approaching end of the world, and too much influence imputed to it. While recognizing, moreover, the ability which marks the analysis given of the character and policy of Constantine—which form, we admit, one of the problems of history—we question whether full justice is done to his motives in his acceptance of christianity and action in connection with it. They were doubtless mixed ; but there is reason to believe conviction to have had some place among them.

The Age of Faith in the East has two chapters devoted to it, namely, the tenth and eleventh, in the last of which a spirited sketch is supplied of the rise and triumphs of Mohammedanism, whose founder our author is more disposed to look upon—in view of the previously existing state of things, with the prevalence obtained by his system, and certain of the resulting effects—as sustaining the character rather of a "messenger of God" than an "impostor."

Chapter twelve, which deals with the Age of Faith in the West, enters at considerable length into the character of Gregory the Great and his influence on the faith of the West, with the services rendered by France in connection with its propagation. The passage of the Arabians to their Age of Reason forms the subject of chapter thirteen—which is digressive ; after which the development of the Age of Faith in the West is continued in chapters fourteen to eighteen. Image worship, the monks, scholasticism, Gregory the Seventh, the Spanish Arabs, the crusades against the Albigenses, the contest of Frederick the Second with the court of Rome, the conflict between Philip the Second and Boniface the Eighth, the Templars and their fortunes, the great schism, the martyrdom of Huss and Jerome of Prague, the fall of Constantinople, with other points of hardly less interest, are made respectively subjects of discussion. A passage of some length and much interest, which we would have liked to give, on the various forms assumed by the idea of the supernatural, we are constrained to omit.

Chapters nineteen and twenty describe the approach of the Age of Reason in Europe ; and chapters twenty-two to twenty-five the Age itself with its results, chapter twenty-one being occupied with a digression on the condition of England at the end of the Age of Faith ; while chapter twenty-six, which forms the conclusion, presents the author's views in regard to the future of Europe.

While in our examination of the work of which the above analysis, necessarily brief and imperfect, has been given, we have met with views on some points which we might hesitate to endorse, we regard it as furnishing evidence of a desire to ascertain truth on the matters dealt with ; a disposition to express convictions freely, respectfully, and with a reasonable modesty ; and a power of thinking and giving utterance to thought in language appropriate and easy of comprehension, highly creditable to its author. It is not often that a knowledge so intimate of so many subjects, and these so various, and of such a kind, is met with in the same writer. The style is agreeable, and easy in its movement, and unites a good degree of force with an entire freedom from pretentiousness. We commend the work, with all heartiness, to our readers, in the firm belief that such of them as may take the trouble of giving it a careful and candid perusal, will, to whatever conclusions they may come on some of the ideas contained in it, thank us for calling their attention to it.

It cannot, we think, be intelligently read, without great profit.

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, for the year 1861. Washington : Government Printing Office, 1862.

In 1846 the Congress of the United States established the Smithsonian Institution, as trustee to the will of Smithson. The property left by this philanthropist was bequeathed to the United States, and the bequest was for the benefit of mankind.

James Smithson was a natural son of the Duke of Northumberland. He bequeathed his fortune to an illegitimate son of his illegitimate brother, with remainder to the children of the latter, legitimate or illegitimate, and then remainder over to the government of the United States. The last person died, leaving no legitimate issue, and the bequest to his illegitimate issue—they not having been specified by name—was held invalid by the English Courts, so that the United States succeeded to Mr. Smithson's splendid gift.*

The Report for 1861,† now before us, removes apprehensions which have been entertained by the friends of the Smithsonian Institution, that a considerable portion of its funds were jeopardized since the commencement of the Civil War. We are exceedingly glad to hear, that not only does the original fund of Smithson thus remain safe and unimpaired in the treasury of the United States, but after paying for the building, collecting a library and museum, and conducting all the operations which have given character to the establishment, out of the income ; an extra fund has been accumulated from the interest itself, which, at the date of the last report, yielded 7716 dollars. It is only during the past year that a part of this fund has been

* North American Review, page 49, No. CC.

† We acknowledge with much pleasure the receipt of the Reports of the Smithsonian Institution for 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, and 1861, from the Secretary of the Institution.

unproductive. The investment of \$50,000 of the fund in Virginia State Stocks, and \$11,000 in those of Tennessee, has reduced the interest by about \$4,000, but as an offset to this reduction, the principal of an annuity amounting to \$25,000, has fallen in and will now be added to the bequest of *Smithson*. Besides the Annual Report, printed at the expense of the government, but edited by the Secretary of the Institution, which will be noticed further on; there is published a volume annually of *Smithsonian contributions*, in quarto form, many of them splendidly illustrated, and comprehending important original papers on all branches of human knowledge.

Assistance has been rendered by the Institution to Exploration in different parts of America. The assistance rendered has not been confined to the United States, but has extended to those vast Territories under the control of the Hudson Bay Company.

The explorations of Mr. Robert Kennicott in this quarter are especially interesting, and due credit is given to the H. B. Company for their liberality in offering Mr. Kennicott every facility, and for traversing the vast regions under their control. Dr. Joseph Henry, the able secretary of the Institution says:—

“The explorations by Mr. Robert Kennicott, in the northwestern part of this continent, are still going on, the Hudson's Bay Company have extended the time and afforded additional means for the prosecution of the work. From the latest advices from Mr. Kennicott, he had reached Fort Yukon, on the Yukon river, a post in Russian America, and in a region almost entirely unknown, not only in regard to its natural history but also as to its geography. From this point he intended to continue his explorations to the mouth of Anderson river, on the coast of the Arctic ocean, and to return home about the end of the year 1863. It is proper to remark that in defraying the expense of this exploration the Institution has been assisted by the University of Michigan, the Chicago Audubon Club, the Chicago Academy, Academy of Natural Science, and by several gentlemen interested in natural history, and that without the facilities afforded by the Hudson's Bay Company and its officers the enterprise, as at present extended, could not have been accomplished. Not only has Mr. Kennicott been received as a guest at the different posts, but free transportation has been afforded for himself and his collections. It is gratifying to the friends of this zealous and accomplished young naturalist to learn that he has everywhere succeeded in exciting the sympathy and awakening the interest of the officers and employes of the foreign governments through whose territories his explorations have extended. And, thus, while actively engaged himself in extending our knowledge of these remote regions, he has diffused a taste for natural history, and enlisted the services of a number of active collaborators.

The officers of the Hudson's Bay Company have instituted local explorations at the principal stations, which, taken in connection with what Mr. Kennicott is doing, bid fair to make the natural history of Western Arctic America as well known as that of any part of the continent. Among the most active of those who have become voluntary collaborators of the Institution is Mr. Bernard R. Ross, chief factor of the Mackenzie river district. From that gentleman we are receiving, from time to time, valuable collections

of specimens to illustrate the natural history and ethnology of the region in which he resides.

Another gentleman, Mr. Lawrence Clark, jr., of Fort Rae, has contributed largely to our collection of specimens from the vicinity of Slave lake. Besides these, I must refer to the report of Professor Baird for the names of a number of other gentlemen who have made similar contributions from different parts of the Hudson's Bay territory, and other districts of North America."

As the Hudson's Bay Company is now attracting more than usual attention, the following testimony to the zeal exhibited by many officers of the Company, in extending our knowledge of the natural history of the vast wilderness under their charge, will be read with interest. It is from the Report of the Assistant Secretary, Professor Spence F. Baird.

"Exploration of the Hudson's Bay territory by officers of the Hudson's Bay Company.—The gentlemen of many of the Hudson Bay Company's posts have largely extended their important contributions to science, referred to in the preceding report. A large proportion of the principal stations have thus furnished collections of specimens and meteorological observations of the highest value, which, taken in connection with what Mr. Kennicott is doing, bid fair to make the Arctic natural history and physical geography of America as well known as that of the United States.

Pre-eminent among these valued collaborators of the Institution is Mr. Bernard R. Ross, chief factor of the Mackenzie River district, and resident at Fort Simpson. Reference was made in former reports to his contributions in previous years; those sent in 1861 are in no way behind the others, embracing numbers of skins of birds and mammals, some of great variety, &c., besides very large series of specimens illustrating the manners and customs of the Esquimaux and various Indian tribes. Mr. Ross has also deposited some relics of Sir John Franklin, consisting of a gun used by him in his first expedition, and a sword belonging to the last one, and obtained from the Esquimaux. Mr. Ross is at present engaged in a series of investigations upon the tribes of the north, to be published whenever sufficiently complete, and illustrated by numerous photographic drawings.

In making up his transmissions to the Institution Mr. Ross has had the co-operation of nearly all the gentlemen resident at the different posts in his district, their contributions being of great value. Among them may be mentioned Mr. James Lockhart, Mr. Wm. Hardisty, Mr. J. S. Onion, Mr. John Reed, Mr. N. Taylor, Mr. C. P. Gaudet, Mr. James Flett, Mr. A. McKenzie, Mr. A. Beaulieu, &c.

Second in magnitude only to those of Mr. Ross are the contributions of Mr. Lawrence Clarke, jr., of Fort Rae, on Slave lake, consisting of many mammals, nearly complete sets of the water fowl, and other birds of the north side of the lake, with the eggs of many of them, such as the black-throated diver, the trumpeter swan, &c.

Other contributions have been received from Mr. R. Campbell, of Athabasca; Mr. James McKenzie, of Moose Factory; Mr. Gladmon, of Rupert House; Mr. James Anderson (a) of Mingan; Mr. George Barnston, of Lake Superior; and Mr. Connolly, of Rigoletta. Mr. McKenzie furnished a large

box of birds of Hudson's Bay, while from Mr. Barnston were received several collections of skins, and eggs of birds, new and rare mammals, insects, fish, &c., of Lake Superior.

It may be proper to state in this connection that the labors of Mr. Kennicott have been facilitated to the highest degree by the liberality of the Hudson's Bay Company, as exercised by the directors in London, the executive officers in Montreal, (especially Mr. Edward Hopkins,) and all the gentlemen of the company, in particular by Governor Mactavish, of Fort Garry, and Mr. Ross. In fact, without this aid the expense of Mr. Kennicott's exploration would be far beyond what the Institution could afford, even with the assistance received from others. Wherever the rules of the company would admit, no charge has been made for transportation of Mr. Kennicott and his supplies and collections, and he has been entertained as a guest wherever he has gone. No charge also was made on the collection sent from Moose Factory to London by the Company's ship, and in every possible way this time-honored company has shown itself friendly and co-operative in the highest degree to the scientific objects of the Institution."

The general appendix to the Report contains Lectures on various subjects—Memoirs, papers on the progress of Science in different departments, Reports on special subjects of Enquiry, &c.

THE BRITISH MONTHLIES.*

BLACKWOOD.—JULY.

"*From Cracow to Warsaw.*"—The Poles look with hope towards France in their present struggle. They derive all their ideas of European policy from French newspapers, and while uniting a profound respect for the Emperor of the French, they are moved by their traditional associations with the country he rules to rely upon the universal sympathy, both passive and active, which they live in hope of soon receiving. The following account of events sent by the Mayor of a small town, places the real robbers and destroyers of the country in the true light.

"At twelve o'clock on such a day, the Destroyers of order (the Insurgents) arrived; they took so much flour, so much brandy, so many pigs, &c., for all of which they paid, and then they retired; and at four o'clock the Pre-

* THE BRITISH MONTHLIES, including *Blackwood* (American reprint), *Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, *The St. James' Magazine*, *Good Words*, *London Society*, *The Churchman's Magazine*, *The Exchange*, &c., &c., can be procured each month at Messrs. Rollo & Adam's, Toronto.

servers of Order, (Russians) arrived ; they took so much flour, so much brandy, so many pigs, &c., for which they did not pay ; they then burned the town to the ground and retired."

Absolute confidence and unity of purpose appears to exist among the insurgents. Both police and soldiers are baffled, in fact the police are unquestionably in league with the insurgents, and the mode of communicating intelligence is perfectly safe, the chief artifice being to speak of every public event as a domestic incident, and persons of note are represented under familiar family christian names, and important movements as domestic episodes. The Central Committee, that occult body, is in full activity and governs Poland as it pleases. Its history will be most curious and instructive, if ever it is written. They make use of the government machinery, telegraphs, and police, for carrying out their secret designs, ; they deserve the highest credit for patriotism and skilful organization.

"*Ireland Revisited.*"—Twelve years have produced a vast and most satisfactory change in the condition of Ireland. Healthy vitality and vigorous life are now characteristic of districts where the greenness of putrescence flourished some years since. In 1849 upwards of 2,000,000 of paupers had to be relieved, in the tenth year afterwards the number did not reach 150,000. Ireland is still the land for the Antiquary. If she cannot match England in the number, the greatness and the perfect art of her gothic buildings, she excels the rest of the empire, in abundance of those mysterious and chaotic antiquities, as to which we only know, that they go back beyond the bounds of recorded history, and cannot be attributed to any specific age or people. This fair country contains a rich and little-appreciated harvest of curious and uncommon types of ecclesiastical architecture.

"*The London Art Season.*"—The competition designs for the Prince Consort Memorial were publicly exhibited in the Royal Gallery of the House of Parliament. The following architects took part in this contest :—James Pennethorne, Philip C. Hardwick, Thomas L. Donaldson, George Gilbert Scott, M. Digby Wyatt, Charles Barry, and Edward M. Barry ; and in the plans displayed by these well-known men, was fought out once again the great battle of the styles. Classic and Gothic, with a mongrel which was neither one nor the other, each sought for victory. Classic temples, monuments suggestive of the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus ; canopies, crosses, buildings not unlike the Baptistery of Florence ; statues, cascades, flights of steps, a 'Medieval Fountain of National Science, and a 'Classic Fountain of National Art,'—such were the varied and prolific conceptions which these seven architects submitted to the approval of the Committee and the public at large. The genius displayed by these works, with one or two exceptions, was of that quality which may be fairly designated as sinking, on the one hand, into the simply feeble, or rising, on the other, to the boldly extravagant. If the noble art practised by the architect have in this country witnessed a revival—a proposition which we do not dispute—certainly evidence of the great renaissance was wanting in the late competition. But one exception at least to this sweeping judgment must be made in favour of the design executed by Mr. Gilbert Scott. This "magnificent design," to quote

the words of the Committee, has been by some persons termed an Eleanor Cross ; by others it has been likened to Sir Walter Scott's Monument in Edinburgh ; and again we have been told that the original type is to be found in ecclesiastical Baldichini—the grandest of which, for example, a design by Bernini, canopies the high altar of St. Peter's in Rome. To each of these well-known forms Mr. Gilbert Scott's conception bears some resemblance, yet does it differ from all by virtue of an originality of its own. The central or chief idea of this Memorial is a statue of the late Prince, to which the architectural structure comes as a protecting tabernacle and crowning pinnacle. The next motive in the design, we are told by the architect himself, was that this overshadowing structure should have the character of a vast shrine, enriched with all the arts by which the idea of "preciousness" could be imparted to the object protected. In the centre, as we have said, is placed the statue of the Prince Consort, seated in an attitude of repose and dignity, and around, on pedestals and in niches, or on pinnacles, are groups of sculpture illustrating the arts and sciences which the late Prince fostered, or commemorative of those great undertakings which he originated. The whole structure is crowned by a lofty spire of ornate tabernacle work, gilt and enamelled, terminating in a cross at the height of one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the surrounding ground. The entire edifice, decorated to utmost splendour, may indeed be said to shine in the full light of "the lamp of sacrifice." The materials, if the finances at command should be found adequate, are little short of sumptuous. The white marble of which the work will chiefly be composed, it is intended, shall be inlaid with granite, porphyry, crystals, and cornelians, thus imparting to the architectural composition the polychromatic brilliancy known to the buildings of Lombardy. The gables or pediments will be filled with mosaic pictures ; the vaulted roof of the canopy beautified with the enamels or mosaics received by Salviati in Venice, and displayed, it may be remembered, at a stall in the nave of the late International Exhibition. Thus can we well understand that this design—which certainly promises, should it ever be completed, to be one of the most elaborate and ornate architectural edifices which this country and century have witnessed—will possess the merit of uniting within itself those decorative arts to the formation of which the late Prince was so zealously devoted. A fatality, we are sorry to be reminded as we turn to all sides of the metropolis, has attended nearly every one of our public monuments. We trust that this the last and greatest, will prove an honourable exception. The very magnificence of the enterprise has alone, however, filled some minds with misgivings as to the ultimate issue. The voluntary subscriptions, we know, reach close upon £60,000 ; and the State has augmented the sum to a total of £110,000. We feel assured, too, that if further subsidies be wanted, Parliament will meet the requirement, whenever it may arise, in a liberal spirit.

"*Under the Limes.*"—Berlin in 1863.

"*Chronicles of Carlingford : The Perpetual Curate.*"

The new claimant for public favour has reached its third number. It is something in the style of *Cornhill*; among the contributors are some well known names.

"*The Humour of Various Nations.*" hardly does justice to the subject. The introduction of a few anecdotes, old as the hills, would scarcely seem to illustrate the Humour of a Nation.

English, Scotch, and Irish humour are widely distinguished from one another. English Humor, of the most purely national cast, shows itself in our great towns among the working (and *idling*) classes, the cabbies, costermongers, and, above all, the street sweepers, and city Arabs. The repartees of these men and boys—their instant appreciation of the ridiculous in any little scene or uncommon figure in the streets—is peculiarly English. There is nothing like it that we have ever observed on the Continent; the inimitable *gamin* of Paris, of whom Gavroche is the type, being quite another genus. We have a capital idea of it when Leech makes the poor old country clergyman in the omnibus, appeal piteously, with infinite mildness, to the conductor, to "make haste and save his appointment in the Strand," and the conductor cries to the driver, "Go on, Bill! Here's a old cove a cussin' and a swearin' like anythink!"—and another, when the magnificent "swell," with his head in the air, walks out of Tattersall's and a street boy exclaims, "I say! They've let out that 'ere hanimal without his martingale on!" We can vouch for the fact of the following, which is still better. A lady, teaching in a ragged school one Sunday evening, was trying to impress on her class of young city Arabs the duty of thankfulness to Providence; and, to begin at the lowest and most tangible proposition, asked them to mention the pleasures which in the course of the year they enjoyed the most; holidays on some fine neighbouring downs being in her unsophisticated mind the probable reply to her questions, or at the worst the good Christmas dinner provided by the guardians of the schools. The class, composed of ten or a dozen lads between sixteen and eighteen, all sat very still for a moment in profound cogitation. Then the leader lifted his head, looked the lady straight in the face, and answered:

"Cock-fightin', ma'am."

On a different occasion, some other boys of the same description being asked to define what conscience might be, answered that it was "a thing a lady or ge'mman hadn't got, who, when a lad found their handkerchiefs and gave them back to them, didn't give the boy sixpence."

There are two kinds of Irish wit—the intentional and unintentional. Of this latter sort, there is an absolutely limitless supply, afforded by the redundancy of metaphor and illustration common to the national mind, and productive of absurdities and hyperboles delightful to study.

The queer ideas which enter the fertile brains of Hibernians, at all times are sufficiently astonishing. A school of poor children having read in their chapter in the Bible the denunciations against hypocrites who "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," were afterwards examined by the benevolent, patroness, Lady E——, as to their recollections of the chapter. "What, in

particular, was the sin of the Pharisees, children?" said the lady. "Ating camals, my lady," was the prompt reply.

But beside these unintentional drolleries, there is abundance of true wit in Ireland, with a flavour all its own. Few theological definitions, for instance, could bear the palm from that of a priest, who, having preached a sermon on Miracles, was asked by one of his congregation walking homeward, to explain a little more lucidly what a miracle meant. "Is it a miracle you want to understand?" said the priest. "Walk on then there forninst me, and I'll think how I can explain it to you." The man walked on and the priest came behind him and gave him a tremendous kick. "Ugh!" roared the sufferer, "Why did you do that?" "Did you feel it?" said the priest. "To be sure I did," replied the unhappy disciple. "Well then, remember this. It would have been a 'miracle' if you had *not*."

Very lately a somewhat rigid specimen of the English governess, primly dressed as became her years, and by no means attractive in cork-screw curls and well pinched lips, addressed a Dublin carman in an authoritative manner, with the obnoxious stipulation—

"I take you for an hour."

Cabby (in an insinuating manner), "Ah ma'am, won't ye take me for life?"

The lady's indignation may be easily figured.

Scotch wit or "wut," seems a very difficult thing to describe—perhaps because its vitality is not very highly developed. Scotch people have good sense, good brains, good culture, and super-eminently good conscience, if extreme scrupulosity constitutes goodness in that particular. But very rarely indeed to these fine qualities do they seem to add anything like either English humor or Irish wit. The nearest approach to anything of the kind appears to be a certain dry way of saying things so exceedingly plain and sensible as to occasion the same sense of surprise as that produced by the startling coruscation of ideas belonging to real wit. Of this class is a story we have heard of an English geologist, tempted on a Sunday in Scotland furtively to chip with his pocket-hammer a wayside rock of too tempting appearance. An old woman passing by remarked, with all the sternness befitting the offence, "It's not stones you're breaking, but the Sabbath." Also the old anecdote of the tourist indignantly asking, "Does it always rain in this abominable country?" and receiving the reply, "Na. It sometimes snaws." Another gentleman, sarcastically observing, in the midst of a down-pour, "Fine weather!"—was answered doubtfully, "Wall! I was thinking it was rayther dampish."

Above all, there is the capital story of the Scotch lady, who was afraid to go over a certain ferry on a stormy day, and preferred going round by the bridge. Her friends suggested to her that she ought to "trust in the Lord," and have no fear; to which she replied, "I'll na trust in the Lord so long as there's a brigg in the country!"

The advertisement of a Scotch stage coach, some years ago, bore the singular announcement that it would always start on Mondays, "the Lord permitting and the weather being favourable,"—but that failing to do so, it would go on Tuesday *whether or not*.

After Scott and Dean Ramsay, however, it is idle to talk as if "Caledonia stern and wild" had not her merry moods occasionally.

"*The influence of University degrees on the Education of Women.*"—The strongest arguments which can be used in favour of offering some stimulus to the higher intellectual culture of women are in fact those which have been thoughtlessly advanced on the other side. Amazons have never been persons of high intellectual attainments, nor have the most learned women shown any tendency to rush into Bloomerism and other ugly eccentricities. It is true, indeed, and a fact of the utmost significance, that women with great natural force of character, do, when denied a healthy outlet for their energy, often indulge in unhealthy extravagances, simply because it is a necessity of their nature to be active in some way or other. But the fast women and the masculine women are not those who sit down to their books and devote themselves to an orderly course of study. It may be asserted with still greater emphasis, that the hard and cold women are precisely those whom a consciousness of their unimportance to the world in general has made callous to everything but their own petty, personal interests, and in whom the sense of duty and responsibility, or in other words, the conscience, has been deadened and seared by fashionable frivolity.

Great stress has been laid on the alleged fact that women do not themselves want University examinations and degrees. It is always difficult to ascertain the "sense" of women on any given subject. Many shrink from even affixing their names to a memorial, and there is no other recognised method by which they can, in any corporate manner, express their opinions. There can be no doubt that among the more thoughtful, there are many who are eager to obtain for younger women educational aids of which they cannot themselves enjoy the benefit. The cordial support given to this proposal by Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Grote, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Mary Howitt, &c., and by a large proportion of the ladies concerned in the management of Queen's College and Bedford College, sufficiently attest the fact.

FRASER'S MAGAZINE.—JULY.

"*Young England.*"—"The first thing that strikes one in mixing with young people now is the absence of that diffidence or timidity which has been supposed to belong to inexperience. There is in them generally, though in different degrees, what in the few may be called self-possession, but in the many must be called self-assurance. Afraid of nothing, abashed at nothing, astonished at nothing, they are ever comfortably assured of their own perfect competence to do or say the right thing in any given position. In schools, in universities, in military colleges, or in the world, wherever the young are assembled, these peculiarities are more or less conspicuous. Nor are they confined to the male sex alone. A girl of 18 goes with as much assurance to her first drawing-room as the boy just out of school goes to meet his first introduction to his professional superiors. Their elders remember such days as momentous periods of agitation or nervous shyness, and accompany their hopeful offspring with words of encouragement; while, in truth, it is more

probable that the daughter will support her mother's diffidence, and the son kindly patronise his father in the forthcoming trial to their nerves. One fear alone would be capable of unnerving either. If the youth could imagine that his companions suspected him of any of the poor-spirited qualities which are summed up under the awful accusation of being "green;" if the young lady who last week exchanged school room frocks for ball room dresses, could suppose that anyone would doubt her perfect knowledge of life and society, of all proprieties of dress, manners, and conduct,—then indeed a cloud might come over their mental serenity, and that grand repose of self-satisfaction might be disturbed; but there is little fear of such trouble falling upon them. If it were not for smooth cheeks, baptismal registers, and empty talk, we should rarely suspect them of youth. Truly the talk is the fatal snare. Registers we might not consult; cheeks may owe much to art, but the tongue is indeed an unruly member. In manner and conduct, the assurance of a settled position, or the self-assertion of tried character, may be assumed; but the tongue is loosed, and lo! all disguises fall away. Rushing with characteristic audacity into questions of literature and theology, morals and politics, their age stands quickly revealed. Then, according to our mood, we may laugh or weep, as we hear the morning's sermon and last night's partners discussed with the same off-hand ease by a set of young ladies; the heroes of twenty battles criticised by beardless boys, as they settle their neckties before a mirror; grave theological points, for which in former ages men were content to die, settled between the courses by creatures who were learning their catechism last month; political questions and the characters of public men disposed of in a few words by lads whose own experiences being necessarily a blank, have at least taken care to learn no lessons from history; points of conduct, puzzling to those who best know the trials of life, or rumours of foul-mouthed scandal, blasting honour and happiness in a breath, talked over by girls whose untried lives station has kept outwardly pure, even though youth has failed to keep them pure in mind or gentle in feeling.

"Want of reverence is one of the common faults of the young in our day. That it should accompany great self-assurance is nothing wonderful, though it is not easy to say which is the cause or the effect of the other; whether the undue growth of self-importance first hides from us the relative proportions of what is out of self, or whether, being first devoid of that noble feeling that pays instinctive homage to all that is great, we are driven to seek satisfaction in poor and arid admiration of ourselves. This knotty question of precedence in mental infirmity we are fortunately not obliged to decide; enough for us is the fact that in some manner the tendencies of our age have fostered a peculiarity apparently little congenial to youth. For it has been commonly supposed that, left to its natural instinct, the young mind is prone to reverence. Though often rash and presumptuous, youth has generally shown these faults in over calculating its strength, for every great and noble deed that he had, fed its hero-worship and fired its enthusiasm. A lofty ideal was present, and the untried courage spurned every worldly obstacle. But the presumption of our fast generation is no such heroic failing. It is not born of overweening satisfaction in actual achievement. It says not "Wait and see what we can do!" but "Look and behold what we have

done ! how deep we are in the world's lore ! how free from foolish prejudices ; how far above ancient objects of veneration ?" Those who enjoy this consciousness of inward strength naturally look not, as the inexperienced of former ages looked, for advice and encouragement from some whom they respected or revered ; but on the other hand, they are willing enough to bestow it ; thus their elders are saved a world of trouble ; may have guidance if they will accept it, dismissing the old-fashioned hobbling guide called experience. It is time they should acknowledge that in place of one Minerva, whom Athens was proud of, we have a whole generation born ready armed for every conflict ; whose swaddling-clothes are a panoply of wisdom. No wonder that they go their way rejoicing. They know everything except their own ignorance and the few things that may chance to hide, and divine everything except the feelings which these peculiarities of theirs are apt to excite in differently constituted minds. Nor, as we said above, are they chary of their superior wisdom, but willingly impart it ; the misfortune is that the terms in which it is expressed are not always clear to the uninitiated, to the decrepit understandings whose culture was mostly effected while slang was denied the privilege of decent society ; so that a new dictionary must needs be compiled before the sagacity of the fast school can be usefully digested into a new proverbial philosophy for common use and guidance.

"*Nil admirari* is almost necessarily the motto of such a school. It has been at all times the resource of fools aping wisdom ; but now we believe it is not a mere affectation, but a sadly genuine state of feeling. Various causes have combined to wither the poetic element in the young mind, and with it naturally decays the faculty of admiration, the source of some of our truest enjoyments and most elevating emotions. The youngest can rarely be content now to see, and feel, and enjoy ; they must also, or rather first, judge, compare and criticise—a process all the more rapid the fewer the grounds passed for comparison and judgment. Many would seem to have been born old, so completely has the gloss of life worn off before the fulness of life has ever been tasted. They come from country homes, and London seems quite commonplace to them. They go to the theatre for the first time, and are perfectly composed ; for ever a *la hauteur des circonstances*, they criticise the arrangements, the acting, the getting up, and the audience with the aplomb of an habitué. They go abroad and no contrast seems to prompt an inquiry, or waken an emotion of surprise. They see the grandeur of nature, or the marvels of art, or the triumphs of science, and they may approve, but not wonder ; they may express a judgment but not ask a question ; they may be satisfied, and gratify science or nature by saying so, but not be wrought into that state in which fuller minds feel overwhelmed by the presence of the sublime, and yield themselves with a sense of fuller life to the emotion which finds no utterance. Never, perhaps, were such varied excitements presented to eye and ear as in the present day ; but it would seem that, in the absence of the pure and simple spirit of enjoyment, the excitement itself is the sole object. It is not the music, or the scenery, or the riding which is the attraction, but the party with whom these pleasures are to be enjoyed, and the dinner or the dress involved, according as it is a male or female imagination that dwells upon the prospect. It follows that there is little medium between

excitement and *ennui*: and that the latter quickly resumes its sway till some new thing awakens a moment's curiosity, or promises some fresh stimulus. The love of excitement explains why, in the midst of the prevailing apathy, there exists an insatiable craving for what they are pleased to call fun. Strange enough are some of the things which go under that name. *Outre* dress, *outré* language, *outré* manners, and *outré* flirting all come under this head. Even in the female use of the term it often includes slang, smoking, and a somewhat questionable love of adventure; while used by the nobler sex, it would be hard to limit its signification; since ranging through every puerile amusement, it has been seen also to embrace that rare delight in other men's peril, which inspired certain chroniclers of Indian horrors and certain amateur camp-followers of Garibaldi—voluntary witnesses of a nation's struggle for life or death, who rode out to a battle field to get an appetite for breakfast, and made merry over the squalid equipments of an army of heroes."

GOOD WORDS.—JULY.

"*On Comets.*"—By Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart.

During the epoch of recorded history, namely 6000 years, the number of comets which have been, or might have been seen is probably between 20,000 and 30,000.

That same great comet of 1680, which occurred while Newton was brooding over those grand ideas which broke upon the world like the dawn of a new day in his "*Principia*," afforded him a beautiful occasion to test the truth of his gravitation theory by the most extreme case which could be proposed.—The planets were tame and gentle things to deal with; a little tightening of the rein here, and a little relaxation there, as they careered round and round would suffice, perhaps, to keep them regular, and guide them in their graceful and smooth evolutions. But here he had a stranger from afar—from out beyond the extremest limits of our system—dashing in, scorning all their conventions, cutting across all their orbits, and rushing like some wild infuriated thing close up to the central sun, and turning short round it in a sharp and violent curve, and with a speed (for such it was) of 1,200,000 miles an hour at the turning point, and then going off as if curbed by the guidance of a firm and steady leading rein held by a powerful hand, in a path exactly similar to that of its arrival, with perfect regularity and beautiful precision; in conformity to a rule which required not the smallest alteration in its wording to make it applicable to such a case. If anything could carry conviction to men's minds of the truth of a theory, it was this. And it did so. I believe that Newton's explanation of the motions of comets, *so exemplified*, was that which stamped his discoveries in the minds of men with the impress of reality beyond all other things.

This comet was perhaps the most magnificent ever seen. It appeared from November, 1680, to March, 1681. In its approach to the sun it was not very bright, but began to throw out a tail when about as far from the sun as the earth. It passed its perihelion on December 8th, and when nearest, it was *one-sixth* part of the sun's diameter from his surface (one-fifty-fourth part of

an inch on the conventional scale of our imaginary figure), and at that moment had the astonishing speed I have just mentioned. *Now, observe one thing.* The distance from the sun's centre was about $\frac{1}{160}$ part of our distance from it. All the heat we enjoy in this earth comes from the sun. Imagine the heat we should have to endure if the sun were to approach us, or we the sun to $\frac{1}{160}$ part of its present distance! It would not be merely as if 160 suns were shining on us all at once, but 160 times 160, according to a rule which is well known to all who are conversant with such matters. Now that is 25,600. Only imagine a glare 25,600 times fiercer than that of an equatorial sunshine at noonday with the sun vertical! And again only conceive a light 25,600 times more glaring than the glare of such a noonday! In such a heat there is no solid substance we know of which would not run like water, boil, and be converted into smoke or vapour. No wonder it gave evidence of violent excitement. Coming from the cold region outside the planetary system torpid and ice-bound, already, when arrived even in our temperate region, it began to show signs of internal activity: the head began to develop and the tail to elongate, till the comet was for a time lost sight of. No human eye beheld the wondrous spectacle it must have offered on the 8th of December. Only four days afterwards, however, it was seen, and its tail, whose direction was reversed, and which (observe) could not possibly be *the same tail* it had before (for it is not to be conceived as a stick brandished round, or a flaming sword, but fresh matter continually streaming forth)—its tail, I say, had already lengthened to an extent of about ninety millions of miles, so that it must have been *shot out* with immense force in a direction *from* the sun; a force far greater than that with which the sun acted on and controlled the head of the comet itself, which, as the reader will have observed, took from November 10th to December 8th, or twenty-eight days, to *fall* to the sun from the same distance, and that *with all the velocity it had on November 10th to start with.*

All this is very mysterious. We shall never perhaps quite understand it; but the mystery will be, at all events, a little diminished when we shall have described some of the things which are seen to be going on in the heads of comets under the excitement of the sun's action, and when calming and quieting down afterwards.

"*Good Words for Children.*"—These are "Endless Life," "Endless Joy," "Our Father," "Trust in God."

"*What Hester Durham lived for*" is a beautiful and affecting story of the Indian Rebellion.

"*Sisterhoods.*"

"*Woe because of Offences.*"

"*Remembrance,*" &c., &c.

· THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.—JULY.

"*Over-eating and Under-eating.*"

It is a remarkable fact that the children of Lancashire, since the cotton distress, have actually become more healthy, and the mortality among these lit-

the helpless things has become markedly less. The explanation is simple, the mothers are now unemployed, and have time to attend to the feeding of their children, and they are far more skilful at this task than the incompetent persons to whom it is ordinarily confided. People in general eat too much, and the use of alcoholic stimulants with abundance of food is productive of disease. The value of different kinds of food is generally misunderstood. Onions are now regarded as equal in nutritious qualities to four times their weight of any vegetable except leeks. Cheese is also as nutritive a diet as one can name, but it ought to be well masticated. White bread is far less nutritious than brown, and yet it is commonly preferred by the poorer classes in England.—Ignorance of knowing what to eat and how to cook is the cause of much misery in the aggregate.

"Was Nero a Monster."—This paper throws the gravest doubts on the generally received impressions respecting Nero's character. The testimony of the classic witnesses against this man is discussed, dissected and overthrown. Science is appealed to as establishing almost beyond doubt the absurdity of some of the charges which have blackened Nero's reputation. Common sense is next called into the witness-box and throws her sheltering wing over the emperor. All that is thoroughly reliable is the fact that a tradition of Nero's infancy existed, and was unhesitatingly accepted; a tradition all the more noticeable since it was coupled with one which made his early years of brilliant promise, so that Trajan in after days expressed the wish that his whole reign might rival the splendor of Nero's commencement.

The writer does not wish the object of his essay to be less the vindication of Nero's character, than an appeal to the common sense of mankind to be vigilant in its demands of evidence, when called upon, either in history or in gossip circulated about living men, to accept statements affecting character and motives.

"The Small House at Allington" is becoming very interesting, and will probably prove a far more acceptable tale for the majority of the readers of Cornhill than the more highly wrought and polished historical romance which bears the title of

"Romola."

"Professional Etiquette."

"Some years ago a gentleman, who lived in a somewhat lonely part of the country, was asked to go and see a poor neighbour who was very ill. On his arrival he found the man at the point of death, and extremely anxious to see a clergyman. The visitor went to the house of a clergyman who lived near, and told him of the dying man's wish. The clergyman replied that as the house of the dying man was out of his parish he could not interfere, nor could any remonstrances induce him to do so. An eminent lawyer was so fortunate as to be made the heir of a rich and childless old man, who, falling ill, showed him his will, by which it appeared that the testator had given a life-interest only to his intended heir. When this was pointed out to the sick man he said, "Yes, but I understood you to say you meant never to marry!"

"I may have said so," was the answer, "but I certainly did not seriously mean it, and at any rate I should not wish you to act upon that assumption." "Then," said the sick man, "draw up the will so as to give yourself the absolute property, and I will execute it." The lawyer replied, that he could not make a will in his own favour, and before another lawyer could be found the testator had died, and the mistake had become irreparable. A gentleman was poisoned but escaped with his life; the poison remained in his body, and caused him grievous suffering. He employed certain unrecognized remedies, and by means of them, as he considered, recovered his health, and got the poison out of his system. He went to an eminent physician and described his case. The physician said, "I will treat you on the supposition that you really have got rid of the poison, but don't tell of me, for the remedy which, as you say, has got it out, is not recognized by the profession."

"These illustrations are instances taken from the three learned professions of a sort of secret code of laws, of which the outside world understands neither the principles nor the applications, but which exercise a wider influence than most people would suppose over the proceedings of some of the most important classes of the community."

LONDON SOCIETY.—JULY.

This is decidedly the best number of the series, as far as its literary character goes. The illustrations, too, are good, but not equal to those which beautify some preceding numbers.

"*The first time I saw Her*" is the beginning of a London story, which promises to become particularly interesting.

"*The Derby Day under an Umbrella*."—One never tires reading good descriptions of the Derby Day, and although the circumstances under which the writer viewed this great national fête were not encouraging, yet he succeeds in giving a very interesting and lively narrative under unfavourable circumstances. The rain did not in the least degree lessen the fun or mar the enjoyment of thousands, although the uncloaked public must have had their ardour, but evidently not their spirits, damped by the downfall. The illustrations are worthy of *Punch*.

"*Among the Powder*."—One would scarcely have expected to find a minute description of a powder manufactory in *London Society*. The writer succeeds, however, in keeping up the interest of his subject admirably, and treats of sulphur, saltpetre, and charcoal, crushing mills, drying mills, and magazines, as if they were the liveliest subjects for light literature.

"*The Doctor's Fortune*."

"*How she was dressed for the Ball*."—

"Roses glowed ardent red on her dress,
Glowed ardent red on her lips,
Roses fainted and drooped on her hair,
And died on her finger tips."

"Gold clasped the marble curve of her arms,
It wound round her throat so fair,
It coaxing drooped from her pearly ears,
And rippling gold was her hair."

"*Dicken's Dogs; or, the Landseer of Fiction.*"

AMERICAN PERIODICALS.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW—JULY, 1863.

"*The North American Review*" has now been published for more than forty years. It has long held a foremost place in the ranks of American periodical literature. The July number contains articles on

- I. Traits of Jean Paul Richter and his Titan.
- II. Peerages and Genealogies.
- III. The Chronology, Topography and Archæology of the life of Christ.
- IV. Liberia College. &c., &c.

"*Peerages and Genealogies.*"—The English nobility is of Norman origin. Few of the Saxon families survived the Conquest, and those which did were subjected to the feudal system, introduced by the Conqueror. The earliest honours were territorial, the counts or earls being governors of counties, with high authority, and the barons feudal tenants. All the tenants *in capite*, whether by knight's service or grand serjeantry, were required to give their attendance upon the sovereign at stated times, and at times to give advice. The transfer of the tenure to another person transferred the honours and duties to him. Thus were created barons *by tenure*, and such were all the great baronies of the earlier Norman kings. It has for a long time been in dispute whether the possession of one of these ancient baronies entitled the owner to a writ of summons to the House of Lords. The question was frequently raised, but never decided until two years ago, when Sir M. Berkeley claimed a summons as proprietor of Berkeley Castle, and it was then declared that baronies by tenure had long ceased to exist in England.

Baronies by writ of summons followed the tenure baronies. These were created by a writ of summons issued under the great seal to certain individuals to attend Parliament. Some persons were summoned regularly, others only occasionally, or even only once. The custom varied, also, as to the heirs of a first baron. But if a person summoned actually sat in Parliament, he acquired a barony in fee, which descended like real estate at common law, the males taking in succession, and the females together. In the latter case the barony falls into *abeyance*, and so continues until all the heirs but one

are extinct, or until called out of abeyance, in favour of one of the co-heirs, by the sovereign. Most of the older baronies now giving seats in the House of Lords have been derived in this manner, as those of De Ros, De Clifford, Clinton, Hastings, Camoys, Willoughby d'Eresby, and Willoughby De Broke, the peers of these names being descendants in the female line of the original grantees.

But for a long time baronies, as well as peerages, have been created by patent, and the honour descends according to the limitation contained in the patent, which in England commonly restricts the succession to the male descendants of the first peer, though occasionally it is extended to collateral and female heirs. In Scotland peerages were generally granted to the heirs general, so that it is morally impossible for some of them ever to become extinct.

The foreign title of Viscount, which ranks next above that of Baron, was introduced in the fourteenth century. It has never been very popular, and was very little conferred until the reign of George III. The Viscounty of Hereford, conferred in 1550 on the Devereux family, is the oldest one giving a seat in the House of Lords. Next, at a long interval, comes that of Bolingbroke, conferred by Queen Anne on the celebrated statesman.

The title of Earl is the oldest in the peerage, and was, as we have stated, the official name for the governor of a county or province, though not since the Conquest. It has long been the favourite title in England, and in Scotland the earls outnumber all the other peers together. The oldest earldom is that of Shrewsbury, conferred on the Talbots in 1442.

The title of Marquess, next above that of Earl, was seldom conferred until the reign of George III. The oldest marquessate is that of Winchester, enjoyed by the Paulets, upon whom it was conferred in 1551. Next in the English peerage is Lansdowne, created in 1784. In the Scotch peerage there are four marquessates; in Ireland, they are more numerous.

The title of Duke was introduced into England by Edward III., who created his son, the Black Prince, Duke of Cornwall,—a title which descends to all his successors, and gives the Prince of Wales a seat in the House of Lords. The dukedom of Norfolk, created in 1483, is the oldest after Cornwall. That of Somerset dates from 1546. This great title was rarely conferred, except upon princes of the blood, until the reign of Charles II. He and some of his immediate successors were very liberal in bestowing it. Of late, again, it has been bestowed charily, and the number of peers bearing it has actually decreased. The last created were those of Sutherland and Cleveland in 1833. It is understood that it was offered to the late Marquess of Lansdowne and the Earl Fitz-William, but declined by those eminent men.

The House of Lords did not contain more than fifty or sixty persons in the time of the Tudors, and was comparatively small until the accession of Mr. Pitt as Prime Minister in 1783. That statesman recommended a great number for the honours of the peerage,—his peers included the wealthy county families of Lowther, Vernon, Bagot, and Lascelles, and many Scotch and Irish lords; and his successors in office have also generally been liberal in

titles. The House of Lords, however, has not kept pace in increase with the population and wealth of the country. The country gentlemen have furnished most of the new creations. Next in numbers probably comes the bar, and then those distinguished in political and military life. Many families have owed their foundation to trade and commerce; but the number of persons actually engaged in commercial pursuits who have been raised to the peerage has been small. It includes Lords Carrington, Ashburton, Overstone, and Belper. Literature has one great name,—the late Lord Macaulay. The House of Lords contains three royal princes—the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, the King of Hanover, as Duke of Cumberland, and the Duke of Cambridge,—twenty other dukes, nineteen marquesses, one hundred and ten earls, twenty-two viscounts, and two hundred and ten barons. This list includes all the hereditary members. There are also sixteen representatives of the peers of Scotland, twenty-eight representative peers from Ireland, and thirty-two bishops,—in all, four hundred and sixty members. The Irish representative peers are chosen for life; those of Scotland, for a single Parliament. While the Scotch and Irish peers are entitled only to select a certain number of their order to represent them, many, and, indeed, all the more influential among them, sit in the House of Lords by virtue of English titles conferred upon them. Thus, the Duke of Hamilton in Scotland sits and votes as Duke of Brandon; the Duke of Buccleuch, as Earl of Doncaster; the Duke of Leinster in Ireland, as Viscount Leinster; and the Marquess of Ormond, as Baron Ormond. The peerages of the three kingdoms number about six hundred and fifty persons, including twenty-seven dukes. While a large number of peers are peers of two out of three kingdoms, only three persons are peers of all,—the Marquesses of Abercorn and Hastings, and the Earl of Verulam. An Irish peer, when not entitled to a seat in the House of Lords, may sit in the House of Commons for any constituency out of Ireland. The second Marquess of Londonderry (better known as Lord Castlereagh) and the present Viscount Palmerston are distinguished instances. It has been supposed that this privilege does not extend to Scotch peers; but the question has never been tested.

It is seldom that a commoner is raised at once to a higher rank than Viscount, or even than Baron. George III. did this but twice,—in 1766, when William Pitt was created Earl of Chatham, and in 1784, when Sir James Lowther was made Earl of Lonsdale; and her present Majesty has done it but three times,—in the cases of Mr. Thomas William Coke of Holkham Hall, the Nestor of the Whig party, created Earl of Leicester in 1837, of Lord Francis Egerton, made Earl of Ellesmere in 1846, and of Lord John Russell, made Earl Russell in 1861.

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND ART.—JULY.

"Fossil footmarks of the Connecticut Valley."—Professor Hitchcock quotes the views arrived at by Prof. J. D. Dana, with respect to certain kinds of animals existing during the early periods of the earth's history. "The world

will have finally to settle down to the belief, that there were Reptilian birds in ancient times, as well as Ichthyoid Reptiles and Oöticoid Mammals."

"*On the Luminosity of Meteors.*"—Mr. B. V. Marsh states that the greatest splendor of meteors does not arise from the meteor itself, but from the air which surrounds it. The conclusions to which the considerations he enumerates lead, is that the upper regions of the atmosphere, even to its utmost limit, are grand reservoirs of latent heat, most admirably adapted for the protection of the earth from collision with bodies approaching it with planetary velocity from without. The intruder is invariably surrounded with a fiery envelope, heated to the greatest conceivable intensity; its surface is burned off or dissipated into vapour, the sudden expansion of the stratum immediately beneath the burning surface tears the body into fragments, each of which, retaining its planetary velocity, is instantly surrounded by a similar envelope, which produces like effect; and so on, until in most cases the whole is burned up or vaporized.

The abstracts of the proceedings of the Learned Societies, contain notices of most of the important scientific decisions of the day, and the 'Scientific' Intelligence, brings the reader face to face with what is doing in Europe and America, and in all the vast fields of Natural Science. Most of the articles in this number are of a purely Scientific character.

CANADIAN PERIODICALS.

THE CANADIAN JOURNAL.—MAY AND JULY.

May.

- I. *A Popular Exposition of the Minerals and Geology of Canada.* Part V. By Prof. Chapman, Ph. D.
- II. *On the Two Species of Astacus found in Canada.* By T. J. Cottle, Esq.
- III. *List of Plants Collected chiefly in the immediate Neighbourhood of London,* C. W. By W. Saunders.
- VI. *Mean Meteorological Results at Toronto, for 1862.* By G. T. Kingston, M. A.
- V. *Notes on the Present Condition of the Oil Wells at Enniskillen.* By Sandford Fleming, C. E.

The supply of oil from flowing wells is sadly on the wane at Enniskillen. The deepest wells have ceased to flow first, that is to yield petroleum, for they still give abundance of brine. The quantity exported from Enniskillen had reached 180,000 barrels in March, yet double that quantity has been discharged by the wells. The "test" well designed to be 1000 feet deep has not yet been completed.

July.

The July number is almost exclusively devoted to mathematical questions. There is a very interesting translation of a Memoir written by M. Arago, on the Constitution of the Sun and of some of the Stars. The following extract will afford the general reader an idea of the immensity of the sun on the one hand, and of his comparative insignificance when placed, so to speak, side by side with the fixed stars. Our sun is really but an atom compared with the infinite host of starry worlds which the telescope reveals to us.

"Archelaus, who lived 488 B.C., and was the last philosopher of the Ionian sect, said of the sun:—'He is a star; only this star exceeds all the rest in magnitude.' This conjecture (for that which is founded neither on measurement nor experiment deserves no other name) was certainly very bold and beautiful. Let us pass across an interval of more than two thousand years, and we shall find the relations between the sun and the stars established by the labors of the moderns on bases which defy all criticism. About a century and a half ago, astronomers sought to determine the distance of the stars from the earth. Repeated unsuccessful attempts seemed to prove that the problem was insoluble. But what are the obstacles over which genius united to perseverance cannot ultimately prevail? We have learned within the last few years the distance which separates us from the nearest stars. This distance is about 206,000 times the sun's distance from the earth, that is more than 206,000 times 38 millions of leagues. The product of 206,000 times 38,000,000 would too far exceed numbers we are in the habit of considering, to render it of any use to state. The imagination will be more struck by the immensity of this number if I connect it with the velocity of light. The star Alpha of the constellation Centaur is the earth's nearest neighbour, if indeed we may speak at all of neighbourhood when we are dealing with such distances as in this case. The light of Alpha Centauri takes more than three years to reach us, so that if the star were annihilated, we should still see it for three years after its extinction. When we remember that light traverses 77,000 leagues (308,000 kilometres) in a second of time, that the day is composed of 86,400 seconds, and the year of 365 days, we may well stand, as it were, aghast at the immensity of these numbers. Furnished with these data, let us transport the sun to the distance of the star which is nearest to us of all, then this circular disk so vast, which in the morning lifts itself so gradually and majestically above the horizon, and in the evening takes a considerable time to descend completely below that plane, will no longer possess sensible dimension even in the strongest telescopes, and its brightness will range it among stars of the third magnitude. You see, gentlemen, what has become of the conjecture of Archelaus! We may possibly feel a little humiliated at the result which reduces to so small a matter our place in the material world. But let us reflect that man has arrived at this result by drawing all from his own peculiar fund, and we shall recognise in this his elevation to the most eminent rank in the domain of ideas. Astronomical investigations may therefore well excuse a little vanity on our part."

HISTORICAL NOTES.*

CANADIAN WHIGS OF 1776.—The Canadians who joined the Americans during the Revolution, were refused, on dying, christian burial by their clergy, and were interred outside of consecrated ground. This was insisted on in all cases where they did not acknowledge the error of their course, and express regret for it. It is related of one of these, that when the *curé* came to exhort him to avow his faults, he half rose from his bed and eyeing him scornfully, exclaimed, "You smell English!" then turned his face to the wall and expired.

LORD AMHERST AND GENERAL WOLFE.—In looking over a pile of letters of a worthy person now deceased, I find the following:—

Lord Amherst, the capturer of Louisburg, and conqueror of Canada, was a personal friend of my father (Collector for a long time of the Port of Halifax), who often related the following anecdote:—

"Wolfe, who was second in command, proposed to take Louisburg in ten days, if the General would intrust the enterprise to him, with the loss of not more than fifteen hundred men." Lord Amherst replied, "I will take it in six weeks without the loss of one." But he did not fulfil all the promise.

INDIAN SCULPTURES.—Col. J. W. Foster recently presented the Chicago Historical Society four photographs of specimens of sculpture recently exhumed from mounds in Missouri, possessing a marked ethnological interest. The figures are totally dissimilar in outline and costume to the modern "Indian races. Col. Foster designs to present to the Smithsonian Institute a monograph on these valuable and rare archæological remains.

THE HON. THOS. D'ARCY MCGEE AND THE BRITISH AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

We have very much pleasure in calling the attention of friends of the *British American Magazine* to the following card, which has appeared in numerous Canadian papers:—

A CARD—THE CANADIAN MAGAZINES.

"Some months ago I promised a few literary friends here, and at Quebec, to aid them in starting a new Canadian Magazine—to be called the *National Magazine*. The project not having matured, up to the period of my late absence from Canada, and the *British American* having, in the meantime, been called into existence at Toronto, under the editorship of one to whom

* From the *Historical Magazine*. New York: Charles B. Richardson.

Canada owes already so much—Professor H. Y. Hind—I do not feel that I should be doing justice to my own sense of propriety or patriotism if I were instrumental in now establishing what might be considered a rival to the *British American*. The patronage within the Province is admittedly too limited to be advantageously divided; I therefore respectfully recommend those friends who may have subscribed to the projected *National Magazine* on my account, to transfer their subscriptions to the *British American*—that they may secure first one Monthly, creditable to the whole country.

“(Signed)

THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

“Montreal, August 3, 1863.”

A PLEA FOR BRITISH AMERICAN NATIONALITY.

We are authorized to announce that the October number of the *British American Magazine* will contain a second article on “A Plea for British American Nationality,” by the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

BOOKS RECEIVED SINCE AUGUST 1ST.

- “Smithsonian Reports for 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861.”
From the Secretary.
- “Historical Collections of the Essex Institute.” Vol. V., June 1863, No. 3.
Salem: G. M. Whipple and A. A. Smith.
- “The Historical Magazine, and Notes and Queries concerning the Antiquities,
History, and Biography of America.” January to July, 1863. New
York: Charles B. Richardson.
- “A Discourse Preached at St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, on the 24th May,
1863.” By John Barclay, D.D. Toronto: Lovell & Gibson.
- “Journal of Education,” Lower Canada. 1863.
- “Astronomical and Meteorological Observations, made at the United States
Naval Observatory during the year 1861.” Commander J. McGillis,
Superintendent. From the United States Naval Observatory.
- “Report of the Commissioners appointed to enquire into the Affairs and
Financial Economy of the Toronto University and University College,”
Upper Canada.
- “The Credit Foncier.” By G. B. De Boucherville. Annexed to the Report
of the Special Committee appointed by the Legislative Assembly, 3rd
March, to enquire into the expediency of establishing it in Lower Canada.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. D., Newmarket—You will find a parcel and letter at the Publishers C. C., Toronto—“Margaret” will appear in the next number. J. B., Kingston—Under consideration.

THE
BRITISH AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1863.

A FURTHER PLEA FOR BRITISH AMERICAN
NATIONALITY.

BY THE HONOURABLE THOMAS D'ARCY M'GER.

To consider well of their own condition, has been recommended to individuals from the remotest times as the highest wisdom ; and assuredly the duty of self-examination is no less salutary to great communities.—It may indeed be said, that the secret of national vigor and longevity, lies hidden in this capacity for searching self-examination. Those empires which have possessed, and never parted with that gift, have retained power longest, and recovered most readily from all their reverses ; while those who form false confidence or false tenderness, from the dearth of moral courage, or the decay of judicial authority, have shown their impotence to interrogate, and to judge themselves, have perished like *fungi* crushed beneath the hoof of conquest, or exploded in atoms, before the pressure of events too powerful to be resisted by such defective organizations.

If ever a people of the New World were called to prove their capacity for self-examination and self-guidance, it is the British Americans of our day. All men who think at all, admit that we have entered into a veritable new era—that we are hereafter to dwell in a New America, to feel the pressure upon us of new forces, and the necessity of finding, if we do not intend to succumb to that pressure, adequate means of resistance. The sudden overcasting of our whole firmament has almost baffled the speed of thought. No natural storm ever spread over a fair prospect with more awful rapidity. Like the lightning that cometh out of the east, it appeared even unto the west ; the evening went down calm and silent, but the morning woke dark and menacing. There, upon our visible horizon, the elements of aggression, are gathered together apparent to every observant eye ; there they hang and blacken, ready to

pour out their deluge upon our fields and cities, at the first shifting of the wind to the northward ; in which hour the cry of the land will be for those prompt measures of defence, which can never be improvised, on the spur of momentary necessity.

If we should be called to fight for our existence against the aggressions of a warlike democracy, for what shall we fight ? Will either section of Canada fight for "the Union as it is ?" Is there that hearty attachment to our present constitution, that strong sentiment of pride in its excellencies, that undoubting belief in its perpetuity, which can inspire the spirit of self-sacrifice, into our tax-payers and our armed men—into the youth and the proprietary of the land ?

It is not too much to say that our present constitution, with all its merits, excites no popular enthusiasm. It was in its origin, no creation of ours. It was the offspring of Imperial policy, imposed by Imperial power. It may have been a very much better frame of government than Upper and Lower Canada could have devised for themselves, a quarter of a century ago, but better or worse, it was not a government of our own making, and large classes of people destined to live under it have never heartily acknowledged all its advantages. We have, indeed, in consequence of the Union, been enabled to borrow by millions, instead of thousands, but there is a deep-seated conviction, at the same time, that the United government has sanctioned an extravagance in expenditure, which neither of the former Provinces, had they continued to keep distinct accounts, would have tolerated. The twofold division of our judicial and administrative establishments, also, keeps alive the feeling, that the existing constitution is provisional ; that it is rather a league than a Union ; and in this way deprives it of that undoubting confidence and unconditional attachment, which men give only to institutions which they believe destined to outlive themselves, and to become a precious inheritance to their posterity. We feel, in consequence, towards our present system, neither the constitutional enthusiasm of the Americans, nor of the British ; we look on it neither with the pride of parentage, nor as the hope of our posterity ; prospectively and retrospectively it excites no intense patriotic passion in our hearts, and its fall would not be lamented, as an universal calamity, either above or below Coteau Landing.

What men love best they defend best ; what they truly believe in, for that they will bravely die. Enthusiasm is to war, as the stream to the mill-wheel, or the steam to the steam-engine. Whoever or whatever excites this irresistible spirit, whether for a creed or a constitution, an idea or a chief, brings into the field a living power, sufficient to combat the most serious disparities, and to overflow the most formidable obstacles. Where enthusiasm for the cause is wanting, men fight

mechanically, with bravery no doubt, but without that dashing disregard of the immediate end, which has carried armies so far, in all ages. When the Prussian dynasty was swept away before the cannon of Jena, poet voices were raised in Germany, singing the songs of a common fatherland, extending from the Baltic to the Tyrol and the Rhine; upon the wings of this inspiration, the prostrate monarchy rose to a greater height than that from which it had been hurled, and this enthusiasm for German unity was not the least of the causes which drove the Conqueror of Jena a fugitive from his throne. Austria, which profitted by this enthusiasm only less than Prussia, has since been taught in another field, how stronger than battalions is the united purpose of a brave people, who *will* strongly what they desire ardently. The enthusiasm for Italian unity, excited by the writings, speeches, and sacrifices of so many gifted Italians of our own and the past age, has invested the descendants of the Dukes of Savoy, with the power and resources of the Cæsars. Against that power, the veteran captains and the gallant troops of Austria have contended in vain, and if this Italian passion for a united Italy, be as profound as it is ardent, no power on earth can prevent the Latin Peninsula from accomplishing its own centralization.

In pleading again the cause of British American Nationality, we do so on this, among other grounds, that the bare idea is capable of exciting in our breasts that force which only patriotic enthusiasm can give. It is an idea which begets a whole progeny, kindred to itself,—such as ideas of extension, construction, permanence, grandeur, and historical renown. It expands, as we observe it, opening up long, gleaming perspectives, into both time and space. It comprehends the erection of a new North American Nation, inheriting among other advantages the law of nations for its shield and guidance. For, whether the dis-united republican States, south of us, shall finally come together under one government again or not, it is quite clear, that if two or more really independent powers, founded on distinct schemes of polity, should hereafter stand side by side on this continent, the international law of Christendom, or some substitute for it, must regulate the relations of neighborhood between such powers.

Hitherto, as our readers are aware, the United States have not considered themselves included in what they persisted, in calling "the European system" of the balance of power, and the international justice symbolized by that balance. The only chapters of the common code of Christendom, which our republican neighbors have hitherto recognized as binding on themselves, are certain provisions of maritime law, applicable and useful to them as a leading Atlantic power, for the rest they have rejected or accepted, arbitrarily, as occasion arose, as much or

as little as suited their convenience. Their scheme resembled that of the Romans, who erected their own standards of the *jus gentium*, and then imposed them by force upon the outside world, whose ethics on usages they preferred to consider as no part of a mutually obligatory law of Nations. Towards the populations of both continents—north and south,—they have, indeed, laid down as the basis of a new American system, “the Munroe doctrine,” declaring the era of Colonization closed and the founding of new communities recognizing any sovereignty in an European state, inadmissible. Hitherto this doctrine has neither been formally admitted nor rejected, by the great colonizing powers; but there can hardly be a doubt that the erection of British Columbia into a Crown Colony, and the intervention of France in the government of Mexico, would, at any past period, have been regarded by the professors of “the American system” as flagrant violations of the doctrine of Mr. Munroe.

To extend the European system of international law to North America, it is necessary that there should be two or more States desirous to enjoy the benefits of that system. While there was but one important power north of Panama, it was natural that power should dictate its own will to an anarchical Mexico, and an impotent British America. But should Mexico, under the guarantee of France, recover her lost unity and authority, and British America, under the protection of England, attain to the dignity of a kingdom or principality—dependent on the Imperial Crown, as Hungary on Austria, Egypt on the Sultan, or Hindostan on England—then the two great western powers of Europe would feel, equally with Mexico and British America, the importance of extending to this continent that code, under which, by the admission of Wheaton, the highest American authority, the Old World has made “a considerable advance, both in the theory of international morality, and in the practice of justice among States.” If this result should follow the union of these Provinces into one power, it is quite apparent our future history, like that of the Netherlands, would derive additional lustre from its intimate connexion with the history of international law on this continent.

We are arrived at that stage of experience, and we find ourselves surrounded by circumstances which enable us to play an essentially different part from that forced upon the revolted colonies of 1776. If we had been subjected to the same treatment they were, if the Imperial Parliament had denied us also the right of local self-government, there would be some propriety in our imitating, at whatever risks, the revolutionary example of those colonies. But as the Atlantic of this age is no longer the tremendous and perilous sea which it was to our great grandfathers, so neither is the empire so exacting, nor are the colonies

so restive, as in those times. Every age and every set of circumstances prescribe their own duties to statesmen, and just as truly as it might have been right and wise for the American Congress of eighty years ago to declare its utter severance from the European system, so equally truly, may it be wise and right for Canadian statesmen of this day to cultivate the connexion, and to endeavour, on patriotic grounds, to extend to these shores the international law of Europe.

The Union of British America into one nationality would, then, according to our view, perpetuate our connexion with the European family of States, and make this country instrumental in bringing the whole of America within the circle of international law. To enable us to play this distinguished part before both the New and the Old Worlds, it is essential that we should have first a constitution, framed from our own *sensus communis*; the offspring and image of our own intelligence; a constitution to love and to live for; a cherished inheritance for our children; in comprehension, noble; in justice, admirable; in wisdom, venerable.

Pleading for such a constitution, it is neither logical nor witty to meet us with objections of detail, as to the cost or incongruity of a larger infusion of the monarchical element which we advocate. How this or the other detail may best be contrived is not for any individual to answer in advance. Our race have had but one way of arriving at such results from the beginning, and that is, by taking the *sensus communis* of the people to be governed. Whether on the Thames or the Delaware, at Runnymede or Philadelphia, that is the mode by which, in the past, the English-speaking communities have searched their own hearts, and obeyed the dictates of their own best judgments. We will not, therefore, argue details with any one; we will not wrangle over this subject as disputants; it is a matter more for contemplation than for controversy in its first stages, as it must be a matter for the decision of the community, acting as such, in its last.

All these changes which we advocate, internal and external, we may be told, tend to one result—separation from the Empire. We would be altogether misunderstood if any reader was left under that impression. That which we advocate we do most sincerely believe to be the only means to perpetuate a future connection between Great Britain and the trans-oceanic Provinces of the Empire, which connection is the interest of these Provinces; and of civilization itself we hold to be beyond all price desirable. What we advocate is to substitute for the present provincial connection of dissociated provinces, belonging to rather than being of the Empire, a new explicit relation, more suited to our actual wants, dangers, and dimensions, in other words, a modification of the Federal principle, reduced to the conditions

- of a compact equally intelligible to the central and the outlying administrations. The idea of a Federal monarchy, embracing a number of perfect states, dependent on the same Imperial head, is, indeed, less familiar to this age than to former times. But in it is an idea neither chimerical nor novel. The German Empire from the peace of Westphalia (1648), to the substitution of the title of Emperor of Austria for that of Germany, by Francis II., in 1806, was a Federal Empire. At one time it contained not less than three hundred and fifty-five sovereign states or cities, royal, ducal, hereditary, electoral, ecclesiastical, and republican. The Spanish Empire, under Charles V. and Phillip II., was, in its structure, essentially federal. The Viceroyalties of Naples, the Netherlands and the Indies, committed to the custody of royal Princes or eminent noblemen, supported their own peace and war establishments, collected and expended their own revenues, paying, of course, Imperial tribute; executed their own local laws and ordinances, and were represented abroad by their own commercial and political agents. It is to be observed, also, that should the statesmen of Great Britain decide to develop the Federal principle throughout the Empire hereafter, they will have much less incongruous institutions and elements of population to retain in the bonds of a free unity, than had those German and Spanish sovereigns. Most of the States, now advancing to sovereignty in America and Australia, will be the offspring of British parentage, speaking the Imperial language, and inheriting the same common laws, and chartered liberties. Except in the conspicuous instance of Hindostan, and the less striking cases of Lower Canada, the Cape, and one or two of the West Indian Isles, the dependent states will be essentially kindred, and, therefore, justice observed, will naturally fall into the condition of perpetual allies. That they should advance to sovereignty is as natural as that youth should grow to manhood; but there is no inevitable inference to be drawn, either from the nature of the case, or from past experience, that sovereignty should include separation. The two ideas, we know, are popularly identical. But a very limited acquaintance with the varieties of Imperial constitutions which have existed and do even still exist in the world, will show sovereignty in the members of an Empire, to be entirely compatible with the unity of the whole body. It is true that where the separate courts and legislatures approached each other too narrowly in space, or where the united or allied kingdom pushed to its last result its latent independence, or where the central power flagrantly disregarded the charters and customs of the associated state, very serious discontents and insurrections have followed. But the American and Australian Provinces of Great Britain, have both moral and national guarantees against these evil contingencies. In the spirit of the age, in their own internal resources, and above all, in their

safe and salutary distance, from the great vortex of over-centralization, they have every desirable safeguard for their local independence.

Our greatest dangers lie in the opposite direction from centralization. Divided by vast oceans from the metropolis and arsenal of the Empire, divided from one another, even here in North America, by long tracts of roadless wilderness, we are vulnerable in our separated resources, and dis-united means. We cease to be secure, when we cease to be formidable, and we cease to be formidable because our enemies know that we are not now crown colonies, to be thought for, and fought for, by the crown, neither are we allied states, claiming protection under any well understood compact with our own sovereign. We have passed out of the stage of pupilage, and we have not emerged into the stage of partnership. We are retained in the Empire under a temporary engagement, terminable at a month's notice, because we have not shown ourselves truly desirous of understanding or acting upon the duties of another more intimate and more responsible relationship.

THE MAPLE.

BY THE REV. H. F. DARNELL, M. A.

I.

ALL hail to the broad-leaved Maple !
 With its fair and changeful dress—
 A type of our youthful country
 In its pride and loveliness ;
 Whether in Spring or Summer,
 Or in the dreary Fall,
 'Mid Nature's forest children,
 She's fairest of them all !

II.

Down sunny slopes and valleys
 Her graceful form is seen,
 Her wide, umbrageous branches
 The sun-burnt reaper screen ;

'Mid the dark-browed firs and cedars
Her livelier colors shine,
Like the dawn of a brighter future
On the settler's hut of pine.

III.

She crowns the pleasant hill top,
Whispers on breezy downs,
And casts refreshing shadows
O'er the streets of our busy towns ;
She gladdens the aching eye-ball,
Shelters the weary head,
And scatters her crimson glories
On the graves of the silent dead.

IV.

When Winter's frosts are yielding
To the sun's returning sway,
And merry groups are speeding
To sugar-woods away,
The sweet and welling juices,
Which form their welcome spoil,
Tell of the teeming plenty.
Which here waits honest toil.

V.

When sweet-voiced Spring, soft-breathing,
'Breaks Nature's icy sleep,
And the forest boughs are swaying
Like the green waves of the deep ;
In her fair and budding beauty
A fitting emblem she
Of this our land of promise,
Of hope, of liberty.

VI.

And when her leaves, all crimson,
Droop silently and fall,
Like drops of life-blood welling
From a warrior brave and tall,

They tell how fast and freely
 Would her childrens' blood be shed
 Ere the soil of our faith and freedom
 Should echo a foeman's tread.

VII.

Then hail to the broad-leaved Maple!
 With her fair and changeful dress—
 A type of our youthful country
 In its pride and loveliness;
 Whether in Spring or Summer,
 Or in the dreary Fall,
 'Mid Nature's forest children:
 She's fairest of them all.

A TALE OF THE BAY OF QUINTE.

BY H. T. DEVON.

CHAPTER I.

It was during the administration of the government of this fair Province of Canada, by Monsieur de Frontenac, that the Seignory of Cataraqui previously founded by that governor—after having been selected as a suitable spot for the erection of a fort by the Marquis de Courcelles, in a visit there, performed in 1672—was granted by his Majesty King Louis XIV. to Monsieur de La Sale, in 1678.

De La Sale arrived at Quebec during the summer of that year, and was eagerly welcomed by the meagre society of the capital, which, though fast emerging from the barbarism of the surrounding wilderness, was still too like a place of banishment; a sort of colonial Sahara to its pleasure loving denizens, contrasted with remembrances of Parisian gaieties, and reminiscences of the brilliant court of King Louis.

One morning early in the beautiful month of September, it was announced at the Viceroy's levee that the whole viceregal court intended accompanying the Chevalier in his voyage up the St. Lawrence to his newly acquired domain, partly on a trip of pleasure, and partly with

the idea of giving Monsieur de Frontenac an opportunity of concluding a treaty with a powerful band of Iroquois Indians, whom the French were always anxious to retain, though generally with small success, as friends and allies.

It had been carefully ascertained by the government of the colony from the runners or scouts whom it kept in constant employ, that the children of the forest intended encamping on a large island near the mouth of a river, at the head of the Bay of Quintè, and to that spot the governor proposed going, in order to discuss and terminate the treaty in question.

As soon then as the necessary preparations were completed, Monsieur de La Sale and the viceroy embarked, with a numerous company of retainers and friends, among whom were the Bishop of Quebec, a large party of ladies, and such other notabilities as the Province then contained—in batteaux or barges, a kind of low flat vessel perfectly adapted to the river navigation of the time—under the protection of a company of military from the garrison, without whose escort prudence would not have allowed the Governor to proceed on a journey not unattended with danger, no less from the difficult and partially unknown navigation, than from the prowling bands of savages who might or might not infest the vicinity of the route.

The navigation of the St. Lawrence at that time, and indeed for more than a century after, was both tedious and difficult, from the fact of the rapids and rocks with the other obstructions attending the majestic current of the mighty river being so little understood and so imperfectly known.

The travellers were, however, sufficiently animated by the beauty of the scenery, the novelty of the enterprise, and the freshness of the September air, to be insensible alike to the influences of fatigue, and the weariness attending so lengthened a voyage. Sojourning a day or two at *La Ville Marie*, as the fort and village where the island city of Montreal now stands were then named, they proceeded with renewed buoyance of spirit through the mazes of the beautiful wilderness of St. Lawrence river scenery, until they succeeded in safely attaining the delightful vicinity of the Thousand Islands at the head of the river. There it pleased La Sale to precede his companions, in order to superintend the arrangement and unpacking of the contents of several barges which had been despatched from Quebec, laden with provisions and baggage, previous to the departure of the Viceregal Court for the almost unknown regions, whose depths were about to be penetrated by all the Colony then contained of beauty, station, and wealth—by the chivalrous old Count de Frontenac, with his adventurous companions and suite.

Fort Cataragui, which was afterwards destroyed by the Iroquois, was situated on a slight eminence near the river of that name, and commanded a fine look out on the lake and surrounding bay. Constructed partly for the purpose of defence, it was roughly though strongly put together, and consisted of a main building of logs with wings and projections, added more for convenience than beauty. Its walls were pierced with loop-holes for the use of musketry in case of attack, and the roof, which was high and slanting, was protected by a small cannon on each side, attached to the rafters from the interior. The building was enclosed within a spacious courtyard, which was in turn surrounded by a stockade or fence, one side of which was firmly planted on the rock which rose perpendicularly from the waters edge, and this end was further strengthened by a carronade placed on a platform inside the fence, where a sentry constantly paced on the look-out for the approach of either friend or foe. The walls of the fort, and of the fence which surrounded it, were neatly white-washed, and the national standard of France floated from a flagstaff in the court-yard. The interminable forest stretched almost to the waters edge, but left a space of about half a mile of trees, or rather shrubs mingled with trees of small growth, from its margin to the shore. This intervening space was slightly swampy from the low banks of the river away to the further bed of the lake, and had been partially stripped of its timber by the artizans employed in the construction of the fort; so that around its walls for many yards there was a comparatively cleared space of ground, which proved of great service on many future occasions, as by that means the soldiers of the garrison were enabled to grow such vegetables and grain as they needed for their own consumption, and also, when necessity required it, to detect the approach of their cunning and ferocious enemies, who rarely appeared in open numbers unless sure of an easy victory; but, according to the traditions of Indian warfare, preferred attacking an enemy by stealth, a mode which the heavy growth of timber enabled them to do with ease, since it would be quite impossible for the eye to penetrate the depths of the primeval bushes and trees of the forest.

La Sale was full of the chivalry of his enterprise, he was still young, and had achieved a good military reputation at home. In person he was delicately formed though muscular and with the natural agility of the Frenchman, possessed the ever active vigilance of the trained warrior. His face was of that clear slightly brown waxy hue which bears the impress of time so lightly. His hair and military moustache were jet black, and his eyes were clear brown. On the whole he was about as fine looking a cavalier as graced the court of King Louis; and his manners had all the charm of the high born gentlemen, whom it was that luxurious monarch's pleasure to gather around him.

And here I must remark, that it has ever seemed to me, that we Upper Canadians have never properly appreciated those adventurous and heroic spirits—the French explorers, or pioneers I suppose they may be called, of this province. They were the first white men who ever beheld the glories of Niagara, or sailed over the trackless lakes of the interior; and with undaunted spirit and unsubdued energy they pushed on through miles and miles of wilderness, of forest, and water-course, and prairie; until the vast extent and resources of regions, till then unknown, rewarded their researches with the precious knowledge of their existence.

Father Marquette and Hennepin braved danger that might have appalled the stoutest heart, in order to carry the knowledge of God to the natives of the forest, and seemingly never tired of their wearisome march, but went on with an energy and devotedness, worthy alike of the Priest of God, and the adventurous spirit of the pioneer.

The autumn day was drawing to a close when the barges were observed approaching the declivity, on whose extremity the fort was perched. The Count de Frontenac, anxious to impress on the minds of the Indians a favourable idea of royal magnificence and state, invariably travelled with all the pomp and as many military retainers as his exalted station entitled him to display and the colony enabled him to maintain. The lilies of old France waved from the stern of the Viceroy's barge, which was sheltered by a striped awning of scarlet and white cloth, while various standards and pennons fluttered over the attendant vessels. The boats swept majestically round the distant point, and were rapidly propelled by the untiring exertions of the voyageurs over the silvery bosom of the lake, into the darker waters of Cataraqui Bay, whose waves were now crested by the gorgeous rays reflected from the setting sun.

The scene was like a tale of *Faerie*! There were gallant officers in splendid uniform, who handed fair ladies from the boats, chatting gaily in the brilliant and voluble dialect of France. There was the Viceroy's body guard, and there were four pages of noble birth after the fashion of the times, attired in suits of velvet and silk, who bore the governor's badge embroidered in gold upon their arms.

Monsieur de Frontenac, attired in the magnificent costume of the period, stood in the midst of a group with the Bishop and some prominent ecclesiastics of his virgin diocese. The white hair of the governor waved in the breeze, and his tall knightly form towered above the retainers who surrounded him. La Sale, hat in hand, eagerly approached and welcomed him to his poor Seignior of Cataraqui, while he led the way to the open door of the barricade by which the courtyard was entered.

The dying sun cast sombre shadows on some, and threw out in picturesque relief, others of the brilliant assemblage as they gathered around the Bishop and his attendant priests, who proceeded to sing vespers as a thanksgiving for their preservation from the perils of the voyage. Plumes waved in the breeze, while gold and jewels with the polished cuirasses of the officers and soldiers glittered and flashed as they caught the rosy light of a Canadian sunset. The royal banner of France floated for the first time over Fort Cataraqui, while strains of martial music and shouts of gay laughter were wafted through the courtyard, as the Viceroy and his suite passed through the gates of the barricade and entered the unpretending looking and incommensurable habitation of their entertainer; which, with its arrangements for defence, and commanding, though solitary position, with the wild forest closing it in on every side, presented an appearance half military, half domestic, and was pervaded by an air of savage desolation, to which its present visitors formed a striking contrast, and adorned with an effect quite chivalrous-like in its character.

A week passed quickly away at the fort, during which the forest rung with echoes from the horn of the huntsman, and resounded with the baying of the deer hounds, and the merry voices of the gentlemen engaged in the hunt, who gallantly pursued the untamed deer through glades and wild-wood openings, apparently forgetting their position, and imagining themselves again in the royal forests of Fontainebleau or Compeigne attending the King and Madame de Maintenon as they revelled and roamed in gorgeous magnificence through miles of park and alleys of stately grandeur, attended by gay and gallant courtiers pursuing the stag or following the falcon in the chase.

CHAPTER II.

The Bay of Quinte runs in a north-westerly direction, with many indentations and curves, nearly seventy miles parallel with the boundary of Lake Ontario; from which it is separated by the peninsula County of Prince Edward. Rivers and streams from the interior, flowing in sinuous courses through miles and miles of shaly limestone rock abounding in curious shell and coral fossils pour their tribute of waters into its bosom. Great boulders of igneous rock dot these river banks, telling in silent but truthful language a tale of important geological action; so distant and so mysterious as to be hardly comprehensible to the unscientific observer.

There is one of these boulder stones about three miles from the village of Trenton, not far from the banks of the Trent river, of huge dimensions. Its length is upwards of fifty feet, its height thirty; parts of its

surface are covered with lichens and moss ; the rest lies black and bare, washed by the rains of more than a thousand years. It is traversed by innumerable veins of quartz, which peep out here and there through the dusky surface of the stone like streaks of dawn in a cloudy sky. What convulsion of nature tore this immense block from its native cliff in the North, and conveyed it to its present resting place no man can tell. It is one of the secrets of God.*

In the year of grace 1678, the Count de Frontenac, with La Sale, and their friends, found themselves ascending this Bay of Quintè in bateaux, numbering six in all ; each containing its proper complement of oarsmen. The Bay, at that early period, was known and used as a highway, or means of communication with the lake at its upper extremity, by the various tribes of Indians, and by those adventurous whites whose explorations led them to avoid the dangerous navigation of the lake, which, at that time, and with the craft then in use, was hazardous beyond conception. These seventy miles of comparatively calm water, are only separated from Lake Ontario by a portage or carrying place of one mile in width at the head of the Bay. By the use of this natural means of communication the lake mariner avoided the dangers of a rocky and uninhabited coast, without a harbour along its whole extent, and where nothing could save a vessel from instant destruction if dashed by the force of the waves upon the rocks. The natural sagacity of the Indians taught them the value of this route ; and thus was the Bay of Quintè first navigated by the natives of the forest, and adapted to that purpose for which nature seems to have so beautifully designed it.

Among the ladies of the party was a young and charming widow, who, when only seventeen years old, had contracted, or rather, whose guardian, (for she was an orphan), had contracted for her, a *marriage de convenance* with a noble but impoverished old officer, who afterwards came over to Canada in some official capacity, and shrewdly invested his means in the fur trade, which, for the colony in its then infant state, was very considerable, hoping in time to return to France with his fortune, doubled. In this resolve, however, he was disappointed, for he died just three years after his arrival, and left his old bones to bleach on

* The existence of this very remarkable boulder was quite unknown until the summer of last year to any but the surrounding settlers, who are by no means remarkable for intellectual attainments, and probably saw nothing curious about it. It was then accidentally discovered by Professor Lauzon of Queen's College, and the Rev. Mr. Bleasdel, M. A., Rector of Trenton ; who were out botanizing, who greatly to their astonishment, met with it in their excursion. There has since been a correct scientific description of it published by Mr. Bleasdel, with a full account of its geological peculiarities, in a periodical, whose title I forget, conducted by some of the Professors, and put forth under the auspices of the University of Queen's College at Kingston.

the banks of the St. Lawrence river ; and with them he left his fascinating and brisk young widow ; not to bleach, but to bloom ; who, with her wealth proved a great attraction in the saloons of Quebec, and who, having no friends to speak of in France, and nothing particular to regret in that gay land—her childhood and youth having passed gloomily away in the educational strictness of conventual seclusion—wisely resolved to remain in the land of her adoption and enjoy herself ; and as her wealth gave her far more consequence in the colony than it would have obtained for her in the mother country, she seemed destined to pass the remainder of her days in the region of Quebec.

Now, Madame le Bourdonnais loved Monsieur de La Sale. But did Monsieur reciprocate the passion. Alas, no ! he was quite unconscious of the interesting state of the fair lady's heart. It was certainly very apathetic, or stupid of Monsieur de La Sale to have been the object of a young and beautiful woman's adoration, and remain unconscious of the circumstance, but then, the chevalier was a soldier ; most of his life had been passed on the battle-field, or in camp, and at the age of thirty-five he found himself better able to play a conspicuous part in some military expedition, or prosecute some deed of adventurous daring, than penetrate the secrets of a woman's heart.

Madame, however, nothing daunted, was not to be deterred on this account ; she was quite determined to catch the chevalier, even if she had to stick to him like a leech, as the manner of some ladies is ; and nothing else induced her to join the expedition but the sole view of bringing matters to a crisis before its termination ; for to say the truth she practised a little deception in accepting the viceroy's invitation, because she was not a bit enthusiastic about Indians or forest scenery, and, indeed, when the expedition was first proposed, rather turned a cold shoulder on the affair, for as she remarked to a friend : " Who knows, mon cher, what may happen among these savage Indians ; and then think of the mosquitoes, and the hot sun on one's complexion. Oh horrible ! But when it became known that the chevalier was to accompany the party, the lady changed her tactics, and declared that the trip would be the most "charmingly romantic thing in the world."

Both hero and heroine of this narrative, occupied the same vessel with the Viceroy and his suite, for the mysteries of colonial precedence were quite as intricate and quite as important then as they are now.

The Chevalier and the lady, as I have said, sat in the stern of the Viceroy's barge, along with the other notabilities of the party. Madame le Bourdonnais coquetted with her wished for lover, while the Viceroy discussed the advantages to be derived from a friendly alliance with the tribe they were about to visit, with the Bishop, and some other gentlemen stationed around the canopy at the head of the vessel. The

acute mind of Monsieur de Frontenac already comprehended the series of alarming contests likely to ensue between the colonists of New France, and the tribes along the southern shore of the St. Lawrence; arising from the slow but certain progress of the English, the hereditary and invincible enemies of the French nation, in their colonization of the vast territory at the South. A shade of sorrow passed over his features as he thought, too, of the growing power of that rival, whose flag was soon destined to supplant the banner of France in the colony, and already the old man saw in anticipation the splendid future of the Provinces; destined in the end to achieve so brilliant a position beneath the protecting influence of that lion power, whose encroachments Monsieur de Frontenac dreaded, and, for the honor of France, deplored.

To the eyes of the travellers the scenery wore the appearance of unexplored solitude, there was no vestige of human habitation to the right nor to the left. No hideous bridges nor unsightly wharves offended the eye with their ugliness; nature appeared fresh and untrammelled, and wanted only the appearance of cultivation to produce a picture of settled perfection.

Nearly two centuries after this time, the royal standard of England floated over the head of her future king from the deck of the *Kingston*, as she proudly bore her illustrious passenger over those scenes, then beheld for the first time by the French Viceroy, in his humble barge.—Then, Monsieur de Frontenac landed and planted the Gallic lily over his couch as he slept, but the superior civilization of two centuries later denied the Prince of Wales this privilege, and so the royal youth, over whose princely head the emblazoned lions waved, was not permitted to land on the shores of the Bay of Quintè by the too pressing exercise of untimely, if not intemperate, zeal.

CHAPTER III.

Though the rightful heritage of the Iroquois Indians was to the south of the St. Lawrence river, in what was once the British Provinces, but is now the extreme north of the American States, it was no unusual thing to find that powerful and warlike people making predatory excursions across the great natural boundary that divided them from their French neighbours.

On the occasion of Count Frontenac's visit to a portion of their tribe, they were assembled in considerable numbers at the head of the Bay of Quintè; partly with the idea of obtaining concessions from the Viceroy, which, if not granted, they knew themselves to be in a position to enforce; and partly for the purpose of forming negotiations with the Algonquins, for the mutual protection of both, against the

well-known avarice and deceit of those whites, who were engaged in the fur trade—a branch of commerce in which the utmost dishonesty was practised by the merchants who directed and controlled that profitable traffic—large fortunes being often amassed by shrewd individuals in a fabulously short time, which were solely the results of the gross frauds practised on the unsuspecting Indians. This particular locality at the head of the Bay was chosen for the conference, as being a sort of debatable ground; for though, strictly speaking, within the limits of French jurisdiction, it was still too distant from the frontier, or from any inhabited portion of the Colony, to be under any control of the government; and, indeed, neither the French nor the English, even if they had the will, possessed the power of disputing the movements of the ancient and lawful owners of the forest, who, then in the very zenith of their power, and rendered yet more formidable by the introduction of fire-arms among them by the English, generally contrived, and usually succeeded, with that sagacity peculiar to their character, in making themselves both respected and feared.

The island on which the savages were encamped was admirably situated for the purpose; it was long and low, almost on a level with the water's edge, and was only about a stone's throw from the shore. It lay near the mouth of a river, which, at that particular spot, curved around a sort of a cliff that rose almost perpendicularly from the water's edge, and was there much broader than in other parts of its channel. One extremity of the island was washed by the foam crested rapids of the river, the other nestled lovingly in its deep still bed. Scattered groups of the drooping elm tree rose in graceful luxuriance from the smooth green turf, while here and there a clump of evergreens embowered a patch of the shore with their sombre foliage. The whole surface of ground was smooth and green as a well kept lawn, save where the lady fern shadowed the wild flowers with its drooping feathers. The hills of what are now the surrounding townships shadowed this lovely spot with their tree-clad dreariness, while the wild deer browsed in the valleys around, or swam in peaceful security the fierce torrent of the river.

It was late in the afternoon of the second day of their departure from Fort Cataraqui, when Count Frontenac's party found themselves approaching the place of rendezvous. All was eagerness and impatience on board the Viceroy's barge, and every eye was restlessly employed in surveying the surrounding scenery, or engaged in the look out for traces of Indian habitation. "Truly," said the Bishop, as a benignant smile passed over his placid features, "our dusky friends have chosen a delightful spot for the conference. I was not aware," he added, addressing the Viceroy, "that the red men possessed so keen a sense for the appreciation of the beauties of nature."

"Oh, the Iroquois are a wary and artful people," replied the Viceroy, who better understood the peculiarities of Indian character than the benevolent ecclesiastic, "and none know better than they the value of external circumstances. But see, gentlemen!" he exclaimed, pointing to the distant island, "there lie the wigwams of our friends; sound the bugles, and let the attending boats follow as closely as possible in our wake. It will be as well to approach with as much of the appearance of military discipline as we can muster."

"Now, Chevalier, do play the gallant for once, and promise me the protection of your arm when we get among those horrid Indians," said Madame le Bourdonnais to the human fish she was trying to catch, in the half-coquettish, half-ironical way she had adopted when addressing that individual—for she had begun to regard La Sale as her own especial protector—so that Chevalier here, and Chevalier there, were constantly dropping from her very pretty lips, greatly to the chagrin and annoyance of some other ladies of the party, who, perhaps, secretly wished to monopolize the desirable Chevalier themselves, and devoutly wished the young widow at the bottom of the bay or at home in Quebec. "Remember now, Monsieur de La Sale," she added, "I select you as my knight errant, and expect you to comport yourself accordingly."

La Sale gallantly placed his hand on his heart and with an affectation of sentimentality assured the lady, "that, as in duty bound, he would be her slave till death."

"Or, rather, till we get back to Quebec, Chevalier," said the lady, as she darted away, and gaily kissed her hand in token of approbation of the arrangement.

As the boats neared the island, the Viceroy's party found the Indians drawn up along the shore to receive them. The most renowned of the chiefs stood in advance of the rest, attired in all the barbarism of paint and scalp-lock. As Count Frontenac stepped from his barge the most renowned of the Indians approached, and in the dialect then used by the Iroquois in their intercourse with the French said, "My great brother is welcome to the lodge of Oureonhare," for this was one of the chiefs whom Monsieur Denonville afterwards treacherously kidnapped and sent to France for the amusement of King Louis; "many moons have passed since we met my brother at Stadacona," alluding to a former interview held in Quebec, "and the promises then made to us," he said, drawing himself up with dignity, "have been broken; but," he added, "the heart of the Iroquois is generous—he is willing to forget the past. My people can afford to forgive the deception practised upon them by their white brethren. For," and his eyes sparkled with savage pride, "are we not masters of the hunting fields along the shores of all the great lakes, even to the setting sun? We have driven

our enemies before us like smoke before the wind. But the hatchet is now buried in peace, so let my great brother come to the lodge of Oureonhare and bring with him his young men and his squaws."

Thinking it best to humour the savage, Count Frontenac ordered his whole party to follow, which they accordingly did, though not without some trepidation on the part of the ladies, whose eyes were not yet sufficiently inured to the ferocious wildness of the dusky sons of the forest to meet them with perfect composure. Groups of the young braves stood around, or peeped furtively through the tree branches as the party passed, standing erect, with folded arms and impassioned countenances, like the naked bronze statues of antiquity, which, indeed, they most resembled in their sculptural beauty of form. The old women and the younger squaws stood aloof, and seemed watching with feelings of envy the jewels and rich dresses of the ladies, who, in their turn, gazed with mingled feelings of compassion and curiosity on several young dusky creatures, attired in the short petticoat of dressed deer skin, with its embroidery of porcupine quills, and having attached to the back, in its cradle or covering of birch work, the papoose, of all ages from a month to a year.

The fascinating manners of Count Frontenac made a deep impression on these Indians, and led to the belief that a permanent treaty of peace might be concluded between them. This hope, however, proved fallacious, for the Iroquois were never entirely friendly to the French, and on many occasions proved their bitterest enemies.

The subjects to be discussed were left for the following days, when the council fire would be lighted, and the pipe of peace smoked, and for that night nothing was said or done but what pertained to the laws of hospitality, and the passage of metaphorical compliments between the heads of the respective parties.

The viceregal party slept in tents with which they were provided, or on the barges, which were luxuriously fitted up, and so arranged as to provide every comfort that the Colony could command or that wealth could procure; and as I shall not advert to the subject again it may be as well to say here that some conciliations were made by both parties in the next day's council, and in the end Monsieur de Frontenac left his red friends greatly pleased with his promises, most of which were broken as he was shortly afterwards recalled to France to make way for another governor who lacked both his ability and discretion, having neither the sense to conciliate the Indians as friends nor the power to cope with them as enemies.

And now, like a faithful chronicler, I must relate the adventure that befel the heroine of my story, and gave her the husband of her desire, which interesting and truly romantic episode will form the finale of this narrative in a concluding chapter.

LONGFELLOW AND HIS POETRY.

It is said that good poetry is that which is most patent to the general understanding, and I know of no living poet whose works appeal more to the approval or disapproval of the common sense of the reader than those of Longfellow. Inferior to Tennyson in delicacy of sentiment and elegance of diction, he far surpasses him in truth and fervency. True, Longfellow's strains are never heavenly; no seraphic being breathes on his lyre, inspiring his songs, or lending him wings to mount in the ethereal region of poesy; but humanity is the invoker of his pen, and that he is "brother to man shows itself in all he writes." The strongest feature in the poems of Longfellow is their intense earnestness. Life, with all its realities, its strivings, its throbs, its throes, is his study and theme.

No doubt the poet is a lover of nature, his soul is awed by its sublimity and grandeur; he also loves rural life, with its sunshine and quiet, and the lanes and by-paths of the country, with its blossoms and fruits, its hills and valleys, all these are to him glorious; but he seldom writes of them, except as imagery to some honest truth. He regards them but "the decorations and painted scenery in the great drama of life," and he draws his poetry not from the physical but from the moral world, with all its seams and chasms, its gulfs and graves, but ever and ever bridged over with Faith in the glorious hereafter with its immortality. Glorious, indeed, is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. "The river of life that flows through streets tumultuous, bearing along so many gallant hearts, so many wrecks of humanity; the many homes and households, each a little world in itself, all forms of human joy and suffering, brought into that narrow compass; and to be in this, and to be a part of this; acting, thinking, rejoicing, sorrowing with his fellow men,"—such, such indeed, is life, and here lies the poet's "land of song." Who can read "the Psalm of Life," and not gain wisdom? And who can tell how many fainting and desponding ones its truthful, trustful words may have raised from dust and sloth, feeding them with bread and meat, and sending them on their way with manly hearts, content "to labour and to wait?"

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;

But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day."

Longfellow reminds us that nothing is small or trivial, but that all is of weight and importance in the balance of life, that even each minute has a life by itself, a starting-place, a race, a goal, and at the last great day will be revived to stand our friends or foes. What a lesson is taught in "the Village Blacksmith!" With what nobleness does he clothe and drape that stalworth form; with what a vigorous pen has he drawn the sinews and muscles of those brawny arms, bared for honesty and toil!

"His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns what e'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man."

Thus he works out his destiny, thus he fills his niche in the economy of lowly life; and week out, week in, from morn till night, he is a helper with the great Artificer. Better this than an idler and a dreamer.

And again the artist paints him. He has washed off the week's dust and rust, and we behold with admiration the beauty of his good and manly heart. It is Sunday morning, and the smithy is shut, the fire is dead, the bellows and sledge are quiet in the corner, and the week and the sparks have flown like chaff from a threshing floor.

There is a hum of birds and bees, and the sun is warm and bright, and in the village church sits this mighty, brawny man among his boys, a child-like worshipper clothed with humility and reverence. We now behold the delectable mountains of his soul. He hears his parson pray and preach, perhaps he now and then falls asleep, and how ashamed he is of his weakness; but when they praise God aloud he joins in the psalm, and

"He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice."

How akin is joy and sorrow; what a thin partition separates our bliss and woe; what a contiguity between our smiles and tears!

"It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes."

Here is great pathos and tenderness. We forget about the poet or

his numbers; all we see is that tanned brow wrung with pain, and we follow his eyes out of the open window, and they rest on the mound with the white slab just visible through the grass.

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

"Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!"

These are manly thoughts, and good, wholesome truths do these verses embody. Longfellow is no poet of love; he has not what can properly be named a song of love in his works.

Hiawatha contains his most tender passages, and even these charm more by their simple words and fitness than depth of passion or warmth of imagination. He has written no song breathing such a delicacy of sentiment as Mackay's "I sent a message by the Rose," or any of such prolific fancy and gorgeous imagery as Tennyson's "Come into the garden, Maud." Longfellow's "Songs of Affection" embody much domestic tenderness, but his conception always embraces those who gather around his own hearth-stone, those who he can take to his heart and call "his own." Wedded love, with its fairness, its beauty, its purity, fills the poet's soul, and invokes his most tender strains, when he speaks of the

————— "being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

"With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

"And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

"Uttered not, yet comprehended
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer

Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air."

See, this "being beauteous" is no fair and gentle maiden, but a wife, a helpmate, who comes chiding and rebuking him.

Another feature of Longfellow is his conciseness. He condenses in one bold idea or range of thought, a multiplicity of actions, with all their ramifications and wanderings; they are gathered up into one body, clothed with one garment, displaying a beauty and fulness of form and blending which is at once simple and effective. In "the Rainy day," which we quote in full, see the whole history of a life, past and present, is there told.

The wretched, despairing being is wandering in a charnel ground, shuddering among unclosed graves of the past; and how gently he binds up his bruises, and leads him by the hand into the highway, showing him the break in the clouds.

"The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

"My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the winds are never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

"Be still, sad heart! and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

The most finished of Longfellow's poems is "Resignation," and so beautiful is its conception, so choice and elegant in its words, and in the spirit which pervades the verses, such genuine sympathy, that it will always be a gem in English Poetry. Longfellow is like Cowper in the christian and moral bearings of his poetry, but unlike him in being no satirist. He never points a finger of scorn at musty evils, or exposes to ridicule our prejudices and foibles. No playful wit or pungent satire ever falls from his pen, and the reader is never startled by coming suddenly on some original turn or salient point. Had Hood written *Hiawatha*, what a witty rogue would he have made "Pau-Puk-Keewis," whilst Longfellow leaves him only a malicious mischief-loving rake. Longfellow lacks one grand characteristic of a great poet. He has displayed no originality or power of invention, but he seizes on old

truths and wholesome lessons of morality, and dresses them up so pleasantly, and with so much good judgment, that we are pleased to have them for companions. And if Longfellow does not charm the ear by the full flow of his numbers, or ravish the senses by his rich imagery and gorgeous visions, he does not disgust or weary with quaint conceits or affected rhapsodies. For, unlike a great deal of the poetry of the present day, Longfellow's is never speculative, his language is never mystical or his sentences enigmatical.

He uses his reason more than his imagination, consequently he is always within the range of good sense and common understanding. All is real and tangible; he depicts not the shadow, but the substance, and his poems are the genuine workings of a mind filled with the philosophy of life; one who believes that action is more noble than thought or theory; one who feels it is a glorious thing to live, to belong to, and have a part in that union of brotherhood, which, in its full development, reaches into another world; one who realizes it is a noble thing "to suffer and be strong," and a sublime task to help onward his fellow men. And if he has roused the sleeping elements of one sluggard, if he has lifted in any way the cross from the weary one, or strengthened the sinews and muscles of one right arm, truly we may then say, "He has fashioned his work well." M. L. C.

THE CITED CURATE.

BY MISS MURRAY.

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER what I had seen I felt little inclination to re-enter the church, and taking a seat on a grave stone, I waited there till the congregation came out. How Eardley went through the rest of the service I never heard, but from his manner when we met, I conclude he contrived to perform it with but little alteration of demeanor. Somewhat later than the rest of the congregation he and Sir Francis came out of a side door which led from the vestry, and immediately came up to me. He grasped my hand warmly, and presented me to Sir Francis with perhaps a little more hurry of manner than usual; that was all. I asked myself had he steeled himself already against all emotion, all remorse, or were there ser-

pent fangs tearing his soul while he so mastered his voice and look as to suppress every sign of suffering? As I looked at him furtively, the last supposition seemed the true one. His face was still of that colourless hue to which the first glance of Kate had blanched it, and every feature seemed locked in fixed immobility, as if he felt that to have relaxed them from that tense rigidity would have destroyed their power of dissimulation, and forced them to betray the fiery anguish that was working within. I noticed, too, that he steadily avoided meeting my eye, and his voice sounded cold and expressionless to my ear, all the spirit and energy that had given such life and soul to its music was gone. I saw at once that the strange scene that had just taken place had not disturbed the affectionate cordiality that appeared to exist between Sir Francis and his son-in-law. It was evident that he had accepted whatever explanation Eardley had chosen to give. To a man of the world like Sir Francis Denzil, the sufferings of a poor girl, like Kate Redmond, were of very little importance, and as long as Eardley did nothing to sink him in the world's esteem, he was not likely to incur his father-in-law's displeasure.

As we walked to the carriage, Sir Francis said, carelessly, "They have taken that poor girl home, I am told. What a beautiful creature she must have been before she lost her senses."

"Beautiful, indeed," I answered, scarcely knowing what I said, for my thoughts were fixed on Eardley, who was walking beside me, and whose face I could not see.

"She must always have been of a singularly romantic turn of mind," pursued Sir Francis; "one would scarcely have believed that a girl in her rank could feel such an insane passion for a man so much above her, if we had not seen it."

"No, indeed," I said, in the same mechanical way.

"It is really a great pity," continued Sir Francis, "but you see such great personal attractions, and such wonderful talents as your friend possesses must pay some penalty—unnatural hate, or more unnatural love!—What is it, Eardley?"

"Oh, we have all heard of maniacs taking still more extraordinary and unaccountable fancies," said Eardley, goaded into speaking, at last, "fancies of which they never dreamed when they were sane."

"I am inclined to think this girl did, though," said Sir Francis coolly, "and that it was the struggle between her love and its utter hopelessness that turned her brain. By the bye, I am glad Evelyn was not at church to-day; she would have been so dreadfully shocked and frightened."

"Yes, it was well," said Eardley, speaking between his shut teeth.

"Eardley feels a good deal cut up about this poor girl," whispered Sir Francis to me, as we came up to the carriage, "and I don't wonder, for it is really a most disagreeable thing. We must get Dr. Maunsell to see

her. He is very clever, and if her malady admits of a cure he will be certain to effect one. Come, Mr. French, get in. You had better tell him to drive fast, Eardley, it is bitterly cold."

During our drive to Grey Court, Sir Francis and I talked on more agreeable topics than poor Kate Redmond presented, but Eardley said so little that at last Sir Francis enquired, I thought, a little sarcastically, if it was his long absence from Evelyn that had made him so dull. "Your friend and my daughter are lovers still," he added, turning towards me, "though more than a month married, and consequently they are the worst possible companions for every body but each other."

I suppose Eardley thought it would not exactly do to let his proud father-in-law suspect that his marriage with Miss Denzil had been solely one of interest, and that his heart had been all the time with that crazed unhappy peasant girl of whom he had just been so carelessly speaking, for he roused himself to say, "You have not seen Evelyn yet, Walter, but when you do you will see loveliness enough to excuse a man for any amount of idolatry."

Sir Francis at this unbent his brow. Evelyn was his darling, the sole object that divided with himself the possession of his selfish heart. "The truth is, Mr. French," he said, "Eardley and I rival each other in trying who shall spoil her most. Here's the gate. You're welcome to your friend's home."

The gate was of heavy antique iron, hung between square, massive pillars, with a lodge built of large rough stones; low-roofed, substantial, and shaded by a couple of splendid walnut trees. The avenue was straight, with a row of walnut and Spanish chestnut trees at each side. The domain was one of old fashioned beauty, full of steep banks, bosky thickets, dells and dingles; a broad clear river ran close by the house, and beyond it, the bank, partly clothed with copse wood, rose to a stone terrace where a pretty gothic summer-house gleamed out through the thick foliage that embowered it. A flower-garden sloped from one wing of the mansion down to the river, running deep and dark beneath the shade of some gigantic and ancient horse-chestnut, which threw their spreading boughs half way across the stream. A large old fashioned walled-in fruit and vegetable garden was separated from the house by a field, with a winding path running through it, in which cattle of a great size and beauty were grazing. At the other side of the house was the rookery, where, amidst giant firs and elms, the cawing dusky people had lived for ages unmolested. There was also a wilderness, where the trees were allowed to grow wild and thick, and where, as you walked, you sank up to your ancles in withered leaves. A mount ascended by a narrow zigzag path, and bearing on its summit yew trees so old that Strongbow and his archers may have cut bows there; a dark walk, shut in by evergreens and

strange antique shrubs, emitting in the warm Summer eves delicious aromatic odours; grottos of shell and spar, moss-houses, rustic cottages, labyrinths and alleys, and terraces, and all the quaint devices in which our fore-fathers took delight. The house was large and handsome, and had an aspect of strength, dignity and venerable antiquity. It was built of hewn grey stone, elaborately carved about the doors and windows and with the family arms and crest cut over the entrance.

As the carriage drove up to the door, Eardley's young wife came into the portico to meet us. She was certainly very lovely, and looked as if she had been formed out of the fairest and sweetest elements in nature.—Her skin was like newly-fallen snow, with the softest rose bloom on the cheek, deepened into crimson on her smiling, pouting lips; her eyes were the very colour of the summer sunlit heaven, and they were shaded by golden brown curls, shining like rays of light—every feature expressing a bewitching union of gaiety and sweetness. She looked as innocent, as bright, and lovely as the flowers, and as ignorant of toil, of sorrow or sin. She wore a crimson merino dress, its warm rich hues contrasting well with her fair complexion, and she had twisted a sable boa round her throat and head to shield her from the cold, through which her golden curls peeped, reminding me of a legend I had once read, of a fair-haired Danish princess who had loved and followed a famous Berserkir, though he had no robe to give her to wear, but a bear-skin—"Yet Love," saith the legend, "made it so become her beauty, that her bright eyes and golden hair shone above its darkness, as the sun does, coming from beneath a cloud!" A little red and white spaniel frisked round her, barking for joy at the return of the carriage.

"Naughty girl!" cried her father, "what are you doing out in the cold? Do you want to have such another cough as you had in London?"

"Oh, I only came out this moment, papa, and I am so tired of being in the house all day. How long you have been."

"Have you good fires, Evelyn? We are all frozen, and Eardley's friend has come."

"Mr. French—I am so glad," and she came forward to welcome me with the most engaging frankness; "Eardley has been longing for you so much, Mr. French, and has talked so much about you, that he has made us all nearly as anxious for your arrival as he has been himself."

"Bring luncheon into the library, Johnson," said Sir Francis to a servant as we entered the hall;—a large apartment hung with family pictures, and containing a great number of doors and windows, a huge fireplace, and a magnificent oak stair-case leading to the upper story. From thence we passed to the library, where a bright fire, sofas, easy chairs, and reading-tables, covered with books, magazines and newspapers, drawn around it, looked temptingly comfortable.

Now that Eardley's hat was off, and that we were in a warm atmosphere, his pale severe aspect looked more remarkable, and I saw Evelyn's eyes turn anxiously towards him. At that moment there was an expression in those lovely eyes which, though not in itself sad, gave me a sensation of pain, a sort of hovering doubt, and undefined fear seemed struggling in them with a yearning tenderness, as if she had already a vague consciousness that there were mysterious depths in Eardley's heart and mind into which it was impossible her simple nature could ever enter; and yet, perhaps, this feeling only deepened the intensity of her affection, for mystery always shadows forth danger and gloom, and what true woman's heart does not cling the closer to the loved one at the very thought of evil or sorrow hanging over him.

"And now listen to my news," said Evelyn. "More newspapers and letters than I could count have come, and there is one from Lady Medwyn, and she says Eardley is sure of the Rocksley living."

Eardley had been leaning against the mantel-piece, complaining of the cold, and apparently trying to warm himself, as quickly as possible, but he now turned round hastily, "Where are the letters?" he asked.

"In the breakfast room. I will get them for you," said Evelyn, jumping up to do so with that ingenuous child-like simplicity that marked all she did and said; that unaffected frankness and forgetfulness of self which had already disarmed me of every prejudice which my sympathy for poor Kate Redmond had raised against her.

"Stay, Evelyn," said her father, "better wait till after luncheon; that is the most important consideration just now, and if Eardley will take my advice he will not look at his letters till he fortifies himself against all contingencies with something to eat. Many a good appetite has been spoiled by opening an unlucky letter just before sitting down to table."

"Oh, I am not afraid of my appetite being spoiled by any letter I can possibly receive," said Eardley, with a laugh, "and I am anxious to see every thing about Rocksley. Evelyn take care of Walter till I come back; I shall not stay long," and evidently glad of an excuse to leave the room, he departed.

"That Rocksley living is a good thing," said Sir Francis, "I am glad Eardley is to have it, though I often wish he had never entered the church. Parliament is the proper arena for such talents as his. He has the most splendid debating powers, and the clearest and strongest head for affairs I ever met with. It is a thousand pities that the country is deprived of such a statesman as he would make."

"His genius must always command distinction, no matter in what field it is displayed," I said.

"True, and I suppose we must console ourselves with the hope of seeing him a bishop. But I am happy to say here comes luncheon."

"I suppose, Mrs. Temple, you are delighted at the thoughts of returning to England," I said, a little while after.

"I have always loved this place," she answered, "but then, Eardley dislikes it, so I shall not be sorry to leave it."

"No wonder he should detest it," said Sir Francis, "think of such a magnificent fellow being buried in such a miserable hole, a wretched country curate; it really was too bad!"

Though Evelyn performed her duties as hostess with hospitable grace her eyes were constantly wandering towards the door, and a sort of restless uneasiness, which occasionally flitted over her face showed that her thoughts were with Eardley, and that instead of talking polite nothings to me, and playing with the delicacies her father put on her plate, she would have gladly followed him, had he not told her to remain. Sir Francis, in the mean time, satisfied the appetite that he had been so much afraid of disturbing, unconscious of her uneasiness, for much as he loved her, his sympathies were not delicate or quick enough to discern the suppressed emotions even of the being dearest to him in the world.

Eardley, however, did not stay long away, and when he returned, his gloom had either been dissipated by the new prospects opened to his ambition, or he had taken in a fresh stock of dissimulation, for now he seemed really cheerful, and till dinner was the gayest and most agreeable of companions. His young wife's fair face reflected all his brightness, and her buoyant fancy and blithe spirit, relieved from the vague shadow that Eardley's stern looks had thrown over them, sparkled and shone in the light of his smiles, like a dancing rill in the sunshine.

CHAPTER XII.

I never remember seeing Eardley more lively and entertaining than he was during dinner, but when the desert was placed on the table, I fancied (for I could not help watching him with the most painful and anxious interest) that his spirits began to flag. He grew more silent, and the cloud seemed gathering again on his brow. Then suddenly catching the expression of my eyes, he started, seemed to rouse himself again, and taking some walnuts on his plate said, "The most delicious walnuts I ever tasted were given me by a gipsy girl in the Isle of Wight."

"What, a real gipsy?" cried Evelyn.

"Yes, a real Rommany, and a very handsome one, too, with a slender and perfectly moulded shape, mobile, impassioned features, and eyes that sometimes seemed to emit actual rays of light through the lustrous haze that always give such a peculiar look to a gipsy's eye."

"Oh, tell more about her, Eardley; I never saw a gipsy; did this one tell your fortune?"

"Thereby hangs a tale," said Eardley.

"A tale? Oh that is delightful. Begin at the beginning, and tell your story properly. Where did you meet her?"

"Lord Cassils and I were riding through a green lane near Newport one evening in a certain September. The day had been hot, we had ridden a long way, and our horses were tired, so we let them walk quietly, and enjoy the soft turf beneath their feet. At a turn in the lane we came to a stile which gave entrance to a field of clover—by the bye how deliciously it scented the air that lovely afternoon—and seated on the topmost step of the stile was a gipsy girl, in a black silk hat and scarlet cloak. Her lap was full of fine large walnuts, which she was cracking and eating, and instead of nut-crackers she used her teeth, white as ivory and even as dies; they must have been tolerably strong, too, for they broke the walnuts with apparent ease."

"Oh!" said Evelyn, "it sets my teeth on edge to think of it."

"I assure you she did it so dexterously, it was quite pleasant to watch her, and if you had seen how neatly she picked the white creamy kernel from the shell with her supple fingers, I am not sure that you wouldn't have longed for a share. She was certainly a beautiful creature, like some Princess of Persia or Hindostan, some genie or peri in disguise, or anything else you may choose to imagine that is dark, brilliant and beautiful. But she was not alone. With her was a creature bent with age, whose witch like countenance expressed the most hideous malignity.—Her skin was like creased old leather, her lips black and skinny, one or two canine-like teeth protruding through them; her large hooked nose met her pointed chin; if she had any forehead the red handkerchief bound round her head completely hid it, and in the midst of this vile caricature of the human face divine, her black eyes glowed like two live coals from under her pent-house brows. She stood beside the stile, one hand holding a short pipe, the other extended for some of her companions cracked walnuts. I thought of Shakspeare's hag begging chestnuts from the sailor's wife, and wondered whether it was possible that such hideous ugliness could be the mother of such a rare piece of beauty as the houri beside her. They did not appear to see us till we were close to them, but then the girl instantly jumped off the stile, and coming coquettishly forward, offered us some nuts."

"And of course you took them."

"Yes, and as I said before they were the best I ever ate."

"Well, go on, what next?" asked Evelyn. "I hate people to stop in the middle of a story; don't you Mr. French?"

"There is nothing more worth telling," said Eardley. "We left them

where we had found them, and I have never heard or seen anything of them since ; scarcely ever thought of them till to-day."

"But they told you your fortunes, did they not?" said Evelyn. "I am sure you never left them without having your fortunes told."

I was sure of it, too, and could not help thinking that something more than a mere chance meeting with two gipsys, probably like a hundred others to be met with every day in England, made him recall the circumstance now.

"Come, Eardley," said Sir Francis, "you have excited our love of the marvellous, and must gratify it now, either with fact or fiction."

"Nonsense, papa," said Evelyn, "fiction won't do, we want to know what really did happen—we want to hear what the gipsy girl really did say to them. You must tell, Eardley."

"Don't be disappointed, Evelyn, but I assure you I have nothing strange or marvellous to relate. We wanted the girl to read our palms but the old sorceress stepped forward and insisted on deciphering them herself. Cassils submitted, afraid, I suppose, of rousing the old hag's wrath if he resisted, but I was obstinate, and declared that my fortune should be told by the vermillion lips of the young beauty, or not at all, for I was certain nothing but evil could proceed from the lips of such a mummy-like professor of the black art, as that old witch."

"But you did not say so to her, did you?" asked Evelyn,

"Not exactly, but I think her quick ear heard me saying as much to Cassils."

"Well, what followed? Did she let the pretty gipsy tell your fortune?"

"Yes, I carried my point, at last openly declaring that I preferred a white witch to a black one, and the old hag cursed me heartily."

"But what did your pretty sybil say? How can you be so ill-natured Eardley, as not to tell the story properly? We must have every word. Must not we, Mr. French?"

"Oh, certainly; we will not bate a letter, Eardley; let us have your sybil's leaves unmutilated."

"I am sorry to disappoint your curiosity, good people, but in truth I have nearly forgotten what she said. I remember, however, that the old sorceress promised Cassils all sorts of good things, by way of rewarding his docility, I suppose. He was to marry a beauty and an heiress with profuse golden tresses, and blue eyes sparkling like the north star, whose usual attire was to be white satin embroidered with gold, and a necklace of diamonds as large as hazel nuts, (it was odd she did not say walnuts); and he was to have seven sons with eyes as blue as their mother's."

"But your own destiny, Eardley; I am sure you must remember some-

thing of it at least ; you only pretend to forget it just to teaze me. What did the beautiful gipsy tell you ? ”

“ Oh, she was an ungrateful thing,” said Eardley, with an odd sort of a laugh, “ and whether from the spirit of mischief, or a dread of displeasing her companion prophesied nothing but evil for me. She told me that nothing I set my heart upon should come to good ; that none of my ambitious hopes should ever be realized ; that I should be crossed in love and die young. But it is all nonsense, Evelyn,” he exclaimed suddenly breaking off, “ as we wise folk of this nineteenth century know, is it not ? ”

Evelyn looked up at him with a smile that would have been bright, had it not been dashed by a faint shade of superstitious terror, and at that moment a servant came behind Sir Francis Denzil's chair, and spoke a few words to him in a low voice.

“ Good God ! ” exclaimed Sir Francis, “ is it possible ! Poor unhappy girl ! ”

The contracted brow, the eager eye, the strained attention with which Eardley listened now showed plainly how hollow had been his assumed gaiety.

“ Evelyn's gentle heart was always ready to melt at the sound of woe or misfortune. “ What is it, papa ? What has happened ? ” she asked eagerly.

“ A young girl, Evelyn, a poor mad creature that we saw at church this morning was drowned on her way home.”

I looked at Eardley. His face was livid with the violent struggle he made to suppress his feelings. Beside him stood a stand of liqueurs, and half filling a tumbler with some strong cordial, he drank it off.

“ Ah ! poor thing ! poor unfortunate girl ! How did it happen, Johnson ? ” and Evelyn's blue eyes filled with tears.

“ Why ma'am,” said Johnson, “ there's a flood in the river, and the bridge at Blackraths' broken at one spot, and just as the car was passing by she jumped up, though she had been lying quiet enough before, and threw herself over the broken battlements.”

“ Where did you learn all this,” asked Sir Francis, sipping his wine with apparent coolness, and (I fancied) keeping his eyes purposely fixed on the man that he might not look at Eardley.

“ From Kelly, the errand boy, Sir Francis. He helped the people to take her out of the river, but the flood was very strong, and by the time they got her out she was quite dead.”

“ What were the people that were with her on the car about that they did not take better care of her ? ” said Sir Francis.

“ There was no one, Sir Francis, but the driver, and he was minding

his horse, except her father, and he's very old and feeble. Kelly says this will be his death."

"Oh, Eardley," said Evelyn, looking at her husband through a mist of tears which hid from her the ghastly expression of his face, "what a sad thing! Did you know this poor girl?"

"Yes, I knew her well!" said Eardley.

"What set her mad?" asked Evelyn.

"Some religious doubts or scruples," answered Sir Francis, quickly. "Her father was a Catholic and her mother a Protestant, and between the two creeds the poor thing's reason gave way. I have heard that she was always of a very peculiar turn of mind, thoughtful and sensitive and fond of books and solitude. She has not been in her right senses for some weeks, but she never was violent till to-day, when she ran away from home, and frightened us all by rushing into church, and talking the wildest nonsense. Poor girl, her sufferings are over now."

"They say, sir," said Johnson, looking at Eardley, "that just before she threw herself into the river, she called out that some one was waiting for her in the black waters below, and that she saw him floating on the stream, and heard him calling her to come to him. But there's no believing half what we hear."

"Oh, she was full of all sorts of insane fancies like other mad people," said Sir Francis, so sternly as to stop any further revelations from Johnson.

"What a shame they don't get that bridge mended," he added abruptly. "I must see about it at the next sitting of the Bench. There, Johnson, that will do. Evelyn clear those mists from your face, and let me see you smile again. I will not hear another word about this poor creature, for I cannot bear to see your brow clouded."

"But we must do something for that poor old man, papa?"

"Of course, my dear, whatever you wish shall be done; but it will be time enough to-morrow to speak of that."

"He wants nothing that we can do for him, Evelyn," said her husband; "he is not poor, and death is the only boon he need covet now."

"Eardley, I beg you will say no more on the subject!" exclaimed Sir Francis. "Evelyn go into the drawing-room and have tea brought in; we'll join you immediately."

In spite of Eardley's astonishing self-command, Sir Francis had evidently seen something of the effect the tidings of Kate Redmond's death had had upon him, and anxious to give him time to recover himself, and prevent me, as he thought, from noticing his emotions, he exerted himself to entertain me during the short time we stayed in the dining-room. For a while Eardley scarcely seemed to know we were present, but drank glass after glass of wine in a reckless sort of haste; by degrees, however,

he seemed to come back to himself, and at last joined in our conversation as indifferently as if nothing had happened. Then Sir Francis rose from the table and we joined Evelyn in the drawing room.

CHAPTER XIII.

Eardley did not again assume that forced gaiety which I had felt so painful at dinner, and which, however it had seemed to others, I had known to be so false and hollow. The unusual quantity of wine he had taken did not appear to have had the least effect on him, but, probably, but for it he could not have braced his nerves to that steely firmness which carried him steadily through the unnatural part he was acting.

As soon as tea was removed, Sir Francis asked Evelyn to play and sing some sacred music. "If you care about music, Mr. French," he continued to me, "I think I may promise you a treat."

"Take care, Evelyn," said Eardley, "you could not play before a more fastidious critic."

"Now, you want to frighten me, Eardley," said Evelyn, with a little smile of conscious triumph; "but no matter. I will play as well as I can and 'He does well who does his best.'"

Simple and unpretending as she was, Evelyn knew her strong point.—She played exquisitely, and had one of the sweetest and most enchanting voices I ever heard, and for a while I forgot everything but my delight in listening to some of Handel's glorious strains, sung with the most perfect skill and taste, the truest feeling, the most unaffected, yet most powerful expression of the great soul of that mighty master.

Sir Francis, in the meantime, dosed over his Sunday paper, and Eardley, who had thrown himself on a sofa out of the glare of the lights, remained silent and motionless, if not at rest.

At ten o'clock the servants came in for prayers, and Eardley read a chapter in the Bible, and delivered a highly calvinistic prayer. I have never heard any one read so beautifully as Temple, and some how or other his voice had never sounded so rich, so deep and impressive as that night when for the last time I heard him read the grand words in which the sacred poet makes God address Job. But the prayer! Could I have heard him pour out his heart to the God of the spirits of all flesh, in whom we live, and move, and have our being; that God in whose presence and power the voice within the breast attests its involuntary, indestructible belief, whenever the soul's depths are stirred, to whom, in the hour of anguish, when the floods overwhelm us, and the waters cover our heads, we blindly cry for a help and a pity, no where else to be found—that God above us, beyond us, yet forever near—whom many alas! regard with a sad superstitious fear, where no fear is—it would have

been an inexpressible relief; but to listen to him uttering formal words for which he had neither faith, nor reverence, words involving so many harsh and cold-hearted dogmas, which I knew he utterly condemned and disbelieved, and invoking Him who reads all hearts to hear them—while all the time he neither felt nor knew anything except that the barbed arrows which had that day entered his soul were fastening their fangs in it deeper and deeper—was a mockery I could hardly bear. Yet what know I? It is not the spoken words, but the silent voice within that God marks, and even then, under all this weight of dead words, Eardley's tortured heart may have sent up a living cry for pardon and peace that was heard and answered, though in a way dark and inscrutable to mortal eyes.

Soon after prayers were over, Sir Francis went to his room, and then Evelyn rose and said she would leave Eardley and me together, as she knew we were longing to have a good talk by ourselves.

"Yes," said Eardley, "I have so much to say to Walter that I mean to keep him up all night."

"All night?" exclaimed Evelyn. "Why what can you have to talk about that will keep you up all night?"

"Oh, a thousand things. But seriously, Evelyn, I know it will be so late before Walter and I can make up our minds to part, that I will not disturb you; I will sleep in the green room."

"Very well," she said, "I shall order a fire to be made there, and so good night, gentle friends!"

Eardley looked after her with a heavy sigh, and turning away began to walk up and down the room. At last going up to the fire-place, he rang the bell, and on Johnson's entrance directed that the fire in his study should be replenished, and wine and biscuits taken there. He then led me to his study where I had not been before. It had been newly furnished and fitted up for him, and I have never seen a more delightful room. Every thing in it was rich and handsome, yet supremely *comfortable*. The book-cases were elegantly designed and exquisitely carved, the writing-tables and easy chairs might have pleased an artist's eye, but at the same time it was easy to see at a glance their perfect adaptation to the purposes for which they were intended. It was a great contrast to his sanctum in the little mountain cottage, and on looking round I could not recognize a single picture, statuette, or any other object that I had seen there. Some very fine water colour pictures, chiefly oriental scenes, hung on the walls, and as I looked at them Eardley said, "You will find no Francesca there; but I see it still—I shall see it forever!"

He began to walk up and down the room as he had done before we left the drawing room, but after a little while he came up to me as I stood on the hearth-rug, scarcely knowing whether to speak or be silent, and said

slowly and deliberately, "Walter I am going into the mountains to-night, will you come with me?"

"Into the mountains? What to do there?" I asked in astonishment.

"Can't you tell?" he said wistfully. "To look upon her once more before the worms have her for their prey."

"Madness, Eardley!" I cried. "It would be certain death to you to go there after what has happened."

"You are mistaken. There is no danger. I shall come back without a scratch."

"But have you thought how extraordinary it will seem? It will set every one talking."

No one will know anything of it except *her* friends, and all things considered they are not likely to speak of it; for what could they say that any one whose opinion is of consequence to me would believe."

"Think of Sir Francis—" I urged. "Think of your lovely young wife—"

"Hush!" he exclaimed, a little wildly, "don't talk of her! But for her—but for her— And yet what am I saying? It was the demon in my own breast!"

He leaned his head against the mantel-piece, and was silent for a minute; then he looked up again. "Walter, I know you despise me heartily, but for all that, for old friendship's sake I believe you would do me any good in your power! Now the only thing you can do for me is to come with me to-night, and let me see her face once more—only once—I shall never see it again, unless——" He broke off abruptly. "Well, will you come?"

"How can I countenance a piece of insanity, which, if it does not end in your death, is almost certain to involve you in disgrace and ruin?"

"Disgrace? ruin?—humbug! Trust me I know how to avert any such fearful consequences. There is no one in this place I need care about except Sir Francis and Evelyn, and I can manage them. You need not waste words in warnings and dissuasions; they are all thrown away; I am determined to go, and you have only to decide whether you will accompany me or not."

It was certainly a wild, and, in his case, almost an insane project, but I could not think of any means of preventing it that would not, in all probability, have injured him more deeply than the mad step I deprecated. My refusal to go with him would not have had the slightest effect in detaining him, I well knew, so rather than let him go alone, I reluctantly agreed to accompany him. He received my unwilling consent without a remark, and then taking up a bed light told me to wait for him where I was, and he would return as quickly as possible. An hour passed

before he came back, one of the longest hours I ever spent in my life, and when he did, the dress he wore disguised him so much that, till he spoke, I did not recognize him. He had put on a coarse frieze coat, and a rough felt hat, coming low over his forehead, and he carried a similar coat and hat which he laid down before me. "These are some of the Christmas gifts for the poor," he said. "Evelyn little surmised the use that was to be made of them. I don't know whether any disguise would be of much use where we are going, but we may as well have them on."

I dressed myself in them, accordingly, and he then handed me a revolver, an admirable one, belonging to Sir Francis, and showed me that he had another in his own pocket. "All the servants are in bed by this time," he said, "and we shall have no difficulty in getting to the stables unseen by any one; so now, if you are ready, let us go."

Leading the way through galleries and corridors, down a back flight of stairs, and through a long stone passage, he entered a small room where Sir Francis received his tenants and those who had business with him as a magistrate. The low window opened on the stable-yard; unfastening it, he passed out through it, and I followed.

It was a fine cloudless night full of stars, and we found our way to the stables without any trouble. We saddled our horses as quickly as possible, but Eardley's steed, knowing his master's hand, suffered himself to be made ready more willingly than the horse I was to ride to which of course, I was a stranger, so that Eardley had to wait for me two or three minutes, and though he said nothing, I knew how the slight delay chafed his impatient spirit. When all was ready we led our horses through a small gate of which Eardley had got the key. Apparently we got away unseen by any one, and though the watch dog followed us to the gate, he did not bark, but after quietly watching us out, stalked back to his kennel.

As soon as we had mounted, Eardley set off at a gallop, and I kept up with him as closely as I could. He struck into a bridle path which led to the mountain road by a shorter way than the avenue, and when he came to the loose bars which, instead of a gate, divided it from the high road, instead of dismounting to let them down, he leaped over them.—There was no moon, and the faint, clear light of the stars was just sufficient to enable me to follow my reckless guide; the road was broken, rough, and stony, but no obstacle made him slacken his pace; faster and faster he pressed on, like one who fled for his life. Once or twice he looked behind as if to see that I was following, but he never spoke, and neither did I. Once only he paused, and that was in crossing the old bridge at Blackrath. When he came to the breach in the stone-work, through which Kate had thrown herself so short a time before, he pulled quite up and stood for a minute looking down into the dark gurgling current, too

muddy to reflect the pale stars in the wintry sky. A sudden dread lest the sight of those sullen, rushing depths, and the thought of the drowned girl torn from thence that morning should excite him to temporary madness, and urge him to share her fate, came over me, but just as I reached him, he struck spurs to his horse and was off again. After dashing up steep rugged tracks unworthy the name of road, fording streams, and toiling through turf-bogs, we at last reached a piece of comparatively level ground, where a few fields enclosed by hedges showed some signs of cultivation. A clump of old thorns, and a well, stood by the wayside, and here Eardley stopped and sprang to the ground. I followed his example and now for the first time since we set out on our wild ride, he spoke, as he tied his horse's bridle to one of the thorn trees, and I did the same.

"Remember, you are not to use your pistols unless I tell you to do so," he said, "I understand the people we are going among, and you must let me manage them my own way."

"Very well," I answered, "but if I see your life in actual danger, I don't think I shall wait till you give me leave to defend it."

"Trust me to take care of my life," he said. "These savages are all cowards in spite of their noise and bluster, when they are opposed to a really brave self-possessed man. After all, we may not meet with any opposition, but we'll soon see."

After walking a few yards, we came to a lane with thick thorn hedges at each side, to which a wooden gate, now lying open, gave entrance.—At the end of the lane a piece of mossy land, with a wild little rivulet running through it, spread before us, and at the other side of the stream rose a long, low, thatched farm-house, lights flashing from its windows. As we came nearer to the house, the sounds of laughter, singing, and talking, mingled in a strange confused medley; struck on our ears, through which, every now and then, shrill wailing measured cries, such as I had never heard before, pierced; a sort of supernatural-like accompaniment to the revelry that seemed to freeze the blood in my veins.

"What is it?" I asked, as we reached the door.

The strong light within shed a broad glare without through the shutterless windows, and I could see the strong shudder that shook Eardley's frame. "The Keeners!" he answered; "they are keeping her wake!"

"And the house will be full of people!" I exclaimed. "For God's sake, think what you are going to do and come back before it is too late!"

Whether Eardley had from the first contemplated entering thus abruptly among a crowd of people, every one of whom, most likely, execrated him as the murderer of fair Kate Redmond, I do not know, probably not, but he was now excited beyond his own control or that of any one else.

"Don't talk to me now," he said, raising the latch of the door. And so we entered.

THE LABRADORIANS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE language spoken by the Labradorians of the gulf generally indicates the race from which they or their ancestors originally sprang, although it does not inform us of the place of their birth. The French language is most generally spoken between Mingan and the St. Augustine, while the residents are chiefly of Acadian or Canadian origin, with a few settled fishermen from France. From the St. Augustine to the Bay of Bradore, the English tongue is universally employed; but there are great numbers of the Labradorians who can speak both languages.

The houses of the residents are constructed of wood, brought ready prepared from Quebec, Gaspé, or Newfoundland. In process of time limestone, which abounds on the Mingan Islands, and is easily accessible, will be employed by those who can afford that luxury. Writing in 1853, Mr. Bowen, who visited Labrador in that year, states that the largest collection of buildings, sixteen in number, then on the coast, was at Spar Point, the residence of Mr. S. Robertson, in the Bay of Tabatière, 900 miles from Quebec. Generally the settlers live in groups of two or three families, four or five miles apart, each of which constitutes a seal-fishing berth, or pêcherie. In 1861 a great change had already taken place.—At Esquimaux Point an Acadian village has sprung up, and some excellent two-storied wooden houses give the appearance of civilization to this once desolate shore. The first family went there four years ago. Ferman Bondrot was the leader of the party; they hailed from the Magdalen Islands, where, finding living too expensive, with no prospect of improvement, they determined to brave all the threats of seigneurs, and establish themselves on the north shore of the gulf in the Seigneurie of Mingan. There are now more than fifty families at Esquimaux Point, or rather Pointe St. Paul, as it has been named by the priest who has lately come to live with the new colonists. They have already cleared and fenced some acres of land, and at the time of my visit in August, 1861, the gardens were well stocked with potatoes, cabbages, and turnips. The

situation of this new settlement is beautiful, and the back country well capable of sustaining a large number of cattle in the vast marshes at the foot of the hills, which rise in rugged masses a few miles from the shore. The houses are very neat and roomy; the one in which I passed the night contained one large room thirty feet square, with a space partitioned off for a bed-room; the upper story was divided into sleeping apartments.—A stair, or rather ladder, led to the dormitories which the younger members of the families tenanted, the parents occupying the ground floor.—The old-fashioned double stove, so common throughout Rupert's Land, was placed in the middle of the room, and served both for cooking and heating purposes. The floors were neatly boarded with tongued and grooved flooring brought from Quebec, and an air of cleanliness and comfort was common to this as well as to other houses I visited. Alas! it was only an air of comfort and cleanliness, for when I lay down to sleep on an Acadian bed, white and clean externally, it was soon painfully evident that there were hundreds of other occupants, of which the less that is said the better. At this nucleus of a fishing village, which may yet rise to the dignity of a small town, they have already some pigs and sheep, and propose to bring cows from Gaspé or the Magdalen Islands. They enjoy the ministrations of a resident priest, and have a school for the young.

Abbé Ferland asked one of the newly arrived emigrants why he had brought his family from the distant Magdalen Islands, and sought a home on the north shore. 'Why,' replied the Acadian, 'the plagues of Egypt had fallen upon us. The three first came with bad harvests, the seigneurs, and the traders; the remaining four arrived with the gentlemen of the law. The moment lawyers set their feet upon our island, there was no longer any hope left of maintaining ourselves there.'

East of Esquimaux Point there are not many places where the advantages for settlement are so many or so attractive; but the new village is still some hundreds of miles from the settlements of the estuary of the St. Lawrence, and nearly five hundred miles from Quebec by the winter road. The Acadian settlers at Natishquan, some forty families in number, will also soon have a priest in residence; they made an attempt to establish a school two years since, but could not raise sufficient funds to pay the teacher. These new settlements ought to obtain their share of public money for school purposes, and then there will be no doubt that schools will soon be established at Esquimaux Point, Natishquan, Salmon Harbour, &c. East of Natishquan it is not yet known whether land capable of being cultivated, and fuel in sufficient abundance exists, to warrant the expectation that such settlements as Esquimaux Point can take so rapid a rise with such fair prospects of increase and permanency. The importance of a few permanent fishing villages or towns on the gulf

shore, and even on the Atlantic coast, can scarcely be over estimated in view of the wonderful extent of the fishing-grounds which they command, and the growing fish trade of the 'North Shore.'

The spring and summer life of the Labradorians is exclusively devoted to fishing. They have no leisure at that period to attend to other occupations, so that it will not be wondered at that until 1860 the only cow on the vast extent of gulf coast east of Esquimaux Point, was at Natashquiou; the happy proprietor obtained but little profit from his charge, for the impression gained ground among the simple people that cow's milk was a cure for all imaginable maladies. From far and near, within the limits of thirty miles on either hand, they sent for a 'drop of milk' when sickness was upon them; and as no charge is ever made for such items on this hospitable coast, the owner of the cow had no milk left for himself.

The Acadian colony, near Natishquan, ninety miles from Mingan, was established in 1857; it already numbers thirty families. Natishquan is famous for its seals, and it is chiefly for the convenience of catching these 'marine wolves' in the spring of the year that the Acadians have permanently established themselves there. From the month of April to the month of November, the fishermen of Natishquan are engaged in fishing, first seals, then salmon, cod, herring, and mackerel. They own three schooners, while the more wealthy residents of Esquimaux Point boast of a round dozen. In the rear of this settlement there is abundance of timber for fuel, and a short distance from the shore the trees are sufficiently large for building purposes. Communication between the different settlements on the coast is chiefly by water during the summer, and in winter on snow-shoes or by dog-trains.

Each family has generally eight or ten dogs, either of the pure Esquimaux breed or intermixed with other varieties from Newfoundland or Canada. During the summer time the dogs have nothing to do but eat, drink, sleep and quarrel; when, however, the first snow falls, their days of ease are numbered, and the working season begins. The Labrador dogs are excessively quarrelsome, and, wolf-like, always attack the weaker. All seem anxious to take part in the fray, and scarcely a season passes without the settlers losing two or three dogs during the summer from the wounds which they receive in their frequent quarrels among themselves. Confirmed bullies are generally made comparatively harmless, by tying one of their forefeet to the neck, which, although it does not prevent them from joining in any extempore scuffle which may spring up, yet so hampers their movements that the younger and weaker combatants have time to escape. Peace is instantly restored among the most savage combatants, even if twenty or more are engaged in the affray, by the sound, or even sight, of the dreaded Esquimaux whip used by the

Labradorians. Up to the present time, with two or three exceptions, says Abbé Ferland, no settler has succeeded in raising any domesticated animal on account of the dogs; cats, cows, pigs, and sheep have all been destroyed by them. Even if a dog has been brought up in the house, his doom is sealed; at the first opportunity, when the master is away, the others pounce upon him and worry him to death. A settler had procured a fine dog of the Newfoundland breed, full of intelligence, and capable, by his extraordinary swimming powers, of rendering great service to the fishermen in the sea. The Newfoundland enjoyed the privilege of entering into his master's house and receiving the caresses of the different members of his family. This evident preference excited deep jealousy in the breasts of the Labrador dogs. They patiently waited for an occasion to avenge themselves. When their master was present, all was fair, open, and peaceable; but one day a favourable opportunity occurred, and they fell on the poor Newfoundland, killed him, and dragged his body to the sea. On their return to the house, the embarrassed mien of the conscious dogs led the settler to suspect that something was wrong. He soon missed the pet Newfoundland, and after a few hours discovered the mangled body of his favourite lying on the beach, where it had been left by the retiring waves. Only one pig and one goat escaped the general massacre when Abbé Ferland was on the coast in 1858.

A Boston merchant, in search of health, which was far more precious to him than codfish or seal-skins, came to seek benefit from the keen invigorating air of Labrador during a summer sojourn on the coast. He brought a goat to supply him with milk, and a pig because it was a pet. Scarcely had he succeeded in landing his cargo, when both animals were attacked by the dogs. The pig was immediately snatched from their powerful jaws, not without receiving some severe bites, and put into a barrel; the goat proved a match for his savage assailants: the first which attacked was received on his horns and tossed howling over the goat's head. A second was served in the same way. The others, astonished, drew back, and from a short distance contemplated their new antagonist with more of awe than curiosity. The goat stood firm, with head depressed, ready for a third attack; the dogs wavered, the goat charged at the nearest, away went the pack helter skelter, and from that moment never attempted to molest the goat again. Matters, however, did not stop here; peace being proclaimed between the goat and the dogs, a cautious reserve gradually grew into confidence, confidence into positive friendship, and in a few weeks the goat and dogs took their rambles together, and at night lay on the moss as if they were members of the same family.

During the winter season the Labrador dogs make a full return to their masters for all the anxiety and trouble they give them during the summer months. Harnessed to the sledge, or *commetique* as it is termed

on the coast, they will travel fifty or sixty miles a day over the snow. They haul wood from the interior, carry supplies to the hunters in the forests far back from the rocky and desolate coasts, merrily draw their masters from house to house, and with their wonderful noses pick out the right path even in the most pitiless storm. If the traveller will only trust to the sagacity of an experienced leader, he may wrap himself up in his bear and seal-skin robes, and defying piercing winds and blinding snow-drifts, these sagacious and faithful animals will draw him safely to his own door or to the nearest house. The *commetique* is about thirty inches broad and ten or twelve feet long; it is formed of two longitudinal runners, fastened together by means of transverse bars let into the runners and strengthened with strips of copper. The runners are shod with whalebone, which, by friction over the snow, soon becomes beautifully polished and looks like ivory. The *commetique* is well floored with seal-skins, over which bear or seal-skins are nailed all round, with an opening for the traveller to introduce his body. The harness is made of seal-skin, the foremost dog, called the guide, is placed about thirty feet in advance, the others are ranged in pairs behind the guide; sometimes three, sometimes four, pairs of dogs are thus attached to one *commetique* in addition to the guide.

The Esquimaux dog of pure breed, with his strong built frame, long white fur, pointed ears, and bushy tail, is capable of enduring hunger to a far greater extent than the mixed breed. But the mixed breed beat him in long journeys if they are fed but once a day. An Esquimaux dog will travel for two days without food; one of the mixed breed must be fed at the close of the first day or he can do little the next. These powerful, quarrelsome, and even savage animals are kept under absolute control by the formidable Esquimaux whip. Even in the middle of summer, the first glimpse of the whip is sufficient to arrest the most bloody battle. The lash of a good whip is about thirty-five feet long, attached to a handle of not more than eight or ten inches. An experienced driver can hit any part of the leader he chooses with the extremity of his formidable weapon. The best 'whippers' are well known on the coast, and to become an experienced hand is an object of the highest ambition among the young men and the rising generation.

Abbé Ferland tells a capital tale of a long Boston Yankee, who was emulous of the fame of one of the most distinguished Labradorian whippers. He offered for a bottle of rum to receive two blows on his legs from the hands of a celebrated driver. With a wise precaution, he enveloped his lower extremities with two pair of stout drawers, and over them he placed two pairs of strong trowsers. Relying upon this four-fold shield, he placed himself in position, at a distance of forty feet. The Labradorian, arming himself with one of the longest whips, whirled it

about his head for a few seconds, and then brought it down with such terrific effect upon the legs of the poor Yankee that the lash cut through trousers, drawers, and flesh nearly to the bone. A loud and prolonged nasal shriek broke upon the ears of the anxious spectators; the long Yankee stooped down to probe the depth of his wound, but when the proposition to receive the second blow was made to him, he generously renounced the bottle of rum, and, with characteristic twang, replied, 'Wall! I guess I'd be too leaky to hold liquor with another stroke.'

Uniform hospitality is the characteristic trait of the Labradorians. With a few exceptions, they are very like one another in their manners and customs. Under many circumstances, property may be said to be held in common. When the stock of provisions belonging to one family is exhausted, those of a neighbour are offered as a matter of course, without any payment being exacted or even expected. When a 'planter,' as they are often termed on the coast, has occasion to leave his house with his family, it is the custom to leave the door on the latch, so that a passer-by or a neighbour can enter at any time. Provisions are left in accessible places, and sometimes a notice, written with charcoal or chalk, faces the stranger as he enters, informing him where he may find a supply of the necessaries of life if he should be in want of them. Father Pinet (O. M. I.*) relates that he came one day to the house of a planter during the absence of the family, and not only found directions how and where to find the provisions, rudely written in chalk, for the benefit of any passing stranger, but one of his party, on opening a box, saw a purse lying quite exposed, and containing a considerable sum of money.

The vice of drunkenness is the only one of which the missionaries complain in their reports. The swarms of American fishermen who come here during the summer months bring an ample supply of whiskey and rum for the purposes of trade. It would be a boon to the Labradorians if the importation, in any form, of ardent spirits were strictly prohibited by the Canadian and Newfoundland Governments. Give these people an ample supply of tea and coffee, instead of infernal whiskey, and they will become the happiest colonists on the face of the earth.

It is remarkable that Canadians who have lived for years on the coast, sometimes gratify a longing to see their village homes again, but it is only for a few months. The insatiable desire for the wild free air of Labrador comes over them once more as spring returns; they miss the glorious sea, the coming ships, the excitement of the seal hunt, the millions of wild birds which make the coast their home in summer; they pine to return, which in five cases out of six, if not an impossibility, they succeed in doing. 'It is impossible to describe any spot more wild,

* Oblat de Marie Immaculée.

barren, and desolate than the port of Labrador (Long Point, near Bradore Bay),' says the Bishop of Newfoundland, 'and yet here families from the beautiful downs and combs of Dorsetshire have settled themselves, and live happily; though hard labour, not without danger, is added to their many other privations. I presume the attractions of such a situation to consist in their entire liberty and independence, with a full supply of all things absolutely necessary for their present life.'

Mr. McLean* describes the European inhabitants of Labrador on the Atlantic coast as consisting for the most part of British sailors who prefer the freedom of a semi-barbarous life to the restraints of civilisation. They pass the summer in situations favourable for catching salmon, which they barter on the spot with the traders for such commodities as they are in want of. When the salmon fishing is at an end, they proceed to the coast for the purpose of fishing for cod for their own consumption, and return late in autumn to the interior, where they pass the winter in trapping fur-bearing animals. The Esquimaux† half-breeds live much in the same way as their European progenitors, and though unacquainted with any particular form of religious worship, they evince in their general conduct a greater regard for the precepts of Christianity than many who call themselves Christians. Mr. McLean was surprised to find all the Esquimaux half-breeds able to read and write, although without schools or schoolmasters. The task of teaching devolves upon the mother; should she, however, be unqualified, a neighbour is always ready to impart the desired instruction. Here we see the good effect of the work of the Moravian missionaries. Conjure up, if we can, the picture of an Esquimaux half-breed mother, seated in her rude 'tilt,'‡ and teaching her children to read and write. The thermometer is perhaps 20 degrees below zero, the ceaseless hum of the Atlantic swell is heard as the breakers dash on the rocks or masses of ice piled up in front like a wall, which the freezing spray consolidates, until a barrier is formed strong enough to last until spring loosens the band, or a storm tears it away.

The Esquimaux half-breeds are very ingenious; the men make their own boats, and the women prepare everything required for domestic convenience; almost every man is his own blacksmith and carpenter, and every woman a tailor and shoemaker. 'They seem,' says Mr. McLean, 'to possess all the virtues of the different races from which they are sprung, except courage; they are generally allowed to be more

* Notes of a Twenty-five years service in the Hudson's Bay Territories.

† Esquimaux—from the Cree words 'ashki,' raw; 'mow,' to eat—eaters of raw flesh.

‡ 'Tilt.' The planters on the Atlantic coast call their houses 'tilts.' They are generally formed of stakes driven into the ground, chinked with moss, and covered with bark. They are warmed with stoves.

timid than the natives. But if not courageous, they possess virtues that render courage less necessary; they avoid giving offence, and are seldom, therefore, injured by others.'

Death is at all times solemn and sad, but if we may judge of the feelings which weigh upon the Labradorians by the rude inscriptions upon their still ruder tombs, or hung near their places of sepulture (for cemeteries they cannot be named), the loss of friends in those rocky wave-washed wilds is most keenly felt.

There is something very touching in the stern necessity which compels the people on some part of these desolate coasts between Cape Whittle and Bradore Bay to bury their dead in clefts and holes of the rocks. They dare not, for fear of the bears, lay them, as the Lake Huron Indians do, on the bare gneiss, and cover them with stones. They 'hide them in caves and holes of the earth,' and sometimes inscribe their grief on the hard rock, or on pieces of wood beyond the reach of beasts of prey. The Roman Catholic priests, on their annual arrivals, often visit these primitive resting-places of the dead, and sanctify the spot, reciting the *Libera* over the natural tombs of those who have died during the year. Some of the epitaphs are very mournful; the following touching lines, rudely carved on a block of wood over the grave of a young girl twenty-two years old, reveal a blessed hope in a future meeting, and a love not often excelled on earth, if these words express the true feelings of the heart :—

We loved her !
Yes ! no language can tell how we loved her.
God in His Love
Called her to the home of peace and repose ;—

and this on the rocky and desert coast of the most sterile part of Labrador. The grave a cleft in the rock, the rude tablet which recorded the love and faith of those she had left behind inscribed with words as beautifully expressed and as full of hope as if they had been written on the tomb of a fair English girl who had drooped beneath the shade of the 'tall ancestral trees' of an English home.

MARGARET.

A LEGEND OF THE HOUSE OF ST. CLAIR.*

BY MRS. CAROLINE CONNON, TORONTO.

Oh! gentle little Margaret! my lady-bird! my flower!
 I have sought thee in thy father's hall and in my lady's bower;
 I have sought thee in the pleasance and through the gardens wide,
 And I trembled lest some evil my darling should betide.
 The grim old wolf hound shew'd his teeth, the mastiff tugged his chain,
 I fear'd to pass the lily-pond such thoughts were in my brain.
 But haste thee to thy chamber, sweet, and don thy kirtle fair,
 Twill take some time, my lady-bird, to braid this golden hair;
 These golden curls to wreath and twine with strings of pearl so pale;
 Then hasten, for the abbey chimes come pealing down the dale.

Oh! leave me, kind old Ursula, oh leave me here this day,
 Beneath these spreading orchard boughs I fain would rest and pray.
 The blue, blue sky is fair and bright, and blossoms o'er me spread,
 Oh! they are better company than are the silent dead!
 I cannot think, I cannot pray, in yon grim, gaunt old pile,
 Where the half heard prayer, so faint and low, dies down the gloomy
 aisle—

* Among the voluminous and miscellaneous literary collections of my late lamented relative, the Rev. Dr. Dyvendust, sometime curate of Thistlethwaite, late rector of Grimesbro-cum-Grit, I alighted upon some old chronicles—one of which suggested the ballad of "Margaret." It was to this effect:—In a certain noble family, and during the reign of James I., the daughter, a fair and comely damsel, while yet of tender years, did have a strange dream or vision, which dream, having been made known to her family, to their sorrow and amazement came to be fulfilled. She dreamed that on her marriage day she stood before the altar of the abbey church wherein her kindred lay buried; the large monumental statue of her ancestor, Sir Hildebrand St. Clair, did speak strange and terrible words, and did then fall and kill her; and so great was her fear and dread on awaking, that from that time she would not enter the abbey, but did worship elsewhere. At length, upon the occasion of her marriage, she yielded to the request of her parents that the ceremony should be performed in the abbey church, and, deferring to their will, did with much fear and misgiving approach the altar. Scarcely had she plighted her troth when a mighty peal of thunder did so shake the building, which was of great age, that a portion of the wall gave way, and the mighty statue of brass and marble did fall upon the altar steps. As by a miracle, although many were assembled there, not one was slain save the bride, and she did change the vanity of life for the reality of death. So fulfilled was her dream.

Where the banners droop so mournfully, or fitfully they wave,
And each step to the holy altar is o'er a kinsman's grave!

But patience! good old Ursula, and listen now to me,
I had a dream—no, not a dream: Ah! say what may it be!
As I lay last night all wakeful, such often is my way,
I watched the glimmering moonbeams long upon the lattice play.
I watched them and the quiet stars, and heard the abbey bell
Toll out the hour of midnight, and it sounded like a knell.
Slowly paled the gentle moonlight, and, stiff, and stark, and chill,
My limbs they seemed to marble turned, my very heart stood still.
Lo! then before me changed the scene: I in the abbey stood
Beneath the stately monument of Hildebrand the good;
And music floated on the air, and many a dame and knight
Were standing round; the maidens fair all clad in snowy white!
I, too, thy little Margaret, apparelled as a bride,
Clung trembling to the altar rail—the bridegroom at my side.
Ah! little thought had I for him—my soul was full of dread,
As I gazed at that statue stern and the hand stretched o'er my head.
Oh! terrible the dark, dark frown upon that brow of stone,
And from those sculptured lips there came a voice for me alone!
Alone for me! the anthem was pealing loud and clear,
And there was naught but a bridal hymn for any other ear.
I heard but the solemn death dirge, it held me like a spell;
In the pause of each word he uttered low tolled the passing bell,
While pitiless those accents dread in measured cadence fell:
“Young Margaret! fair Margaret! the hour it draweth nigh
That calls thee from these empty rites—thou comest here to die!
I, Hildebrand, do summon thee! I, soldier of the truth!
I, Hildebrand, who gave to God the fleeting dreams of youth!
The vain, vain heart's deep yearning for hollow earthly ties
To me were as the foul fen fires that from the charnel rise;
Yet faithfully, for Holy Church, struck well this red right hand,
And spread her name, a name of dread, through many a distant land.
It laid the spell of silence deep upon that Alpine wild,
Nor left one foul apostate there nor wife nor maiden mild.
Why should I spare, who might not spare my father's erring child?
Oh beautiful that sister young, the Church's destined bride,
But the leprous spell on her spirit fell, I cast her from my side—
Denounced her heretic! Ah me! denounced that recreant one,
—Her spirit passed in fire and flame—then was my life work done!
In the holy guise of St. Dominique they bore me to my rest;
A relic of the blessed cross lay hidden on my breast—

Invincible his arm who should this sacred symbol bear,
 Well had we proved its awful power, we warriors of St. Clair.
 And still, through many a changing year, the gentle *Aves* rose,
 And the low deep *Miserere* for my sinful soul's repose ;
 But hush'd are now those heavenly strains, no more the sandalled feet
 Of the holy friars above my head wake echoes low and sweet.
 I hear the loud liturgic chaunt of a church accursed and vain,
 And this day at thy bridal, Margaret, denounce it yet again !
 Yet once again, and now in thee, the innocent and fair,
 Wipe out our house's heresy—close the long line of St. Clair ! ”

Oh Ursula ! I cannot tell what agony was mine !
 I lay all crushed and dying beneath that grim old shrine.
 And vainly, vainly did they strive to raise me where I lay,
 When through my chamber lattice stole the first faint dawn of day.

Thou moody little dreamer, lo, this thy wondrous tale
 Has scared the roses from thy cheek—thy very lips are pale.
 Thou hast heard some grandame's gossip beside the yule log's blaze.
 Go to ! the good house of St. Clair hath liv'd but half its days ;
 In thy brothers gay and gallant, and, my lady-bird, in thee,
 Spread the rootlets, green and healthy, of thine ancestral tree.
 They would laugh at thee, bright Margaret, scared by a thing of stone
 A dream about that fierce old man who ages since hath gone,
 And changed to dust and harmless lies within the chancel lone.
 But haste thee ! darling, haste thee ! or the good Sir Hugh will chide,
 And thy lady mother blame me if thou'rt not by her side.
 Then cast these wilding blossoms from thee, nestling in thy hair,
 And don thy silken kirtle and to the church répair.
 All lowly there, and meekly, upon thy bended knee,
 Thou'lt feel as safe as sheltered bird upon the greenwood tree.

DIEGE.

Dead ! dead ! dead ! in life's spring time fair,
 Low she lieth—Margaret St. Clair !
 Vain the vows with which they bound her,
 Vain the pomp that did surround her,
 Vain the bridal wreath that crowned her.
 Sped the lightning bolt of heaven—fell the iron hand,
 Of the time worn statue of old Sir Hildebrand !
 Low she lieth cold and dead—the maimed statue overhead
 Looks coldly down !

Ring out the knell. Ah me! the startled dale
Hath heard too oft a sorrow burthened tale :

“In the raging battle slain,
Lost upon the stormy main,
Perish'd on the desert plain,
Ne'er shall see their home again
The sons of proud St. Clair!”

Ring out the knell! The sweetest, last of that old race
They bear unto her narrow resting place!
In vestal garments let her rest—
Earth, lie lightly on her breast.

THE SETTLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS HOLIWELL,

Author of “The Old World and the New,” “The Earles in Canada,” &c.

CHAPTER VII.

SHADOWS.

FIVE years have passed and left no record in sunny Mapleton save of improvement and prosperity. Hemsley Claridge has more than fulfilled the old settler's sanguine hopes; the blue book has revealed annual progress, the clearing of wild land has gone on steadily, and all who have business to transact with the estate speak well of Mr. Claridge. He has proved himself acute, yet liberal; reliable in his promises, and exact in his reckonings. Mr. Mapleton looks younger than of yore with his rest and increase of enjoyment. Two lovely babes follow his footsteps, and divert him with their pretty prattle, while Lawrence is nothing changed—a trifle more dignified, perhaps, more matronly. But life cannot be always rose colored, and, as the spring melted into summer, sickness visited the happy inmates of the Vale. It was an unhealthy season, a period which particularly tries infancy and old age; and Lawrence experienced much anxiety concerning her father and her little ones. Walter, the elder child, seemed languid and delicate without any apparent cause, and little toddling Hemsley was teething fractiously. Claridge shared his wife's troubles, great and small, and she was thus enabled to support the wear

and tear of domestic anxieties without any diminution of her vivacity. Her own health was not very strong ; she looked forward to a third link in the chain of married love by Christmas, and often pondered, foolish young thing, whether she should have a spare corner in her full heart for another little stranger.

One oppressive morning towards the middle of August, as Lawrence sat sewing in her own pleasant work-room, she observed Paddy returning from the village with the papers and letters. Hoping that the news might arouse her father, who was suffering much from depression, she threw down her work and went to meet him. Among the letters was one for Hemsley, addressed in a lady's hand—the post-mark, Toronto. She turned it over curiously ; she knew all her husband's correspondents, but had never seen that writing before. Placing it with the others on his desk, she took her father's share and proceeded to his room. He asked her to read to him, and culling the most interesting items from the papers, she amused herself and him so effectually that the dinner bell surprised them both. She noticed as she passed her husband's desk that he had been in, for all the letters were removed ; but her meal lost its pleasure when Maggie said that Mr. Claridge had gone out and left word that he should not return till evening.

Such an unusual proceeding could not fail to excite Lawrence's anxiety, but she strove to hide it from her father who could ill bear an agitating thought. In vain the young wife played with her two sweet boys—her heart was sore and sad. It was not till she perceived Hemsley riding up the hill that she could shake off the weight on her spirits. Taking Walter by the hand she went to meet him, as was her custom when Claridge went out alone ; he always dismounted, put the happy child on the noble animal, and, walking beside Lawrence, related what he had seen and heard. On this evening he was silent and moody ; true, he lifted Walter into the saddle, but he had little to say to his wife, who had been thirsting for hours for one love look, one fond word. He accounted for his absence by saying that he had received a letter on business, the date of which showed there had been some days delay, and as it could not afford to wait any longer, he had attended to it at once. He spoke of the matter at tea time to Mr. Mapleton, and Lawrence listened almost impatiently while they discussed the value of this lot and that acre, longing to penetrate the mystery that had so suddenly changed Hemsley, and clouded his open brow with care. When at length they were alone, she tenderly inquired what troubled him, he denied being disturbed, and she, thinking to divert him if he were only dull, laughingly asked how he liked his love letter. The twilight hid the changes of his face, but Lawrence was conscious of a strange alteration of voice, when he answered that he did not know what she meant ; he had received

no letters but on business. The cloud thus gathered on their domestic horizon did not disperse. Hemsley continued abstracted and gloomy, and Lawrence distressed beyond words. For five years they had never had a wish separate, scarcely a separate thought; and now doubt and mistrust seemed to shut out the sunlight of loving confidence. The sad wife, condemned to brood in silence over her husband's alienation, began to connect his conduct with the suspicious letter, that had not been shown to her as she fully expected, for Claridge never yet had a secret, however trifling, from her. Thoughts that should never have had birth, fears that should never have existed, pierced her heart, and wearied her troubled brain. She rose in the morning hoping Claridge's trust and love would be restored ere night; she went to rest at night praying for his returning confidence. He had never before been so overwhelmed with business, whether real or assumed to conceal his mental distraction Lawrence could not fathom; Mr. Mapleton observed that Claridge was making some very advantageous sales of lands, and his daughter was thankful that he saw nothing but attention to business in his son-in-law's pre-occupation.

About ten days after the receipt of the letter to which Lawrence ascribed her unhappiness, Claridge entered her sitting room where she was sewing, with the children playing on the floor, equipped for a journey.

"My dear Lawrence, I am obliged to go to Toronto. I will not stay longer than I can possibly help. Take care of yourself, my love; I will write as soon as I arrive."

Poor Lawrence was so surprised and distressed that words failed her. She felt his warm kisses on her lips, and saw him embrace his boys, before she recovered her speech.

"Hemsley, dear Hemsley, don't leave me so!" she exclaimed; but he had closed the door, and in his quick vigorous way had reached the hall. Another moment and it would be too late; he was stealing away from her, perhaps never to return. He evidently wished to take her by surprise and save himself the pain of her remonstrances and reproaches, for Bess was saddled and waiting at the door, and Paddy half way to the village with his young master's trunk.

Lawrence flew with the speed of lightning down the stairs. Hemsley was mounting; she threw her arms round the arched neck of Bess, and, overcome with many days of concealed grief, burst into tears—the first Claridge had seen her shed since her marriage.

"Oh, husband, why are you going from me so mysteriously, so abruptly? My heart is heavy with fear. Will you ever return?"

He was by her side in a moment soothing her, gently eluding her questions while leading her into the house.

"Bear with my unreasonable conduct for a little, dearest of wives; I will explain all when I come back, only believe in my love and excuse anything that may appear inconsistent. God bless you, Lawrence. I leave my heart in your keeping."

He was gone! Bess galloped off proud of her burden; and the poor sorrowful one stood gazing through her blinding tears till they were lost to sight, then, with a burst of grief fresh to her young bosom, she fled up to her room to indulge it in solitude. Little feet soon followed her, little prattling voices lisped, "Mamma, don't cry;" soft arms clasped her neck, and rosy lips kissed her cheeks. She returned their caresses, put back her tears for their sake, played with them, and listened with silent joy to their glad laugh. Thus Lawrence found but little time for the indulgence of grief, and days passed on till she might reasonably expect a letter; but none came. Then her presentiments of evil gained double strength. Still, she kept up, cheered her father, unbent to her children; but in the retirement of night sleep no longer visited her aching eyes and weary brain. It was fortunate for old Mr. Mapleton that the egotism of illness rendered him blind to his daughter's altered looks, and changed spirits. At length the wished for letter came. It set her fears for his return and safety at rest, but there was a coldness and restraint running through it that fell like a weight of iron on her hopes.

He said that he found it impossible to get home as early as he anticipated; that he had met a Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont, people whom he had known in England, and that in all probability they would return with him for a short visit to Mapleton.

Lawrence set her house in order; her husband's friends must receive all honor at her hands. In vain she speculated whether they were intimate friends or casual acquaintances, whether the letter she had noticed came from them, or if the meeting was altogether accidental. At all events he was coming home and her eyes would be gladdened by his presence.

A few lines received a week later fixed the day of their arrival, and Paddy took the carriage to meet the stage—the only means of conveyance from the neighbouring town to Mapleton. During his absence, Lawrence, her father, and the children, walked up and down the lawn, pleased, yet restless, looking out for the visitors. At length the vehicle appeared in sight. Claridge was driving, and a few minutes brought the travellers to the door. Hemsley threw down the reins, sprang out, kissed his wife, greeted his father-in-law, and then, turning to the carriage, gave his assistance to a noble looking lady, a few years Lawrence's senior, who was followed by an elderly gentleman; they were introduced as Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont, and were received by Mrs. Claridge with

that grace and dignity of manner so eminently her own, though country born and innocent of polish. Charming, indeed, looked the youthful matron, scarcely past girlhood, with her curly headed prattlers hiding their blushing faces in her muslin robe, and scarcely less interesting stood her father, a little in the back ground, his benevolent face lighting up with smiles at the pleasure of welcoming home Hemsley, whom he regarded with the affection of a parent.

During the evening meal the Lieutenant and Mr. Marchmont found much to converse upon, while Claridge and the strange lady seemed equally well suited. A transient feeling of something akin to neglect came over Lawrence, and for a moment filled her eyes as she assisted herself to water from her tea urn, Hemsley's constant duty. But she put it from her as selfish and exacting, and exerted herself to appear pleased and lively, doing the honours of her table with graceful hospitality. The children came running in as soon as tea was over, to kiss their good night. Mrs. Marchmont took the eldest child on her knee, and remarked with an expression that grated on the mother's feelings that he was the image of his father. She bestowed a kiss on the miniature resemblance of one she evidently admired, contenting herself with patting little Hemsley's head and saying indifferently, "Good night, dear."

As Lawrence, a little later in the evening, stood beside the white bed that contained her darlings, breathing soft soothing words to the sleepy ones, two tears welling out of the deepest recesses of her heart flowed silently down her cheeks. What was this cross that had been laid upon her? Would it be heavier than she could bear? What would life be without Claridge's true, tender love? With a sigh she moved to the door; a cry escaped her lips—a cry of sudden joy; Hemsley was standing on the threshold, enjoying the domestic scene. Like a persecuted dove that had reached its dove-cote, she threw herself into his open arms, and hid her agitated face on his breast. May that refuge ever be yours, fair wife; and though storms may lower and threaten, they can never make shipwreck of your happiness.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. and Mrs. Marchmont seemed in no hurry to terminate their visit. The former was quite pleased with the old settler, for, although some years his junior, his feelings, prejudices, and opinions, belonged to the past generation, and he found he entertained much in common with the man who had been a stranger to the world, in the usual acceptation of the word, for half a life time. Mr. Marchmont was an English country gentleman, and took the deepest interest in agriculture, both practically and as a science; there was one point, consequently, on which they could

meet equally well informed, in theory, and after exhausting the topic in conversation, they adjourned to the fields and beheld it illustrated. Then they could discourse untiringly on the politics of a past age, the days of Pitt and Fox, of Wellington and Napoleon. Mapleton had never kept up with the times; when he left Europe he lost track of progress, and in conversation ignored the lapse of many wonder producing years. His nature was so gentle and generous that his little peculiarities never degenerated into bigotry and narrow-mindedness. From the world at large they could only excite a smile; to a man like Marchmont they appeared the perfection of honest sentiments. The only difference between the host and guest was, that one overflowed with the milk of human kindness, and while he defended his own opinions, he acknowledged the right that everybody else had, of holding his; while the other considered those who dissented from his views in the darkness of ignorance.

Mrs. Marchmont enjoyed herself quite as much as her husband in her own way. She excelled in horsemanship, and as Lawrence was deprived of the exercise just then, her beautiful pony was at the stranger's service. Scarcely a day passed without an excursion somewhere, and as the lady could not ride alone, Claridge was, of course, her escort. Lawrence often looked after them wistfully, with brimming eyes, trying to believe Hemsley would rather have remained at home had not politeness demanded his attentions to their guest. Lawrence was quick to see her own deficiencies, and being quite impressed with the elegance of Mrs. Marchmont's manners and demeanour, she tormented herself with comparisons. Why could she not walk with as much dignity? talk with as much self possession? dress with as much taste? Claridge had asked her if she could not take some hints from Mrs. Marchmont's wardrobe; he styled her appearance, carriage, and air, "perfect." There was a time when he thought so of his wife's; the soft folds of her muslin robe, the natural flowers with which she decked her hair, used to meet his approval, and excite his admiration. Now he was in raptures with velvets and jewels, and Lawrence could not help thinking that however beautiful and becoming such things were in themselves, they were a little out of place in a Canadian farm house; for Mapleton Vale, though very comfortable, plentiful, and refined, was doubtless but a farm house.

Another small trouble of Lawrence's was that Mrs. Marchmont and Hemsley always chose subjects of conversation in which she could not join, family gossip of people she had never heard of. Not that she minded listening, or was ever over desirous of talking, but a sense of Claridge's neglect would creep over her, and a thrill of pain to see how he hung on the stranger's words, would pierce her heart sharper than a sword.

Hemsley had told her that this lady of so many perfections was a daughter of Squire Hemsley. They had been together a great deal as children, and it was quite a treat to hear of people he had not seen for years; it took him back to his young days at home. Nothing could be more natural; and Lawrence chided herself severely for her selfishness in grudging their fair guest so much of her husband's attentions. Still, she could not help often feeling *de trop* when Mrs. Marchmont, sweeping half the sofa over with the ample folds of her rich dress, would turn to Claridge with a smile, and begin in this style:—

"You remember Graves Dudley, who used to come to our hunts, and eclipsed you all in the splendour of his turn out, and the high-bred beauty of his hunter? Well, whom do you think he married, after flirting with that elegant Miss Rathbone for two years?"

"I'm sure I don't know," returned Claridge; "I never liked him. He was a proud fellow, though certainly he had something to be proud of, for it must be acknowledged he was clever and handsome, and an estate, too, of £10,000 a year."

"Oh! you boys were all jealous of him; you know he took a fancy to your sister Emily, but it did not last long though we were in hopes something would come of it; but *revenons à nos moutons*, he married, last year, Bertha Clinton."

"Bertha Clinton? I do not remember her name."

"I dare say you never heard it; she is *nobody*, and it is positively aggravating to think of the foolish fellow throwing himself away, with so many advantages as he possessed."

"Not the least of them his estate of £10,000 per annum."

"Certainly not," returned the lady, with a faint tinge of pink on her delicate cheek; "it is of no use to despise money. I expect more marriages than Bertha Clinton's have their origin in self-interest, were motives thoroughly sifted."

It was now Hemsley's turn to colour, not that the shaft pierced home, but he knew where it was aimed, and felt that appearances were against him. After an awkward pause, Mrs. Marchmont resumed.

"You remember old Tom Clinton of Bolton?"

Claridge assented.

"Well, Bertha was his only daughter; if my memory is correct, he used to visit his nephew at York College at the time you and my brothers were there, and made himself so ridiculous that the poor boy wished him farther."

"Oh, yes; I recollect him perfectly—a good soul, but very eccentric. He always left us boys a guinea for cakes, and gave the old woman who kept an apple-stall at our gate five shillings to buy patience with! He

wore such a hat that it furnished the boys with a drawing subject for a week ; but I never heard of his daughter." .

"I suppose not ; she never went into society. People say she is very pretty, but I think her excessively plebeian looking, and countrified in her manners ; she does not know how to dress at all, and, I heard, was the 'observed of all observers' at the county ball through her toilette, which could not have cost ten pounds altogether, and her husband so rich ! but how often we see that people who do not understand spending money have it lavished upon them ?"

So they would run on ; and Lawrence stitched and stitched, and looked out of the window till her hands grew cold and refused their office. Then an irresistible impulse would impel her forth into the fresh air among the flowers and birds, there to recover her serenity and pray for peace. Such scenes occurred daily, and Lawrence was painfully conscious that the depression of her spirits paled the bright hue of her cheeks, and deprived her manners of the playful vivacity that Claridge had always regarded as their peculiar charm. Still she knew intuitively that in high moral motives, in purity of thought, and singleness of purpose, Mrs. Marchmont could bear no comparison with herself ; she knew that, in spite of her queenly bearing, her aristocratic sentiments, and varied accomplishments, she blushed not to stoop to base means to attain an end, and at that very moment was engaged in the most contemptible employment that woman can debase herself to—that of depreciating a wife to a hitherto devoted husband ; and, by artifice and equivocation, conjuring up clouds and coldness between two faithful hearts. "Oh, that the case were reversed," exclaimed Lawrence, mentally ; "would I not show Claridge that an angel could not tempt me for one moment to neglect the husband of my choice, the dear friend of my heart ! How can Mrs. Marchmont please, if he loves me yet ?"

Towards the close of the period named as the limit of the Marchmonts' visit, Hemsley expressed a wish to his wife that she would give a little entertainment in their honour. Lawrence did not reply, as she well might, that she felt but ill-fitted, either in health or spirits, for such an undertaking ; but while she assented to his desires, she suggested that probably their Mapleton friends, whom from association and knowledge of their moral worth *they* might appreciate and like, would prove very distasteful to a lady fastidious as Mrs. Marchmont. A flash of bright colour dyed Hemsley's face as he replied hurriedly, "Perhaps so ; yet it is only common civility."

Lawrence made her preparations with a heavy heart. What did Claridge mean when he appeared so annoyed at her remark ? Was he ashamed of Mapleton, of their friends, of her ? The thought brought a feeling so bitter that not even the caresses of her children could win a smile to her pale lips.

The affair went off better than the poor worried young hostess expected, though many of those whose society she liked best, McLeod among the number, were excluded by Hemsley's fears of Mrs. Marchmont's criticisms. Maurice Strauss was paying a flying visit to his old friends in the village, and gladly availed himself of his quondam pupil's invitation. Major Gleg was there with Ailsie, still a maid for Ralph Sheldon's sake. It did not alter her faithful love that hope was quenched forever. The perverted young man, bent on his own destruction, had, immediately on receiving his little fortune, left his mother to the charity of strangers, and gone in full blown pride and passion to finish his career of sin in the States. Mrs. Sheldon's only support was Miss Gleg, for though receiving much pecuniary assistance from the neighbourhood generally, it was Ailsie alone who listened with patience to her twaddle about Ralph, or who spoke about reformation in the future. Ailsie had grown so gentle and forbearing under her mental discipline that her companionship had become precious to Lawrence, and many hours valuable to both were passed together. It was, then, with a genuine feeling of pleasure they met on the evening in question.

While Mrs. Claridge was occupied in seeking out and amusing the retiring and neglected guests, Hemsley enjoyed introducing his distinguished looking visitor to the most polished of their small circle. It must be owned, Mapleton did not display itself to advantage on the occasion. Mrs. Marchmont's style and appearance awed some and provoked others; she understood none of the topics that could interest them, nor could they amuse her. During the evening, Claridge led her to the piano, and with a scornful feeling that there was no one present worth pleasing, except Hemsley, she sang an Italian air that he had often heard her sing in times, once thought happy, now past and gone. The room was hushed. Mrs. Marchmont had charmed more fastidious audiences than Mapleton could produce; no wonder all were silent in the Vale drawing room. As she rose from the instrument, leaning on Hemsley's arm, and listening to his thanks, she observed Mrs. Claridge looking towards them.

"Does your wife sing?"

"Yes."

"Oh, do ask her."

Did the lady anticipate a failure or a triumph for the depressed young matron?

Lawrence felt her heart beating rather unpleasantly for her composure as she acceded to her husband's request, but Maurice Strauss made his way to her side and put a song before her, saying, "Sing that, you do it charmingly."

Hemsley stood by her, although his late companion looked invitingly

to an ottoman at her feet ; but, truth to tell, he was really carried away with the power and beauty of his wife's voice. He had not heard it in comparison before, and he felt he had never sufficiently appreciated her great gift. Even an unpractised ear could perceive the contrast of her pure musical pronunciation of the Italian with the anglicised accent of Mrs. Marchmont's, who, whatever her advantages, had certainly not benefitted by her master as much as the country born Mrs. Claridge. Mortification swelled the proud woman's heart, and signifying to Hemsley that she needed his services, she professed herself faint, and begged him to take her into the air. Lawrence was pressed and sang again, but her pleasure departed with Hemsley. At length the guests dispersed, and Lawrence, tired in mind and body, was at liberty to retire. On paying her accustomed visit to the nursery she found that the lamp usually burning in that apartment had been pressed into use below stairs, and she descended to seek it. Passing through the drawing room, she heard voices on the verandah, and, looking out of one of the open windows, she saw her father and Mr. Marchmont taking a turn on the lawn, and Mrs. Marchmont and Claridge sitting on the steps. She was hurrying on when her name arrested her attention. It was pronounced in Mrs. Marchmont's most insinuating tones.

"Mrs. Claridge is certainly a charming specimen of country simplicity and rustic beauty ; there was a time, though, when I thought Hemsley Claridge looked beyond such qualifications. But doubtless you had your reasons, and our tastes change so as we grow older."

Stop, Lawrence, stop ! Stay your trembling feet for your husband's answer. What, no ! you must fly, or betray your indignant agony ! Hemsley false ! Hemsley interested ! he, her idol, her generous, tender friend, her "bosom's lord !" Whither flee, poor wounded bird ? To your room ? He will soon join you, with hypocrisy smiling on his brow ! To your children ? He, too, will seek them, and kiss them ere he sleeps ! To your father ? And harrow his mind with your inconsolable grief ? No ; out, out into the air, under heaven's stars, which, like angels' eyes, may shed pitying tears on you. Through the dewy grass, the bowed and fragrant flowers, under the shadows of the sycamores and maples, flitted a human form, fair to view, but, ah ! how unspeakably wretched !

She gained the arbour. She longed to unburden her soul in sobs and groans, but not there ! His presence filled the place ; there they sat long happy hours ere love was spoken ; there they had sat later, in calm happiness, reading, talking, botanizing. A few dead plants yet lay on the table, meet emblems of her fate. She must find a spot to weep in ; there is the old cherry tree where her father loves to sit ; his rustic chair stands under its shade, his gardening tools are scattered round. She reached it, and with a wild sob threw herself on the mossy ground, and

hid her face on the time-honoured seat, exhausting the first madness of her grief in bitter cries. Presently she became conscious that she was not alone. Was reason tottering on her throne, or was she really raised, gathered up, clasped with an overwhelming tenderness to that heart whose allegiance and honour she doubted for the first time. With all her girlhood's pride she withdrew herself from her husband's embrace, and standing cold and white in the pale moonlight she said firmly, "Hemsley Claridge! why practise as a duty what has ceased to be a pleasure?"

"Lawrence, wife! what do you mean? Do you believe me base? Do you think for a moment I care for Mrs. Marchmont, for I feel it is of her you are thinking?"

"Your conscience speaks my wrongs. I only believe what I see and hear. I see myself forgotten, I hear myself slightly spoken of."

"I am right in my conjectures, then. You overheard our conversation; but, if so, Lawrence, you heard my answer—an intemperate and scornful one it was. I saw your white dress hover for a moment at the open window, and disappear. I have sought you everywhere with a full heart. I have much for which to pray your indulgence, my wife, but not so much as perhaps you think."

The excitement and the reaction were too much for Lawrence, frail as she had become of late, and with a cold shudder she sank prone on the grass at his feet. False or true, kind or cruel, it was now all one to the senseless form before him. Was he her murderer, and had she died believing his faithlessness?

Softly and tenderly he bore her to her bed. The household were asleep, but he quickly roused Maggie, the only person whose presence he could tolerate, and bade her come to her mistress. Their united efforts soon restored Lawrence to partial consciousness, Maggie's apostrophes and incoherences meanwhile not adding much to Claridge's peace of mind. "Sure she's broke her heart all along of that furrin woman." "May be you'd as well not wake, child, for its a sorry world and full of sin and decait."

"For mercy's sake hold your tongue, Maggie, and don't talk nonsense," at last interrupted Claridge, well nigh distracted; "if Mrs. Claridge has had any cause for uneasiness, however imaginary, she shall not have it again."

"Imaginary! do you call it, sir? When has she had a comforting walk, or a talk with you, or even a glance of your eye, ever since that fine lady's been here? Have'nt you been a riding, and a chatting in whispers like, for all the world as lovers? Oh, but my mistress is too much of an angel, or she would have turned her out of the house, as I've longed to do many a time!"

"Hush, for pity's sake, Maggie; she is opening her eyes. Leave us, but do not go to bed; you may be wanted."

Maggie retired grumbling "that she would be a deal more comfort than the master;" but Claridge could command in a way that left no choice but to obey, so he was left alone with his wife.

Without a word of explanation, Lawrence felt, as full consciousness returned, and she met his eyes fixed with deep tenderness upon her, that no matter how dark had been the cloud, or how much appearances had been against him, her husband was innocent of aught save some venial error—his affection was true, his heart loyal, and she yet the richest of women.

Mrs. Marchmont was forgotten in the fond embrace that set the seal to reconciliation and renewed confidence. Perceiving that she was feverish and weak, Hemsley forbore conversation, though he now experienced as much impatience to withdraw the veil from the mystery of his late conduct as he had formerly felt to conceal the only secret of his life. So suddenly is frail humanity subject to reactions, and without any real change, we find a few hours passed under certain influences, alter the resolution of years. Thus it was with Claridge as he sat watching his wife's fitful slumber, her hand clasping his even in the insensibility of sleep, as if she feared he would forsake her. He reviewed in thought the mistake he had committed in not long ago confiding every thing connected with his previous life to his generous and devoted Lawrence. What anxiety and dissimulation it would have spared him! What sorrow it would have saved her! But for an accidental discovery of her sentiments, their future happiness might have been undermined, and suspicion have made its habitation in his wife's breast!

In spite of the manifold charms of his once loved Alethea, he now saw her in all the deformity of an intriguing and artful woman; and while his loving and beautiful Lawrence more than regained her throne in his heart, he shrank from the prospect of another interview with the elegant Mrs. Marchmont. Those who seduce us momentarily, and merely in thought, from the straight path of honour, forfeit, on reflection even the passing fancy we entertained for them. Mrs. Marchmont's brief reign limited and patched up with artifice as it was, was over for ever. Claridge had learned a lesson sharp and humiliating enough but never to be forgotten. When Lawrence awoke the morning sun was bright and high, and Hemsley was writing at a little table beside her; he had just concluded his labours and enquiring tenderly of her health he folded up the sheet with which he had been occupied and giving it to his wife with a manuscript book something the worse for wear, he said, "These will explain my equivocal conduct dearest; read the book first, it is a diary kept some six or seven years ago, when a boy of twenty I mistook a

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transient admiration for a true affection. I shall need all your love, Lawrence, to enable you to forgive me for keeping so paltry a secret from you, had I been candid in the first instance we should have had no misunderstandings now, I am going out for a while to leave you time to read and judge between us, but be generous as you are powerful."

Not many minutes elapsed ere Mrs. Claridge in dressing gown and slippers was seated at the rose embowered window devouring with avidity the yellow schoolboy type of Hemsley's first love experiences.

SONG—"THE MEN OF GORE."

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

Next to heaven's shelt'ring arm,
Or the God of Battles' smile,
Are the breasts where Freedom rests,
Gath'ring strength to crush the vile!
Brave and leal and loyal men!
When the Hydra pressed us sore,
Who the front of Danger's brunt
Courtied like the Men of Gore?
Brave and leal, &c.

Rebel hearts may burn with rage,
Rebel hands the sword may wield,
Come what may in fight or fray,
We've our bulwark and our shield.
Treason may assail the state,
Hostile feet may stain the shore,
Let us stand on sea or land
Dauntless as the Men of Gore!
Brave and leal, &c.

Long may heaven's shelt'ring arm,
And the God of Battles' smile,
Nerve the breasts where Freedom rests,
Gath'ring strength to crush the vile!
When the cry, "To arms!" again

Stirs the Country to the core,
 May we just defend our trust
 Nobly as the Men of Gore!
 Brave and leal, &c.

HISTORICAL NOTES.*

NOTES ON THE EXTINCT TRIBES OF NORTH AMERICA.

THE MASCOUTENS.

Mascoutens, called by Sagard Assistagueronons, or Fire Nation (Hist., p. 201), and by Brebeuf (Rel., 1640-1). Allouez Rel., 1670-1, p. 169, affirms their identity.

Marquette, (Jour., § iii.) says Mascoutens *may* mean "Fire Nation." Dablon, in a subsequent relation, and Charlevoix after him, treat this as an error, and make it to be an Algonquin word for "Prairie."

To judge from the earlier writers, they must, from 1625 to 1675 at least, have dwelt beyond Lake Michigan. The first European who has recorded his visit to them is F. Allouez (1669-70, p. 92): he found them on the Wisconsin river. Marquette soon after found them mingled with the Miamis and Kikapoos on the head waters of Fox river near the portage. (Jour., § iii.) Hennepin places them with the Miamis and Foxes on Winnebago lake. Membré, however, puts them with the Foxes on Melleoki (Milwaukie) river, about 43° N.

In 1712, F. Marest writes that they had formed a settlement on the Ohio (Ouabache); it was not probably large, and suffered greatly from contagious disorders. (Lett. Edif., vol. ii.)

In the same year the Mascoutens with the Kikapoos joined the Foxes in their plot against the French, but were surprised by the Ottawas and Pottawatamies, and 150 were killed (Charlev., iv. 95), and probably suffered still more in the ultimate defeat of that nation. (*Id.*)

The list found in the Documents at Paris, and dated in 1736, gives the Maskoutin as comprising 60 men on Fox river, divided into two tribes, the Wolf and the Stag, but is silent as to any on the Ohio.

* These "Notes" are gleaned from the *Historical Magazine*, published by Charles B. Richardson, New York.

Sir William Johnson in his list, 1763, (N. Y. Doc. Hist., i. p. 29) is silent as to them. Bouquet, in 1764, however, puts them down as 500 on Lake Michigan, and Hutchins, in 1768, includes them with the other tribes in a pretty high estimate, (*Jeff. Notes on Virg.*, 172.)

Col. Croghan was attacked near the Wabash early in June, 1765, by 80 Indians, chiefly Kikapoos and Mascoutens.—*Reynolds' Illinois*, 59.

Reynolds put the Kikapoos on the Sangamon, p. 8.

Dodge, in 1779, (*Jeff.* 173), estimates the Mascoutins on the Wabash, with the Piankishaws and Vermillions (?) at 800.

Later than this they do not appear. Both divisions were probably swallowed up in neighbouring tribes. From their being named with the Foxes it seems not unlikely that the northern portion was absorbed in them or the Kikapoos. The southern portion near old Fort Ouiatenon, were probably incorporated into the double tribe of Weas and Piankishaws. This of course is mere supposition, but to supposition we must, for the present at least, resort to discover the close of the Mascoutena.

Under the name of Meadow Indians we find them mentioned in Clark's Journal (*Dillon's Indiana*, 144; *Western Annals*, 205). During a council held by Col. Clark at Cahokea in 1777, a party of this tribe attempted to cut them off by treachery, but were foiled; and the American officer availed himself of it to acquire a complete mastery over them.

The Mascoutens were the enemies of the Neuters on the Niagara river, and were apparently called by them "Agwa," a word not unlike *Kahkwa*, still mentioned in Seneca tradition as a hostile people.

THE NEUTERS.

THE NEUTRAL NATION.—Attiuidarons, *Sag.*, 351, 753. Atiwendaronk, *Rel.*, 1659–60, 80. Attiwandarons, *Rel.*, 1639, 1640–1. Atirhagenrenrets, 1671–1673. Rhagenratka, 1674.

This nation was twice visited by Frenchmen who have left written accounts, enabling us to form some definite idea of their country, their numbers, government, and ruin.

The first of these was the Recollect or Franciscan Father, Joseph de la Roche d'Allion, who in 1626 proceeded to the Huron country with two Jesuits, Brebeuf and de Nouë. Encouraged by letters from his Superior, F. Le Caron, he resolved to visit a nation to which the French had given the name *Neutral*, from their taking no part in the war waged by the Hurons and Algonquins on the Iroquois. His object was exploration, and especially to discover the mouth of the river of the Iroquois, probably the Niagara.

Passing to the Petuns (Tinontatés), a tribe afterwards confounded with the Hurons (Wyandots), five days' journey in the woods brought

him to the first Neutral town. His stay was chiefly in Ounontisaston, the sixth town, till he was attacked, beaten, and robbed by some who came from Ouaronun, the nearest town to the Iroquois, from whom it was only one day's journey distant. After finding that his efforts to discover their river excited suspicions, which the Hurons zealously fanned from commercial views, the Father retired after a stay of several months. The country, which Sagard in his annotations describes as eighty leagues long, de la Roche describes as incomparably larger, finer, and better than any other in Canada, abounding in herds of deer, in moose, wild cat, and squirrels, with bustards, turkeys, cranes, and other game, with a winter far less rigorous than in the lower country. The people, who are called friends and relations of the Iroquois, lived in 28 villages, and were governed by Souharissen, chief of Ounontisaston, who by his prowess in war against 17 nations had acquired the supreme authority in the whole country. In manners the Neuters resembled the Hurons, but did not engage in commerce, and went perfectly naked. *Champ.*, 273; *Sagard*, 892. Like the Petuns, they raised great quantities of tobacco. Their language he represents as different from the Huron, but as his acquaintance with the latter must have been very limited, this must be taken as a mere opinion. Their territory he represents as fronting on Lake Iroquois (Ontario), opposite to the Iroquois. At this epoch they were on the point of breaking the neutrality and making war on the Hurons, but the difficulties were apparently settled. Their only enemy was a western tribe, the Assistagueronon, or Mascoutens, against whom they aided the Ottawas.

This letter of F. de la Roche is given entire by Sagard, *Histoire du Canada*, Liv. iii., ch. 3, and by Le Clerc, *Etablissement de la Foi*, vol. i., ch. 10.

The next who visited the country were the two Jesuits, Brebeuf and Chaumonot, who entered it in 1640. They went from Tenanstayae, the last Huron town, to Kandoucho, the first in the Neutral territory, which was four days' march N. or N.W. of the mouth of the famous river of the tribe, but like de la Roche proceeded to Andachkroh, on Lake Ontario, or St. Louis, the residence of Tsohahissen, the great chief, who was then absent. He was probably the same chief who had adopted de la Roche, or one raised up in his place, to use the Indian figure. The two Frenchmen could not be received in his absence, and the Hurons accusing them of sorcery made every effort to prevent the success of their visit. They contrived, however, to visit eighteen towns, in ten of which they preached. Besides Kandoucho, they mention Khioeta, which received them kindly, Teotogneatan, and Onguiaahra, the last Neuter town on the eastern side of the river, and nearest to the Sonoutoueronons

or Senecas, from which they were only one day's journey (10 leagues) distant.

Father Brebeuf was at the outlet of the river, but was so much watched and suspected that he durst not use his astrolabe to take the latitude—he supposed it to be about 42°. At this time four towns of the nation lay on the eastern side of the Onguiaahra, ranged from E. to W. towards the Cats or Eriehonons: of the ten which he visited, Brebeuf computed the population at 500 fires or 3,000 souls, and the whole nation at 12,000, with 4,000 warriors, intimating that former writers had included in the general name of Neuters some merely allied or tributary nations.

The name of Attiwandaronk, given to them by, and by them to, the Hurons, he explains as meaning People of a language a little different, adding that those who spoke no dialect of the Huron language were called Akwanake.—*Rel.* 40-1, p. 48.

As to the language of the Neuters he speaks confidently, as he spent most of the winter shut up in a hut at Teotongniaton, where, by the aid of a charitable woman, he compared his Huron dictionary with the Neutral dialect, and composed a comparative grammar, as Chaumonot tells us in his autobiography.

Various events prevented the following up of this mission. In 1647 the Senecas, for the first time, attacked the Attiwandaronk (Aondironons), *Rel.* 48, p. 15, and soon after took by storm one of their largest towns, Aondironon, then the nearest to the Hurons. On this they yielded and emigrated to New York, about 1650, probably at the same time as the Scanonaerat, a Huron tribe, with whom they afterwards resided.

As soon as the missions were formed in western New York in 1653, and the French began to report the state of the Iroquois, the Neuters are mentioned as living a kind of Helots in the cantons of their conquerors. They were called by the Iroquois Ati-rhagenrat, variously spelt, and sometimes curtailed to Rhagenratka. They were not contented with their slavery, they panted for freedom, and had formed a conspiracy to destroy their oppressors, but they had relied on French aid, and when this was denied the plot failed.

As long as the Jesuit relations last, that is to 1680, at least thirty years after their removal from Upper Canada, they are mentioned as living in the Iroquois country, and one town in the Seneca country, Gandougarae, is stated as made up of Neuters, Hurons, and Tiogas. *Rel.* 1669-70. In course of time these distinctions were forgotten, and the descendants of the Neutrals now boast of their Iroquois name.

Bressani says: "South of the Petuns, turning a little westward, are the Neutral Nation: their first villages are only 100 miles from the

Hurons, and their territory 150 miles in extent. Lake Erie lay directly south of them."

Tuscaroras says that Neuters in early times were governed by a queen who ruled 12 forts, *School.*, p. 61.

Mr. Schoolcraft, who puts them on Oak Orchard Creek, gives in his Notes some Tuscarora traditions as to the Neuters, but as the Tuscaroras were not in that part of the country at the close of the national existence of the Neuters, these traditions would not seem very reliable.

THE EASTERN RANGE OF THE BUFFALO, OR AMERICAN BISON.

The following evidences bearing upon the question involved in the inquiry, were quoted in a paper read before the Buffalo Historical Society, by Mr. Ketchum.

1st. Thomas Morton, in his *History of New English Canaan* (New England), published in 1636, after describing the productions of the country on the south side of the "great Lake Erocoise" (Lake Ontario), says: "They (the natives) have also made description of great herds of well grown beasts that live about the parts of this lake, such as the Christian world (until this discovery) hath not been acquainted with. These beasts are of the bigness of a cow, their flesh being very good food, their hides good leather, their fleeces very useful—being a kind of wool almost as fine as the wool of the beaver, and the savages do make garments thereof." He adds: "It is ten years since first the relation of these things came to the ears of the English."

2nd. In the account of the journey of M. De La Salle, from Fort Crèvecoeur (or the Illinois river), by land to Quebec, in the winter of 1679-80, which carried him through Indiana, Southern Ohio, North-western Pennsylvania, and a part of Western New York, on the ridge which divides the waters which empty into the Mississippi and the Lakes, a description of the animals is given then inhabiting the region through which they passed. "Bears, stags, wild goats, deers, turkey-cocks, and wolves so fierce as hardly to be frightened at our guns. The wild bulls have grown somewhat scarce since the Illinois have been at war with their neighbours (the Iroquois), for now all parties are continually a hunting of them."

3rd. The Baron La Hontan, who came down the south shore of Lake Erie, in 1687-8, with a war party of the Illinois on an expedition against the Iroquois, makes the following statement:—"I cannot express what vast quantities of deer and turkies are to be found in those woods, and in the vast meads that lie upon the shores of this lake. At the bottom of the Lake (Fond-du-lac) we find wild beeves upon the banks

of two rivers that disembogue into it without cataracts or rapid currents."

4th. M. de Vaudreuil, in a memoir on the Indians of Canada, says :—"Buffaloes abound on the south shore of Lake Erie, but not on the north."

"Thirty leagues up the Miamis River, at a place called La Glaise (F. Defiance) Buffaloes are always found."

They were observed to "roll in the mud and eat dirt." A salt lick existed there undoubtedly.

6th. In the journal of a voyage made by Charlevoix, in 1721, from Quebec to Mackinack, by way of the Lakes, under date of June 1st, at Long Point, on Lake Erie, he says, "It (the Point) is very sandy, and produces naturally many vines. At every place where I landed I was enchanted with the variety and beauty of the landscape, bounded by the finest forests in the world. Besides this, water fowl abounded everywhere. I cannot say there is such plenty of game in the woods, but I know that on the south side of the Lake there are vast herds of wild cattle." He also speaks of their attempt to enter the mouth of the "Rivière aux Bœufs," on Lake Ontario, a few leagues below the entrance to the river Niagara, in which they failed by reason of the shallowness of the water.

5th. The following statement is copied from a letter of "Thos. Ashe," dated at Erie, Pennsylvania, April, 1806, giving a very minute account of a journey from Pittsburgh to Erie, and of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, as well as their tributary streams, and of the salt and oil springs in that region. He says :—"An old man, one of the first settlers in this country, built his log house on the immediate borders of a salt spring. He informed me that for five several seasons the buffalo paid him their visits with the utmost regularity. They travelled in single files, always following each other at equal distances, forming droves on their arrival of about three hundred each.

"The first and second years, so unacquainted were these poor brutes with the use of this man's house or his nature, that in a few hours they rubbed the house completely down, taking delight in turning the logs off with their horns, while he had some difficulty to escape being trampled under their feet, or being crushed to death under his own ruins." At that period he supposed there could not have been less than ten thousand in the neighbourhood of the spring.

If this "old man" was seventy-five years old when he made this statement to Mr. Ashe, in 1806, it was probably about 1756 when he built his "log house."

7th. The oldest of the Seneca Indians residing on the Buffalo Creek reservation in 1820, near this city, stated positively to persons now living that when they (the Senecas) came here to reside (which was probably not until after Sullivan's expedition in 1779), the bones of the buffalo,

with those of other animals, were found at the "Salt lick," on the banks of the Buffalo Creek, within four miles of the City Hall. That it was a tradition among the Indians (of the truth of which they had no doubt), that the buffalo visited the Salt Lick in great numbers at no very distant period before that time.

8th. In a journal kept by Sergeant John Buck, who was stationed at Fort Harmen (now Macitta, Ohio), under date of March 27th, 1787, is the following entry:—"Some of the hunters brought into the fort a buffalo that was eighteen hands high, and weighed one thousand pounds." The same year his regiment was ordered to "Post Vincent" (now the town of Vincennes, in Indiana); on their return to the falls of the Ohio, under date of October 4th, he says:—"On our march to-day we came across five buffaloes. They tried to force a passage through our column. The General ordered the men to fire on them; three were killed, and the others wounded."

9th. In a letter of Mr. Thomas Moorehead, of Zanesville, Ohio, dated February 13, 1863, he says, "Capt. James Ross, who has resided here fifty-five years, says that Ebn. and Jas. Ryan often talked with him of having killed buffaloes on the branch of Will's Creek, which still is called the 'Buffalo Fork,' twenty miles east of Zanesville."

"The Ryans were 'Indian fighters,' and this must have been before Hayne's treaty."

10th. Mr. S. P. Hildreth, of Marietta, Ohio, in a letter dated Feb. 25th, 1863, says, "I came to Marietta in 1806, and have seen many of the old inhabitants who have killed them (buffaloes), and eaten of their flesh. Near the vicinity of Salt Springs their paths or roads were very distinct and plain after I came to Ohio, and to this day on the hills and large patches of ground, destitute of bushes and trees, where they used to congregate to stamp off the flies, digging the surface into deep hollows, called 'Buffalo Stamps.'"

11th. Mr. Gallatin, when a young man, was engaged as a surveyor in Western Virginia, and made the question of the former range of the buffalo a special study, and has given the result of his labours in an article published in the Transactions of the American Ethnological Society (vol. ii., p. 50), introduction, etc. He says: "In my time, 1784-5, they (the buffaloes) were abundant on the south side of the Ohio, between the great and little Kanhawa. I have, during eight months, lived principally on their flesh.

"The American settlements have, of course, destroyed them, and now not one is seen east of the Mississippi." He says, "The frequent name of 'Buffalo Creek' indicates their former range."

SONNET TO THE HUMMING-BIRD.

BY CHARLES MAIR.

It comes!—this strange bird, from a distant clime
 Has fled with arrowy speed on flutt'ring wing;
 From the sweet South, all sick of revelling,
 It wanders hitherward to rest a time
 And taste the hardy flora of the West.
 And now, O joy! the urchins hear the mirth
 Of its light wings, and crouch unto the earth,
 In watchful eagerness, contented, blest.
 Bird of eternal summers! thou dost wake,
 Whene'er thou comest and where'er thou art,
 A new born gladness in my throbbing heart.
 Go, gentle flutterer, my blessing take:—
 Less like a bird thou hast appeared to me
 Than some sweet fancy in old poësie.

THE FUTURE OF THE NORTH-WEST.

BY THE EDITOR.

A FEW months ago the public were taken by surprise at the announcement that the Hudson's Bay Company had disposed of the whole of its rights and interests in the vast territory over which it had so long held undisputed sway, to a new Company, bearing the same name but with far more liberal views of its duties and responsibilities. The Hudson's Bay Company of 1862 had but one object in view, namely, the prosecution of the fur trade; and in order to accomplish its mission as a great fur-trading monopoly it sought to retain the wilderness over which it exercised absolute control as a preserve for wild animals. The Hudson's Bay Company of 1863 have marked out a very different course of action, if we are to be guided by the prospectus issued, the announcements made in the public prints, and by the steps which have already been taken to carry out the projects of the Company, who are "to ex-

tend their operations, and develop the numerous resources of the country in accordance with the spirit of the age."*

It is not merely proposed to construct a telegraph across the Continent, but the work has been already commenced, and although no detailed plan has been officially given to the public, yet it is generally understood that the first step will be the construction of a line from Fort Garry to Jasper House, on the east flank of the Rocky Mountains. A continuation will then be made along the line of road now in course of construction from New Westminster to Cariboo, which, according to recent accounts from Victoria, is rapidly progressing to completion. Cariboo lies on the west flank of the Mountains, Jasper House on the east. The Leather Pass, through which the Canadian emigrants took their train of 150 oxen and 70 horses last year, offers an easy connection between these points. From Fort Garry one line will branch off to the Lake of the Woods, and another probably to Pembina. If the Canadian Government follow the example of British Columbia and grant this year a sum of \$50,000 per annum towards opening communication with the North West, the telegraph from Fort Garry to Collingwood, and from Fort Garry to Jasper House, may be in actual operation before the close of 1864, and there appears to be no reason to doubt that under such circumstances telegraphic communication across the continent may be complete before the autumn of the year 1865.

It will occur to the minds of many that the distance of nearly 1,000 miles by the north shores of Lake Huron and Lake Superior, from Collingwood to Fort William, would present a very great difficulty. But why follow the sinuosities of those barren and uninhabited coasts? Why not have a subaqueous telegraph from Collingwood, or Goderich, or any other suitable point on Lake Huron, to the Bruce Mines; a land line from the Bruce Mines to the Sault St. Marie, and a subaqueous line to Fort William.

A small telegraph cable would lie as safe at the bottom of Lakes Huron and Superior, from 300 to 1,000 feet, as in the Gulf of St. Lawrence or the English Channel. In fact the distance between Collingwood and Fort William is the simplest, and would probably be the cheapest part of the line, with the exception of that portion which passes through the prairie country.

Between Fort William and the Lake of the Woods, in the present condition of the country, is the most difficult part of the entire route east of the Mountains, not excepting, perhaps, the passage of the Rocky Mountain chains, which, be it remembered, are cut by deep valleys down to the level of the great prairie plateau on which they rest—so level, indeed, that when the Canadian emigrant party ascended the Miette River

* *Vide Prospectus.*

by the old Columbia trail, they only knew that they had reached and actually passed the water-shed by observing the waters flowing to the west.

There is one fact, however, well deserving of notice, respecting the country between Fort William and Rainy Lake, a distance of two hundred miles. It has been often alleged, on grounds wholly without foundation, that it is impracticable for a road and consequently for a telegraph, for the two will necessarily go together. If we frame our opinions of the character of the country from the canoe route,—the excavated valleys of rivers,—we shall form but a very inadequate idea of what may be called the table land between Dog Lake on the east, eighteen miles from Lake Superior, and Milles Lacs on the west of the water-shed or Dividing Ridge.

At the Summit Portages between those two lakes, well known to voyageurs as the Prairie and Savanne Portages, great deposits of drift occur, which stretch far on either hand, and probably have a breadth of some eighty or ninety miles. This Drift Deposit begins, indeed, at the Great Dog Portage, where it assumes the form of an immense bank of sand, 800 feet above Lake Superior. It appears to terminate west of Milles Lacs, a distance of about ninety miles in an air line. The rocky character of a portion of the canoe route through this drift region is occasioned by the river action having excavated its channel through the drift to the subjacent rugged metamorphic rocks. But at some distance from the river the drift clays, sands, and gravels still remain untouched. The almost uniform covering of drift over the extent of country indicated is shown by the forest trees. Hills of bare rock pierce the drift until within a few miles of the height of land, when, for a breadth of twenty miles, or more, the whole country is an uniformly swampy level, and deeply covered with drift.

Dr. Hector, the geologist attached to Capt. Palliser's expedition, paid particular attention to the drift of this region, and he says :—*

"The distribution of the drift on this axis is very interesting. On the east side for a considerable way above the Kakibica Falls the country is covered with an alluvial deposit of red marl earth. Along the Kaministiquia this forms the high terraced banks of the river, for instance, opposite the mouth of the White Fish River, there are three of these terrace levels at the elevations above the river of 20, 60, and 90 feet. There are scarcely any boulders in this deposit, and when any are seen they are in spots from which this alluvial deposit has been removed and the underlying rock surface exposed.

"On the summit level there is a great deposit of drift, consisting of coarse red sand with many boulders large and small. This deposit forms a flat swampy plain level, and well wooded towards the west, but towards

* "Papers relative to the Exploration of British North America." Blue Book, 1859.

its eastern margin, as at Cold Water Lake, worn into deep dry gullies and round pot-holes or conical depressions without exit. The thickness of this deposit must be about 200 feet. The highest level of it measured was 883 feet above Lake Superior."*

It thus appears that there are no rocky impediments against the construction of a road across the height of land from Fort William to a point west of Milles Lacs, and with the road a telegraph line.

The telegraph is, however, to form but a small part of the works contemplated by the New Hudson's Bay Company. Communication both by road and steam forms part of their programme.

The successive steps of this great undertaking can be accomplished at first in the following manner :—

	Miles.
1. A road from Fort William to the northern indent of Rainy Lake <i>via</i> the Matawan River	200
2. Steam from the northern indent of Rainy Lake to the falls oppo- site Fort Francis	40
3. Steam from Fort Francis to the north-west corner of Shoal Lake, (Lake of the Woods)	130
	<hr/>
	370
4. Road from Shoal Lake to Fort Garry.....	90
5. Steam from Fort Garry to the Grand Rapids of the Saskatchewan.	280
6. Grand Rapids to Edmonton	700
7. Edmonton to the Frazer <i>via</i> the Miette or Leather Pass by road.	290
Total distance to the Frazer River—Road	580
Steam navigation	1150
	<hr/>
Total distance—Miles	1730

* The Red River Expedition in 1857 found the level of Prairie Portage to be 885 feet above Lake Superior, or only three feet higher than Dr. Hector's estimation. On Prairie Portage, pines five feet nine inches in circumference were measured. From a hill 200 feet high, a few miles west of the north-western extremity of Dog Lake, the writer of this article obtained a view of a wide expanse of this part of the country, and described it then in the following words:—"Some of the hills consisted of bare rock, others were covered with a young forest growth, which appeared to consist chiefly of Banksean pine and aspen. In the distance the tops of a few hills showed clumps of red pine, standing erect and tall above the surrounding forest. They may be the remnants of an ancient growth which probably covered a large portion of this region, having been destroyed by fire at different epochs; wide areas were still strewn with the blackened trunks of trees, and in the young forest, which seems fresh and green at a distance, the ground was found to sustain the charred remains of what had once been a far more vigorous vegetation." At the western limits of the drift on this axis the vegetation was far more luxuriant, and is described in the narrative of the Canadian expeditions, p. 63. Where fine timber will grow it is reasonable to suppose that the construction of a road would not present many difficulties, through a comparatively level country.

When the route is thus established, the break at Fort Francis might be avoided by the construction of two locks, and also the break at the Grand Falls of the Saskatchewan. It is to be observed, however, that if the last break were overcome, an uninterrupted communication would be established between Georgetown, on the Red River, in the State of Minnesota,—already connected with St. Paul by stage coaches—and Edmonton, within two hundred miles of the Rocky Mountains.

Turning again to the prospectus, we find that one of the objects of the company is to "open the southern district to European colonization under a liberal and systematic scheme of land settlement." We have shown in a former article on the North-West Territory—printed before the existence of this company was even suspected—that there exists in the Basin of Lake Winnipeg an area of eighty-four million acres of land, immediately available for the purposes of settlement, and admirably fitted for the abode of man. This is five million acres more than exist in the whole of Canada, and yet it includes only those portions in the Basin of Lake Winnipeg which are of the first quality as regards soil and climate. This is certainly a most magnificent field for colonization; and now that we have the assurance of the Crown Land Commissioner that nearly all the good land in Canada is sold, and the testimony of the United States government employees in connection with the Pacific Railway, that the westward progress of settlement in the United States is arrested by the Great American Desert—which only thrusts its apex into British territory—no one can fail to recognize in the magnificent region watered by the Saskatchewan the seat of a people who are destined to take a very important part in the future history of this continent.

Besides a road, a telegraph, steam communication in summer, and a systematic scheme of colonization, it is intended to establish a complete postal communication throughout the year from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and we may soon hope to see the natural route across the continent through the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes, and the valley of the Saskatchewan, begin to show the life and vigour of a new commercial activity which will brighten the future of British America to a degree none could have anticipated, if British Americans are true to themselves.

Recent developements have established the fact, that it is not upon its agricultural capabilities that the region drained by Lake Winnipeg will depend alone. It has been shown to possess great mineral wealth, in the form of coal, salt, iron, and more recently gold. Every mail from the Red River settlement brings cheering accounts of the wide distribution of the precious metal, and there can now be little reason to doubt that the Saskatchewan and Winnipeg gold fields, will soon become household words throughout the civilized world.

It is a singular co-incidence, that the rich and wide-spread prairies of the north-west, should be both fertile and auriferous. That rivers should roll over golden sands, through meads of extraordinary fertility; that the land should require no preparation to receive the plough, and that the miner may wash for gold in the waters of the streams on whose banks his crops are ripening. Yet such is the case in that vast prairie country of central British America, and who can foretell the future of a land so marvellously enriched?

It is not proposed to relinquish the Fur trade; on the contrary, that lucrative source of the former company's wealth and power, is still amazingly productive, and will be prosecuted with undiminished vigour in those regions which are unfitted for the abode of civilized man, and which, as long as the forests last, will always sustain their furred denizens, in numbers varying according to a natural law not yet understood. It is only where the white man permanently plants himself, with a view to cultivate the soil, that the fur bearing animals gradually diminish, and finally become so rare as to cease to be a source of remuneration to the trapper. But in those distant wilds which are only trodden by the foot of the Nomadic Indian, the utmost efforts of the hunter will only succeed for a time in thinning their numbers, which a few years of rest will bring up to the original standard, with unfailing regularity. Even when left to nature alone, it is remarkable how regular are the periodical returns of seasons of abundance and scarcity in the number of wild animals, in a perfectly wild country, owing to disease or migration.

Take the case of that valuable fur-bearing animal the marten, its periodical disappearance occurs in decades, or thereabouts, with wonderful regularity. They are not found dead. The failure extends throughout the Hudson's Bay Territories at one and the same time, and there is no tract or region to which they can migrate where the Hudson's Bay Company have not posts. When at their lowest ebb in point of numbers, they will scarcely take the hunter's bait; it is thus that Providence appears to have implanted some instinct in them, by which the total destruction of the species is prevented.*

The Rabbit affords another instance of unexplained increase and sudden disappearance. Every fourth year, in particular districts, the rabbit becomes remarkably scarce, and as these little animals form an important source of food to numerous tribes of Wood Indians, their almost total disappearance, for a year or two, is very severely felt. In two or three years they again become numerous, and then as suddenly decline in numbers.

* *Vide* "A Popular Treatise on the Fur-bearing Animals of the Mackenzie River District." By Bernard R. Ross, C. T., Canadian Naturalist and Geologist, 1861.

Enough has been said to show that the new Hudson's Bay Company have before them a magnificent enterprise, wholly independent of the lucrative trade which occupied the undivided attention of their predecessors. The construction of a telegraph and road across the continent, and the colonization of a vast area, rich in most things men consider it desirable to possess, is a work of extraordinary magnitude, and if conducted, to use the words of the prospectus "in accordance with the industrial spirit of the age, and the rapid advancement which colonization has made in the countries adjoining the Hudson's Bay Territories," it will secure to Central British America and Canada, population, trade, wealth, and political importance, with a rapidity which the wisest among us could not have foreseen, or the most sanguine enthusiast, looking to natural features alone, would never have ventured to predict.

REVIEWS.

The Capital of the Tycoon : A Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Japan.

By Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B., Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Japan. Vol. I. and II. New York : Harper & Brothers ; Toronto : Rollo & Adam.

Japan presents, in the year of grace 1863, the delineation of Western Europe in the twelfth century. There do we meet with a state of society, in many essential particulars, which has utterly past away with us, and an oriental phase of feudalism such as our ancestors knew in the time of the Plantagenets.

Every hundred yards or so in the vast City of Yeddo, ward gates, guarded by a sort of municipal sentries, divide the city off into innumerable portions, all of which can be isolated if necessary. The grand palaces of the Damios occupy vast areas shut off from the humbler dwellings of the common people, and partially surrounded by the houses of their retainers. Beggars are numerous, but jugglers who might rival Blondin and the Wizard of the North more numerous still. These Japanese performers not only swallow portentously long swords, and poise themselves on bottles, but out of their mouths come the most unimaginable things ; swarms of flies, ribbons by the mile, and paper shavings without end. Life is held at a very small price in Yeddo ; drunken loafers, always well armed, cut down any one whom they think insults them with impunity. All of a certain rank are armed with formidable

weapons projecting from their belt; swords, like every thing else in Japan, being double, without much obvious distinction between military and civil, between Tycoon's officers and Damios' retainers. The servants of the Embassy were once attacked by a drunken bravo who insolently placed himself in their path; and the secretary of the American Legation has comparatively recently met his death at the hands of some of these ruffians. Yeddo in summer is delightful enough, as soon as the olfactory nerves become accustomed to the horrible odour of the liquid manure which is carried through the street in pails by men and horses to assist in the remarkable agricultural operations of the Japanese. But Yeddo in winter is gloomy indeed, for although there is but little frost yet having no fires but a charcoal brazier sunk in a hole in the floor, the people seek for warmth in additional clothing, carefully covering the ends of their noses. The description of the Envoy's audience of the Tycoon cannot be curtailed, otherwise we should have been glad to have introduced an outline of this singular ceremony, and the astonishing customs which prevail at the Japanese Court. The following short extract, however, will show what were the impressions of the Envoy himself:—

"I may say, in conclusion, that I was struck with the order and decorum of all I saw within the palace. As things are ordered at the levée, nothing can exceed the general simplicity of the arrangements. The suite of rooms and corridors are unencumbered with a vestige of furniture—a Japanese noble, like his serf or subject, as we know, sitting on his heels and eating off a little lacker tray on legs standing only a few inches from the ground, while both sleep on the mats of the floor with a pillow of lacker or wood not larger than the head. May they not truly congratulate themselves that they have well preserved the Spartan simplicity of their ancestors, content with the same simple fare of rice and fish, and requiring no foreign luxuries to absorb their wealth or enervate their energies? The rooms, admitting of being opened their whole width and length upon the ample corridors by merely removing the sliding screens, which are the only partitions in a Japanese house, allow a great display of officers and attendants in their costumes of ceremony without crowding. Passing through rank after rank of these, mute and motionless as I have described them, suddenly, on some signal apparently, there is a general and long-prolonged sibilated sound impossible to describe, something between a 'hiss' and a long-drawn 'hish-t.' It seems to circulate through the whole building far and near, and to be echoed through all the courts and corridors; and is supposed, I fancy, to indicate some act or movement of the Tycoon bespeaking reverence and a hushed attention. It was immediately after one of these rustlings of the breeze of reverence vibrating through the lips of a thousand sibilating courtiers, that I received the signal to advance to the entrance of the council chamber. I have never seen or heard anything like it, or, indeed, in the least resembling this strange but impressive way of bespeaking profound reverence."

As far as the observation of the Envoy permitted him to judge, no European country can show such a happy and contented peasantry as Japan. But the feeling which exists against foreigners on the part of the retainers of the Damios, or feudal princes, is bitter in the extreme. Although the Envoy acknowledges that there is extraordinary difficulty in obtaining reliable infor-

mation respecting the government, religion, laws, tenure of land, &c., in Japan, yet the insight this book affords respecting the customs, habits, agriculture, condition of civilization, morality, and general mode of life of this curious people, imparts singular interest to a work pleasantly written, well illustrated, and containing much that is new and valuable.

We have elsewhere referred to some of the characteristics of the Japanese, (see page 323) especially the marvellous perfection they have attained in top-spinning. Recent intelligence tells us that another Japanese war has commenced, and that the Daimios or feudal princes will be made to pay the penalty of their insolent conduct towards the British, French, and Americans. We confidently expect to hear of a permanent British military occupation of a small portion of the Island, which will rapidly teach these representatives of the barbarous feudal system of the twelfth century what the civilization and power of the nineteenth really means in the hands of the British people.

Maple Leaves: A Budget of Legendary, Historical, Critical and Sporting Intelligence, By J. M. Le Moine, Esq., Quebec. Holiwell & Alexander, Buade Street.

We have here, in good idiomatic English, an odd phrase excepted, a most readable series of sketches, written by a French Canadian residing in Quebec. When we say the sketches are readable, however, we refer to the style merely; for the matter is so quaint and curious in itself—so entirely novel to British-American experience—that the book would be a godsend, even if the style were less agreeable and polished, than it is.

We have, within the limits of British America, no such strongholds of romance, as Quebec, and its surroundings. Nowhere else are such tragedies native to the scene, as the stories of Château Bigot, the *Chien D'or*, and the "Iron Cage." Much of the material of historical fiction which our own and foreign writers have so plentifully mined out of the annals of the French Monarchy, before the Revolution, exist also in abundance in the records and traditions of the Colony, of which Quebec was the well-known capital, before the smoke of a white man's hut arose west of the Ottawa. And the natural features of that wonderful land and river scenery, which one may take in at a glance from the celebrated citadel that crowns Cape Diamond, harmonizes perfectly with the gleams of tragedy and poetry, which still shoot athwart the waters of the St. Lawrence and St. Charles.

In Mr. Le Moine the ancient capital and its vicinity have found a congenial chronicler, patient, cheerful, and singularly free from all vulgar prejudices of race or religion. The English reader, not less than the French, should thank him for this first collection of *Maple Leaves*, and warmly encourage him to bring out that second series which he meditates. To contribute even a little to such encouragement; we quote here the titles of the present series, and

of those other sketches which we are promised, should the present venture be favorably received by the public.

The present series contains : The Grave of Cadieux, Château Bigot—The Hermitage ; Crumbs of Comfort for Lawyers ; A Sketch of Spencer Wood ; The Golden Dog—Le Chien D'or ; Canadian Names and Surnames ; The Legend of Holland Tree ; A Chapter on Canadian Noblesse ; The Loss of the "Auguste"—French Refugees ; On some peculiar Feudal Institutions ; La Corriveau—The Iron Cage ; An Episode of the War of the Conquest ; De Brebosuf & Lalemant—Lake Simcoe ; Fin and Feather in Canada ; Acclimatization of Birds and Animals ; A Parting Word.

And in his Parting Word the author says :

"Should this first instalment of *Maple Leaves* be acceptable to my readers, they can count on a second at no distant period. Amongst the notes and sketches still remaining in my portfolio, I notice many which merely require some long winter evenings to be expanded into readable form. The history of the mysterious French officer, who, after assuming holy orders, spent the remainder of his days on the Island St. Barnabé, opposite Rimouski, and of which we find mention in *Emily Montague's letters, written from Sillery in 1767, will doubtless be much relished by romantic readers ; and as my agents Messrs. Holliwell & Alexander, tell me that my book is obtaining many romantic readers, it may be as well to inform them that a literary friend has just become possessed of a manuscript memoir of the old hermit of the Island St. Barnabé. I think I am safe in promising them the first reliable intelligence in English of this saintly individual. The pirate of Anticosti, Gamache, also claims attention ; and I think I can furnish a sketch of the parliamentary career of the Honorable Louis Jos. Papineau ; a chapter on Indian customs, the war-whoop, burials, &c. One of the most attractive historical legends will be the melancholy fate of Françoise Brunon, the converted daughter of an Iroquois chief ; an abridged account of Indian ferocity at Detroit, as depicted by the Abbé Casgrain ; the story about Mdlle. Granville's brother, the Gosse Island captive ; the historical legend of Massacre Island, at Bic ; and a variety of stirring events, founded on history, in connection with local traditions, together with sporting intelligence.

The Poor Girl ; or, the Marchioness and her Secret. By Pierce Egan, Esq
New York : Dick & Fitzgerald. Toronto : M. Shewan.

This is a cleverly written but very intricate novel, embodying an interesting description of a tangled web of cunning and deception. Constance Plantagenet, the only daughter of a wealthy English commoner, (who prides himself on being the descendant of a king,—her mother the daughter of a peer) is both high-born and beautiful. She is seen and admired by the Marquis of

* Vol. I., page 161.

Westchester, who makes proposals to her father; the latter politely informs his daughter—through her mother—of the honour done her, and begs to know when she will receive the Marquis, who is rich, very aristocratic in feeling and origin, but a great deal older than Constance. She retires to commune with herself, decides to accept him; but, ere that, she must undo, as far as possible, a grave youthful indiscretion. She summons her foster-sister, Fanny Shelley, who has been her constant companion and confidante from infancy. She loves this girl as well as her proud, selfish disposition will permit her to care for any one, and the affection is returned with a heartfelt, self-sacrificing devotion. Fanny begs her not to do so wicked an action as to marry the Marquis. Constance tells her to come to her again that night, while she meets, by appointment, her husband, Viscount Bertram, to whom she was secretly married some time before. His father wishes him to marry a *parvenue* heiress; he is ready, were he not bound to Constance. In his presence she destroys her marriage certificate and ring, tells him he is free, that none but he, herself, and Fanny know the secret, as the other witnesses are dead. All appears safe; but there are such people as eavesdroppers. On Constance's return home she finds Fanny with a living witness—a lovely little girl of a year old—whom she has brought to try and prevent her committing the fearful sin she contemplates; but wealth and rank have a higher place than maternal love in her heart, and she sends her child and Fanny away from her for ever, amply provided with means. Fanny takes the infant to her native village, and sacrifices reputation, husband, and life for her foster-sister. Her lover, maddened by jealousy, thinking the child hers, kills her; her parents, broken-hearted, soon follow her to the grave, and the innocent cause of all this is left without a friend but the villagers of Beachborough, by whom she is called "the poor girl,"—a young girl named Susan Atten taking charge of her. Meanwhile Constance, after having first seen the marriage of Viscount Bertram in the newspaper, marries the Marquis, and for five years has a career of cold, heartless splendour, her beauty making her the admired of all admirers. Then, by chance, the "poor girl" is seen, and a resemblance to the Marchioness noticed; at her instigation she is stolen by gipsies, and is lost sight of for some years; when she re-appears at Ascot races, as a singing flower-girl. Here her singular beauty and exquisite voice attract the attention of the fashionable people assembled, and again the resemblance between her and the Marchioness of Westchester is noticed and remarked.

The story now becomes very interesting, and at the conclusion leaves the Marquis suspecting, nay, almost convinced, of his wife's sin; and the Viscountess Bertram, now the Countess of Brackleigh, more than doubting her husband. The reader curious to see the result of all the skilful machinations of the evil-minded, and how an overruling Fate baffles the best laid plans, will find the final result of all in the sequel, called "Hagar Lot; or, the Fate of the Poor Girl."

THE BRITISH QUARTERLIES.*

THE LONDON QUARTERLY—JULY.

"*Natural History of the Bible.*"—The importance of natural history in its bearings on the Bible has long been acknowledged. The animals and plants of which mention is made belong principally to the countries of Egypt, Palestine, and the peninsula of Sinai. Of all the animals of Egypt, the most remarkable are the crocodile and the hippopotamus, the former being occasionally mentioned as the leviathan of the authorised version—the latter by the Hebrew word *behemoth*. The leviathan may denote, however, any huge monster. The unicorn has received a large share of attention, and although the commonly received opinion identifies this animal with the one-horned rhinoceros, yet the so-called unicorn is no unicorn at all, for the Hebrew word *r'ém* denotes a two-horned animal. Our translators, seeing the contradiction involved in the expression "horns of a unicorn," have rendered the Hebrew singular noun as if it were a plural form. We may therefore dismiss the idea that the unicorn is spoken of anywhere in the Bible. The *r'ém* is said to push with its horns, and the word is supposed to represent the "wild ox" or *urus*.

The fish that swallowed Jonah was probably the "white shark," but the preservation of Jonah in the belly of this formidable creature was unquestionably miraculous; and here we may ask, why might not the fish have been miraculously prepared for this express purpose?

The wild ass still inhabits the deserts of Syria; so also does the ostrich, although travellers state that she does exhibit natural affection for her brood, but the eggs for the food of the young, which a "foot may crush," lie about the carefully concealed eggs, destined for incubation, on the bare sand.

The "ruminating" power of the hare and coney refers probably to the peculiar motion of the lips which can be observed in common rabbits; but the organization of the stomach shows that the hare is not normally a ruminating animal.

The Bible makes frequent mention of lions, bears, hyænas, wolves, leopards, foxes, and jackals, among carnivorous animals.

The migratory habits of some species of birds are especially noticed. "The stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming." Much has been written "on the subject of quails," which fed the wandering Israelites in the wilderness. Quails now migrate in immense numbers, and upwards of 100,000 have been taken near Nethuno in one day.

The reptiles are mentioned in the Bible only in the list of unclean animals. Serpents are frequently alluded to, and frogs are spoken of in connection with the Egyptian plague.

* The American reprints of the British Quarterlies, together with *Blackwood's Magazine*, can be procured from Messrs. Rollo & Adam, Toronto.

Fish are mentioned only in the aggregate. Of insects, the ant and the locust are particularly named. The Arabians held the wisdom of the ant in such estimation that they used to place one of these insects in the hand of a newly born infant, repeating the words "may the boy turn out clever and skilful."

In botany the Bible is still encumbered with some degree of doubt. The olive, the fig, and the palm are well known, but the "mustard tree" is a stumbling block to many. Some suppose it to be the *Salvadora persica*, but the tendency of modern belief is that the mustard tree of the Bible is nothing more than our common mustard plant, (*Sinapis nigra*) which in the east acquires dimensions much larger than in more temperate climes. The shittim wood was probably an acacia, and the cedars of Lebanon still flourish as of old in the days of Solomon.

"*Glacial Theories.*"—A glacier is the elongation below the snow-line of the general glacial mass which occupies the highest valleys and receptacles of mountains of sufficient elevation. The inclination of the surface to the horizon in large glaciers usually varies from 2° or 3° to 8° or 10° . There are generally three aggregations of *débris* or broken off fragments of rock on every glacier, termed morains—one central or median, and two lateral. The motion of a glacier is slow and persistent during all seasons, but slower in winter than in summer, and varying from a few inches to 20 or 30 inches in a day. The temperature of the interior of a glacier is very near 32° during the summer months. The cold of winter penetrates a few feet. The minimum temperature found during a period of two years at a depth of seven feet was observed to be $28\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fahr., or $2\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ below the freezing point. At the lower portions of a glacier the temperature may be regarded as nearly uniform. The process called regelation, or the freezing together of particles of ice under pressure, is one of the principal causes of the formation and preservation of glacial structure. In the formation of a glacier, snow, by the percolation of the upper melting portion in summer at great elevations becomes granular, and assumes the form of *névé*; this *névé*, by regelation, gradually assumes the form of compact glacial ice. With respect to the motions of glaciers it has been observed that:

- (1) The axial portion moves faster than its marginal portions.
- (2) The ratio which the velocity in the extreme marginal portion bears to the maximum velocity in the same transverse section is very variable.
- (3) A primary glacier slides over the bed of the valley containing it.
- (4) The superficial portion moves faster than the lower one.
- (5) The motion continues throughout the year, but is slower in winter than in summer.

"*Our Colonial System.*"—The arguments of those who, like Mr. Goldwin Smith, inculcate the necessity of dismembering the Colonial Empire, are obvious and simple, and based on the narrowest possible view of facts, excluding from consideration many facts of far greater importance. These arguments are generally stated as follows: Colonies "do not pay." They are useless for the purposes of commerce, and too costly for the purposes of power. Since the recognition of the principles of free trade by the leading statesmen of the great parties, they are superfluous for the supply of what

we consume, and equally superfluous for the consumption of what we produce.

"On the whole, then, what should we gain by the emancipation of our Colonies from the gentlest and easiest way ever exercised? We should save some millions a year on the Army and Navy Estimates. We should have some millions a year which we now spend on Colonial defences by sea and by land. That would be our gain. But what should we lose? The friendship and devotion of millions of fellow-subjects in every sea, proud to be citizens of this great empire, and to feel that its highest prizes are open to them and to their children—the friendship and alliance of great nations now in their first germ—and let us not forget to add, markets which now annually consume thirty million pounds' worth of our goods. But we should lose something more valuable and indispensable—the esteem and honour of all nations, who have looked to us as the great colonizers of modern days, as the people who were to found an empire no less compact and firm than that of ancient Rome, no less brilliant and heroic than those scattered but ephemeral communities which bore to alien shores and barbarous tribes the meteoric light of Grecian genius and art. We should exchange the loyal devotion of willing subjects and allies for the deep-seated antipathy of involuntary aliens, and should have the misery of reflecting that the contempt of some States, and the hatred of others, had been earned by our meanness and our cowardice.

"We trust that a better fate is in store for us. The day may come when rich, populous, and self-dependent colonies, grown into nations, will claim a dissolution of partnership. When that day comes, let us part in peace. But, till then, let us fulfil our appointed task, by laying carefully the foundations of civilized, peaceful and friendly nations. Let us not inflict that wound upon our own social order and prosperity which would follow the abandonment of those great fields of enterprise, or that deeper wound on honour and good faith which would be struck by the desertion of the helpless and confiding."

The *London Quarterly* for July contains some very interesting articles which we have not space to notice on "*Washington Irving*," "*The Resources and Future of Austria*," "*Modern Spiritualism*," "*Sacred Trees and Flowers*," "*Roba di Roma*," and "*The Nile: Speke and Grant*."

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

"*Napier's Memorials of Claverhouse*."

"*Druids and Bards*."—The inference drawn from the facts collected by the writer of this article, and from the absence of all contemporary evidence, compels the conclusions that is necessary to efface from the pages of history those stately and shadowy forms which have flitted for centuries through the groves of Avalon, and peopled the sanctuaries of an extinct religion. Had the Druids and Bards really existed in those periods in which they have been described, had they really exercised the powers imputed to them over the religion, the literature, and the arts of a great people or of immense tribes, it is scarcely possible to conceive that all positive evidence of their authority

would have disappeared. The place they fill in history is, in reality, indefinite and obscure; and all attempts to give a precise form to their traditions, by ingenious conjectures, has been, for the most part, unsuccessful.

"*Fergusson's History of the Modern Styles of Architecture.*"

"*Louis Blanc's French Revolution.*"—M. Louis Blanc has now completed his chosen labour of many years. When he first addressed himself to his subject he was a young man, and almost unknown; Guizot was prime minister of France, and Louis Philippe at the height of his power. When the first two volumes of his work appeared the air was dark with the signs of an approaching catastrophe. Louis Blanc himself became one of the leading spirits of the revolution in 1848. He was soon driven into exile, and the next volumes of his work appeared in 1852, under the shadow of nascent imperialism, and the last in 1862, after imperialism has pruned republicanism to the ground. Louis Blanc has spent his exile in quietness, avoiding revolutionary schemes, yet retaining his own peculiar views, and writing a history of the great French revolutions of the preceding century.

"*Sir George Cornewall Lewis on Forms of Government.*"—This little book will suggest for the reader's reflection far more than is presented in its pages. It is a thoughtful and interesting work, especially valuable in times like the present. A dialogue is supposed to take place between four Englishmen, belonging to the educated classes. Each of the three forms—Monarchy, Aristocracy, and Democracy—is represented by a sincere partisan. The controversy is conducted in such a manner as to represent the strength of each case, but the subject is not considered by the author to be exhausted.

"*Xavier Raymond on the Navies of France and England.*"—M. Raymond writes with unusual candour and freedom from national prejudice. He ascribes to England her due, he acknowledges the sea to be her element, and he sees in the enormous power she is capable of wielding only a secondary claim upon the admiration of other nations: the first being monopolized by the moral force she wields, as being the most free and united nation in the world. England, according to M. Raymond, is a gigantic workshop, capable, by private enterprise alone, of furnishing any amount of ironclads, guns, material of war, and naval stores. Let but the government give the order, and whole fleets, fully armed, will issue from her private dockyards. Just as powerful as she is in the means of creating fleets, so with the vast commercial marine can she man them at a moment's notice. She might include in her naval resources 700,000 or even 800,000 men, and, as M. Raymond says, with a truthful grace most unusual in a foreigner when treating of such subjects, "yet, to be just, we must add that the *quality* corresponds to the *quantity*."

"*The Sources of the Nile.*"—On page 447 a notice of the discovery of the sources of the Nile will be found, rendering it unnecessary for us to enlarge upon this interesting subject here. It may be stated, however, in addition, that the Nile is 2,380 miles long, in a direct line. By the course of the stream the Nile is 3,050 miles long, the Mississippi, 2,450. Captain Speke walked 1,300 miles through the equatorial regions of Africa, and has solved, it is said, the only remaining geographical problem of importance.

"*The Scots in France—The French in Scotland.*"—In Scotland the relics

of the alliance of France and Scotland meet us everywhere. In the institutions, habits, and speech of the people, from the organisation of the Court of Session, the terminology of the law, and the constitution of the Presbyterian Church, to the bakeing of "kickshaws" (quelquechoses) and "petticoattails" (petits-gâteaux), and the opening of an oyster. The high-roofed gable, and the pepper box turret of the French châteaux, gave to Scotland a style of architecture which became domestic amongst us in the sixteenth century, and which has been revived in our own days with great propriety and taste. So, also, with respect to cookery in Scotland, which is distinguished by an enlightened use of vegetables and broths, a marked superiority over the barbarous culinary preparations of South Britain.

"*Lyell on the Antiquity of Man.*"

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW—JULY.

"*The Growth of Christianity.*"—No one who entertains true conceptions of Christianity as the religion of the followers of Christ, the adorable SON of the FATHER, would for a single moment expect to find a satisfactory history of the growth of Christianity epitomized in the *Westminster Review*. The views which are so well known to be held by the writers on religious subjects in this Quarterly are rationalistic in the extreme, and Christianity is regarded as a system of human origin. "Founded by a carpenter, proclaimed by fishermen, republished by a scholar who voluntarily accepted the condition of a working man, it addressed the glad tidings of social renovation to the poor, the persecuted, the despised; to the fallen, the ignorant, and the criminal." It is painful to read the calm and irreverent language in which belief of pardon and redemption through the blood of the Saviour is described and discussed, side by side with the impure imaginings of Pagans, and compared with them.

"*Gamesters and Gaming Houses.*"—Although public gambling houses are forbidden in England by law, yet the "Game of Speculation" is openly practised to an unprecedented extent. The incidents of the Civil War now raging on this Continent show how madly men pursue the gambler's profession on an enormous scale, and in some instances with successful results. The blockade runners and the Confederate loan are only other forms of gambling, allied to those which disgraced most European States even as late as 1838, and still disgrace some of the petty German Principalities.

Shall we conclude, then, that in the matter of gaming we are more enlightened and less open to censure than our forefathers? This much is true, the gambler is a less foolish man, and a less useless member of society than the gamester. While the objects of the gambler on the turf and the Stock Exchange, and of the gamester at cards and dice, are identical, experience has proved that the former may succeed, and that the latter must fail in attaining their objects; that the gambler may acquire wealth, but that the gamester must be ruined if he persevere in gaming. By speculating in shares, capital is circulated and commerce increased; thus, whether the speculator be enriched or impoverished, his fellow-men are vastly benefitted in consequence of his transactions. Of the gamester we may say what La

Bruyère said of him who was once engaged in intrigue: he must continue as he has begun, because nothing else gives him any gratification. A confirmed gamester exists only to deal cards or throw dice. The chances are that he will forfeit his honour as well as indulge his taste; for, as Lord Chesterfield warned his son: 'A member of a gaming-club should be a cheat, or he will soon be a beggar.'

"*The Naturalist on the River Amazons.*"—There are few objects in nature that impress the mind more fully with the idea of grandeur than a great river, and it is upon this alone that the interest of the Amazons reposes. The Ganges and the Indus have flowed for centuries past the seats of an ancient civilization;—the waves of the Nile have witnessed the rise and extinction of a civilization more ancient still. The banks of the Tigris and Euphrates bore the earliest of recorded empires; and these and many other rivers are associated with a thousand historical incidents which invest them with a special, if not sometimes almost a sacred, character. The Amazons appeals almost wholly to our senses—the short-lived glory attaching to it as the supposed highway to the fabulous golden region of the Spaniards having been too evanescent to invest it with a lasting halo of either historic or romantic interest.

But, however wanting in historical associations, it must be admitted that the Amazons is not deficient in the elements of natural grandeur. The largest river in the world, running a course of some 3,500 miles, nearly from one side of a great continent to the other, pouring into the ocean a volume of water equal in expanse at least, and probably in depth, to the Straits of Dover, the accumulated drainage of a basin nearly equal in its superficial extent to the whole of Europe, the mighty Amazons rolls on through the solitudes of the vast forests which rise in marvellous luxuriance upon its banks, performing its never-ending functions as one of the great arteries of the water-circulation of the globe. So wide is its channel that the influence of the tides is felt in it at a distance of more than 400 miles from its mouth, and Mr. Bates even observed a rise and fall which could only be ascribed to the tide in a small tributary 530 miles from the sea, whilst the volume of water which it pours into the sea is so great that even in the great estuary the water is scarcely brackish. Favoured by the moist atmosphere and the warmth of the climate, the vast plain which stretches on all sides of the great river and its affluents is clothed with a vegetation unsurpassed elsewhere in beauty and grandeur. The plants which furnish the necessaries and many of the luxuries of existence may be raised on its banks with the least possible expenditure of labour in their cultivation, and the vast facilities for water-carriage, the immense shore-line presented by the water-system of the Amazons, would seem to indicate the region traversed by it as one from which a most extensive commerce in tropical products might be carried on. Instead of this, we find its shores occupied by a scattered and scanty population, whose indolence and ignorance seem to be their most striking characteristics. As a rule, they seem scarcely to cultivate more than is absolutely necessary for their own wants, and in most parts of the country domestic animals are almost if not quite unknown, so that the inhabitants, being generally dependent for their supplies of animal food upon the natural re-

sources of a country offering comparatively few of the larger birds or quadrupeds, are driven perforce to adopt a fish diet, which Mr. Bates appears to have found by no means satisfactory.

The population consists of whites, Indians, and negroes, and of mixtures of these three in various proportions, and it is one of the most hopeful features in the social condition of the district that no prejudice exists against those who show marks of mixed blood: indeed, the cross of black or Indian blood seems so general that it is considered bad taste to boast of a pure white pedigree. In most cases the whites do not appear to have much to boast of, the lower Portuguese immigrants adopting the indolent habits of the Indians or Indian half-castes with great success. The people generally think more of their religious festivals than of anything else, and as these are very numerous, and last for nine or ten days, and their most important feature apparently consists in getting drunk on hot rum and ginger in honour of the saints, we can hardly be surprised that with all its natural advantages the Amazons province does not advance very rapidly. In most other respects the inhabitants of the Amazons valley seem generally to possess at least a negatively good character; acts of violence and dishonesty are of rare occurrence, and the morality of the sexes does not seem to be much lower than in other countries. Mr. Bates, indeed, tells us that 'most of the half-caste women on the Upper Amazons lead a little career of looseness before they marry and settle down for life;' and thinks it 'rather remarkable that the men do not seem to object much to their brides having had a child or two by various fathers before marriage,' although we fear that he might find very similar customs prevailing much nearer home.

The ignorance on the most ordinary subjects prevailing amongst the inhabitants of this favoured region is well shown by the question put to Mr. Bates by a man holding an important office in Santarem, namely, 'On what side of the river was Paris situated?' a question which, Mr. Bates says, 'did not arise, as might be supposed, from a desire for accurate topographical knowledge of the Seine, but from the idea that all the world was a great river, and that the different places he had heard of must lie on one side or the other.'

Amongst a society of this kind Mr. Bates passed eleven years of his life, and whatever may have been the intellectual barrenness of the soil around him, he seems to have found his existence on the Amazons so enjoyable that he was unwilling to leave its shores, and had it not been for his broken health, due rather to exposure and hard fare than to any influence of the climate, he would probably, as he himself says, have furnished an example of the truth of the Paraense proverb, 'He who goes to Pará stops there.' And in the pages of the two delightful volumes in which Mr. Bates records the memorabilia of his life during his sojourn in the Amazons region, the reader will find abundant evidence of its possessing attractions such as would cause the naturalist to regard with indifference the want of congenial society and of the appliances of civilized life."

"*Mr. Mill on Utilitarianism.*"

"*Marriages of Consanguinity.*"

"*Saint Simon and His Disciples.*"

"*M. Louis Blanc's History of the French Revolution.*"

"*Poland.*"—Whatever may be the result of the present insurrection, it has at least borne one remarkable fruit. The conduct of Russia in Poland since 1815 is acknowledged by all parties to have been, if not a crime, at least a mistake. Half a century's chronic discontent, breaking out in two formidable risings, of which the first was only crushed by the whole military force of Russia when she was the strongest power in Europe, and the second, attacking her in a moment of weakness, is threatening her very existence, is not to be explained away by the natural turbulence of a people or the agitation of a faction. It has become evident to every one that, so long as there is a Russian administration in Poland, the Poles will remain discontented, and be a constant source of disturbance to Europe. A national Government is, therefore, indispensable. But how is this to be obtained for Poland? Is the Charter of 1815 to be revived? Are the Poles to remain, as at present, under the rule of Russia, with a Russian viceroy and a Russian army, but with a national diet and Polish ministers enjoying the confidence of the people? Are the Kingdom of Poland and parts of Posen and Galicia to form a confederacy of small states? Is the kingdom of Poland to be made a separate state, with a Russian king? Finally, is the whole of the Poland of 1772 to be restored to its independence? Before considering these questions, it is necessary to lay down the principle, which is so often lost sight of, that whatever remedy may be adopted, it should, to be effectual, extend over the whole of the territory which has been wrested from Poland by Russia since 1772. It is over this territory that all the insurrections of Poland since that date have spread; and a concession to the Poles of the kingdom of Poland alone would evidently be no satisfaction to the Poles of Lithuania or Volhynia. Whatever may be the historical pretensions of Russia to these provinces (and we have shown that they have no foundation), it is impossible to ignore the fact that their inhabitants, both nobles and peasants, are bitterly hostile to Russia, and evidently desire union with Poland. This consideration at once disposes of the proposition to re-establish the Charter of 1815, which applied only to the kingdom of Poland, and which, moreover, was a signal failure. The proposals to detach the kingdom from Russia, and to form a Polish confederacy, are open to the same insuperable objection. It is, in fact, easier to suggest ingenious but impracticable solutions of this kind, than to look the real question at issue steadily in the face. There remains but one plan, except, indeed, to cut the knot by restoring the whole of Poland to her ancient independence. Last year the Poles petitioned for a national representation for the kingdom and the provinces, and were refused. If they were offered it now, would they accept the offer? We doubt it. Since then Russia has rendered reconciliation between her and Poland impossible. The barbarous conscription and its attendant horrors, the terrible insurrection which is its consequence, have established between Russia and Poland a barrier of blood and tears which it will take many long years to efface. And after the dreary series of deceptions which they have endured at the hands of Russia, especially since the accession of the present Emperor—the reforms introduced only to be withdrawn, the promises never to be fulfilled, the pretences of liberality and the terrible realities of uncompromising tyranny—

can the Poles, strong in their patriotism and their successes, accept the risk of a fresh and more bitter disappointment? Last year, while they yet hoped something from the reputed benevolence of the Emperor, and were powerless except in the justice of their cause, they were prepared to accept even a restricted degree of political existence under Russian rule. But now, with the blood of thousands of their slaughtered brethren dyeing their soil, with arms in their hands and the public opinion of Europe at their backs, nothing but complete independence can repay them for their sacrifices. The advocates of Russia tell us that this independence is a chimera. We have already given our reasons for thinking that, if it were once established, it would be a permanent reality. To compare a young and vigorous country like Poland, full of patriotism and political aspirations, to the effete and enslaved despotism of Turkey, is simply an absurdity. There is no reason why Poland, when re-established, should become 'the nursling of domineering embassies,' any more than Belgium or Italy. But how is she to be re-established? If left to herself, it seems only too certain that she will not succeed. The guerilla war which she has now for nearly six months carried on with such bravery and success may yet last a few years, but it must in the end die out before disciplined armies and resources almost unlimited. The results of such a struggle are terrible to anticipate. Poland would be a desert, and the best and bravest of her sons lie under her soil, or die a living death in the mines of the Oural, or the mysterious *oubliettes* of the Siberian fortresses. Her towns would be in ruins, her villages in ashes, her women and children dying of famine and the plague. Such are a few of the horrors which can alone be prevented by a strong Power coming forward to aid the Poles in the contest which they are evidently determined to fight out to the last. There are but three Powers that could give this assistance: England, France, and Austria. The first is unwilling to take the initiative, because, apart from a natural aversion to war, she knows that she could not refuse the alliance which France would be sure to propose to her, and she fears that a war on the continent in which the Emperor Napoleon would be engaged would lead to complications in which the original question at issue would vanish, and which would result in the aggrandizement of France. The French Emperor, on the other hand, is unwilling to move, because he fears England would not support him. We think that the fears of our Government are but too well founded, and that it would be extremely impolitic were England either to go to war for Poland, or allow France to do so. But if Austria were to assist the Poles, there would be no ground for the apprehension of a European war. The position of Austria with regard to Poland has always been a peculiar one. Since Maria Theresa signed the first act of partition under protest, both the sovereigns and the statesmen of Austria have expressed in various ways their regret at the dismemberment of Poland, and their desire to give up Galicia, provided they had the assurance that a strong and independent Poland would be interposed between Austria and Russia. The advantages which such an arrangement would bring not only to Austria, but to the whole of Germany, by closing what Lord Ellenborough has called Russia's door to Europe, are sufficiently obvious. The paralyzing effect which Russian influence has had upon the action of Austria and Germany in European affairs is well known,

and has been often felt. Galicia, part of which in old times was called "Red Russia," forms a portion of the old kingdom of Wladimir which Russia has not yet "reconquered," and which, it is well known, Russia is intriguing to obtain for herself. Russia's pretensions to be a Slavonic Power, and her efforts to spread her influence over the Slavonic provinces of Austria, constitute another danger which threatens Austria's very existence. But so long as these dangers are at her door, Austria is compelled, though very unwillingly, to pursue a very timid policy with regard to Poland. She sees, as she did during the Crimean war and on other occasions, that if she takes any decisive step in favour of Poland, without the open support of France and England, she will expose herself to the risk of having to bear the brunt of a Russian war, whose result might be the advancement of the Russian frontier far into Austrian territory, thus bringing still nearer to Austria the dangers it is her greatest object to avoid. If, therefore, England and France are to do anything for Poland, they should endeavour to give such open support to Austria as would enable her to move fearlessly in the direction of her most vital interests. The means for giving her this support are ready at hand. The only sanction which has been given by England and France to the sovereignty of Russia over the Polish possessions she acquired since 1772 is that involved in the Treaty of Vienna. By that treaty conditions relative to her government of those possessions were imposed upon Russia. These conditions have been, over and over again, declared both by England and France to have been both completely and systematically violated. Both of these countries have now ample ground for withdrawing the recognition of Russia's dominion in Poland given in the treaty, Russia having for half a century proved herself unwilling or unable to comply with the conditions on which such recognition was given. The declaration, by the same two Powers, of Poland's right to recover her independence, is the logical consequence of their denial of Russia's right to govern her. The course of Austria will then be clear. By making Galicia a distinct state, with a national representation, an Austrian sovereign, and an army of 80,000 men, consisting of Poles now in the Austrian army, she would at once establish a basis of operations for the Poles, where they might organise their troops, develop their administration, and communicate freely with the friendly powers of Europe, whose aid, in the shape of supplies, volunteers, and moral support, would not be wanting. Russia, weak and disorganised as she is, could not long resist so formidable a combination. Thus would Poland recover her independence by her own efforts, the fear of an European war be removed, and Europe be freed from the shame and disgrace of her tacit complicity in 'the greatest crime of modern times.'

* The Treaty of Vienna does not, as is commonly supposed, relate to the kingdom of Poland *alone*. It gives the kingdom "a constitution," the provinces "a national representation and national institutions," and commercial privileges to the whole of "Poland as it existed in 1772."

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW—AUGUST.

"Pretensions of Spiritualism—Life of D. D. Home."—Mr. Daniel Douglas Home has written a book to which he gives the title "Incidents of my Life." Mr. Home is a Scotsman. He has been in the habit of seeing visions from the age of four years and upwards. He may now be considered the arch-spiritualist of the age. The reviewer gives a brief history of spiritualism, and a special critical account of Mr. Home's "Incidents of his life." He concludes with paragraphs so forcible and just that we copy them without abbreviation.

"In his communion with the world of spirits, he claims to have a divine commission, and to exercise his 'God-given powers' for the benefit and instruction of mankind. He is specially charged with the conversion of infidels, and with the refutation of materialism; and he claims hundreds of converts to his faith. The divinity of his mission is attested by a series of prophecies and miracles, inferior neither in quality or number to those interruptions of the laws of nature by which the greatest of truths have been established.

1. He raises the dead, and commands their presence and their agency,—not as the shadowy apparitions of the nursery, but as flesh-and-blood realities, displaying superhuman muscular strength, not in deeds of utility and mercy, but in tossing to and fro tables, sofas, cushions, ottomans, and chairs, for the amusement of fools.

2. If he has found it difficult to exhume a full-length corpse from its lair, he has wrenched from it hands and feet, and sometimes a head and shoulders shining with the blue phosphorescence of the grave.

3. In defiance of the laws of gravity which keep the planets in their course he rises in the air, a living and breathing balloon, not to survey the distant battle-field, nor to rescue life from its rooftop in flames, but to make scratches on the ceiling, and baffle the efforts of his friends to pull him down by his boots!

4. In Mr. Home's presence, dead and inorganic matter floats in the atmosphere, rings rush from their lair to the finger of their owner, and bells revolve like planets, but without a centre to curve their orbit, and without an object to be gained by their evolutions.

5. In his presence plants are endowed with locomotive life and with muscular power. They walk from their flower-pots—they roll themselves up—they place themselves between their medium patrons, and commit personal mutilation by throwing off sprigs and flowers to gratify the olfactory nerves of the party!

6. When our archimagus exclaims, 'Let there be light,' the darkness of midnight is dispelled, and his apartment shines with the brightness of the sun!

7. When the spirits lead him in his trance, his 'God-given power' is attested, not by the ring of light which encircles what is divine, but by a brilliant star shining on his forehead, and indicating the heaven-born functions of his guide!

8. If he does not turn water into wine, he extracts the perfume of plants by the wave of his hand, and by this extinction of their vital principle they

die in his presence ! Did not the law of the land protect the lieges, he could, doubtless, extract the principle of life from the sceptics that denounce, and the wits that deride his revelations.

9. If he does not multiply loaves and fishes to feed his disciples, he multiplies wine-decanter to astonish Mr. Cox of Jermyn Street.

10. If he has not given sight to the blind, he has, by a pass from his hand, given hearing to the deaf !

11. If he has not enabled the man ill of the palsy to take up his bed and walk, he has, in many instances, healed the sick, and he has cured a disease under which he himself laboured, by means of self-inflicted and involuntary blows !

12. If he cannot see into the human heart, and divine its working, he can do much more. He can look at a beautiful marble bust, and discern that the person whom it represents is possessed with a demon.

13. If 'gravitation does not cease when Home goes by,' he is divinely snatched from its influence. A spirit arm drags him from beneath the falling branch, and the heavy log thus cheated of its victim is pacified by the grant of supernatural powers !

In order to form a just idea of spiritualism, we should study its development in different countries, and under different articles of faith. We will not shock our readers by taking them to the United States, where spiritual domination stares at us in its most hideous features,—a modern Antichrist exalting itself above all that is called God, uttering from a thousand tongues its blasphemous inspirations, and hurling its victims in hecatombs to the halter of the suicide, or the cells of the madhouse.*

Such is spirit-rapping, spirit-raising, and spirit-seeing, and such the spawn which they have cast upon the waters. We have been bold enough to sketch their history from the pages of a 'weak, credulous, half-educated, and fanatical person,' as the Saturday Reviewer† calls Mr. Home ; but we want courage to characterize them in their moral, social, and religious bearings, and eloquence to express the horror and disgust which they inspire.

We borrow, therefore, the eloquent pen of a distinguished philosopher, who has poured out the vials of his wrath in 'thoughts that breathe, and words that burn :'

'The word,' says Professor Ferrier, 'by which the thinking principle is designated in all languages, bears evidence to the inveteracy of the superstition, that the conception of mind might be formed by conceiving a material substance of extreme fineness and tenuity. Many circumstances have conspired to keep the fanaticism in life. The supposed visibility of ghosts helps it on considerably ; and it is still further reinforced by some of the fashionable deliraments of the day, such as *Clairvoyance* and (even 'A. D. 1854, *credit*

* Mr. Howitt tells us that in America spiritualism adds annually to its ranks 300,000 persons, and that there are, at a moderate estimate, two millions and a half of spiritualists in the United States !

† We recommend to our readers two admirable articles in the *Saturday Review* of March 21 and 28, on Howitt's *History of the Supernatural*, and on 'The Incidents' in Mr. Home's life.

posers) *Spirit rapping*. These, however, are not to be set down—at least so it is to be hoped—among the normal and catholic superstitions incident to humanity. They are much worse than the worst form of the doctrine of materiality. These aberrations betoken a perverse and prurient play of the abnormal fancy—groping for the very holy of holies in kennels running with the most senseless and God abandoned abominations. Our natural superstitions are bad enough; but thus to make a systematic business of fatuity, imposture, and profanity, and to imagine all the while that we are touching on the precincts of God's spiritual kingdom, is unspeakably shocking. The horror and disgrace of such proceedings were never even approached in the darkest days of heathendom and idolatry. Ye who make shattered nerves and depraved sensations the interpreters of truth, the keys which shall unlock the gates of heaven, and open the secrets of futurity—ye who inaugurate disease as the prophet of all wisdom, thus making sin, death, and the devil, the lords paramount of creation—have ye bethought yourselves of the backward and downward course which ye are running into the pit of the bestial and the abhorred? Oh, ye miserable mystics! when will ye know that all God's truths and all man's blessings lie in the broad heath, in the trodden ways, and in the laughing sunshine of the universe; and that all intellect, all genius, is merely the power of seeing wonders in common things?''*

We do not ask the man of science, or the philosopher, or the moralist, to tell us what they think of the miracles of the spirit rapper; but the Christian is bound to compare them with the revelation which he has accepted, and with the truth which he professes to believe.

Has the Christian spiritualist, if there lives a person who can combine such jarring names—has he pondered the divine denunciation against the abominations of the 'users of divination'—against the consulters of familiar spirits—against 'wizards that peep and that mutter,'—and that 'whisper out of the dust'—against those 'who in latter times shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils'—against the spirits of devils working miracles—against the doers of great wonders—against the deceivers by miracles—against him whose coming is with signs and lying wonders—and against 'the false prophets, that shall give signs and wonders?'

If the spirit-raisers in former days, and their patrons, have been thus denounced, and deemed worthy of death, what shall be the doom of the Christian, who, in defiance of holy writ, and in contempt of the formularies of his church, calls up the souls and bodies of the dead to perpetrate deeds of revenge against the living, and to perform the tricks of the conjuror to gratify the prurient curiosity of fools.

We appeal, not to the Presbyterian, for he despises the spirit-rapper; but we remind the members of our sister-church, that they pray to be spared before they go hence, *and be no more seen*;—we remind them of their belief, that 'the dead who die in the Lord rest from their labours'—that death hath put all things under his feet—that God takes unto Himself the souls of the departed—that the spirits of the departed live with God—that the souls of the faithful who are delivered from the flesh are in joy and felicity—that the

* Ferrier's *Institutes of Metaphysic, the Theory of Knowing and Being*, pp. 224, 225.

faithful *sleep in Jesus and rest in Him*—and that the souls of them that sleep in the Lord enjoy *perpetual rest and felicity*.

If the dead can be raised from the grave to appear again upon earth, either in flesh or in spirit, then 'Christ is not the *first fruits of them that sleep*.'—Then death can have had no sting, and the grave no victory! If the human worm that is said to have crawled at the foot of its confessor, and to have violated oral and written oaths, can unlock the holy sanctuary of the dead, and disport with their mutilated remains before the living, he has anticipated the blast of the dread trumpet which is to summon the mighty dead from their graves, and usher in the great assize that is to fix the immortal destiny of man.

"Mormonism—Past and Present."

It is nearly impossible, so fluctuating are their religious views, to ascertain precisely what form of belief the Mormons adhere to. A new 'revelation' may descend any day, to revolutionize their whole convictions. So far as we have been able to ascertain it, however, the following is, in brief, something like what the Saints maintain. It is of course considerably simplified, and stripped of a fair share of unnecessary verbiage. From the authorised Confession of Faith one can gather that the Mormons profess to believe in the word of God recorded in the Bible, in the Book of Mormon, and the Book of Doctrines and Covenants, which in their view completes the 'Scriptures,' and forms the fulness of the Gospel. Their mode of interpreting is new, and quite peculiar. They describe 'God' in their symbolic books as 'a material, organized intelligence, possessing both body and parts. He is in the form of man, or rather man is in the form of God.' In answer to the question, 'Can you prove, then, that man is in the form of God?' the Mormon readily answers, 'Yes; Genesis v. 1: In the day that God created man, in the likeness of God made He him;' and so on with this realistic way of looking at nearly every word of the Scriptures. They maintain that the gift of prophecy, and the power of working miracles still belongs to the true Mormon Church, and that many of their number can work miracles and cast out devils. They hold that the end of the world is very near, and that they are the 'Saints' spoken of in the Apocalypse, who will reign with Christ in a temporal kingdom in this world. The seat of this kingdom they allege will be either Missouri or Great Salt Lake City. Men, in order to be saved, must comply with four conditions: they must believe in the atonement of Christ; they must repent of their sins; they must receive baptism by immersion, at the hands of an apostle of Christ's appointment (a Mormon one, of course); they must receive the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, by duly authorized apostles (that is, by the apostles of the Mormon Church). They recognize two orders of priesthood, the 'Aaronic' and the 'Melchizedek' orders, and are governed by a prophet, twelve apostles, the seventies, bishops, high-priests, deacons, elders, and teachers.

In 1859 M. Remy estimated the Mormons in Utah at 80,000, and 186,000 throughout the world. The anti-mormon Federal Marshal in 1860 gives the Mormons in Utah at 40,266. The Saints themselves aver that they cannot be less than 90,000 to 100,000 in Utah, and from 300,000 to 400,000 throughout the world.

"*The National Defences.*"—This is a very able and important article, on a subject dear to every British subject. The figures advanced by the writer, on the best authorities, are most encouraging as regards the present condition of the army and navy of Great Britain. The force maintained now for the protection of the British Empire is enormous. The army stands thus, and this comparison is made between the years 1847 when the Duke of Wellington wrote his celebrated letter on the defenceless state of the kingdom and the present roll of the army.

	Regulars.	Militia actually Trained	Volunteers ready for Service.	Volunteers in Reserve.	Total.
Total home force when the Duke wrote, . .	67,000	None.	None.	None.	67,000
Total force the Duke wanted,	77,000	73,000	None.	None.	150,000
Total home force now maintained, exclusive of 72,676 men in India, .	84,000	95,000	48,000	100,000	327,000

The total now being five times what existed when the Duke wrote, and more than double what he asked for, as sufficient. This immense army is exclusive of 72,000 British soldiers in India.

The same favourable comparison holds good with reference to our naval force, France being compared with England in this particular.

	Armour-plated.	Liners. Screw.	Frigates. Screw.	Frigates. Paddle.	Corvettes. Screw.	Corvettes. Paddle.	Blockships. Screw.	Other Steam Ships.	Total Steam	Total Sailing.
England,	21	59	44	16	30	—	9	380	566	103
France,	16	57	29	18	7	9	—	244	360	122

The number of men voted for the French Marine of 1862-3 was 46,381 on shore and afloat, the number of British sailors voted was 76,000.

The numbers representing the military and naval force of the United Kingdom scatter to the winds all fears of the country being unprepared for war, however soon, and from whatever quarter that calamity should be threatened.

THE BRITISH MONTHLIES.*

BLACKWOOD.—AUGUST.

"*A Visit to an Insurgent Camp.*"—This is one of the "Letters from Poland," which have been read by the readers of *Blackwood* with such lively interest during the last three months. It is, perhaps, the most exciting, and yet the most melancholy, of the three which have appeared. It describes the wonderful constancy, energy, and activity of the insurgent bands, and especially of the Polish women. It shows how deeply rooted is the national feeling, and how bitter is the hatred towards the Russians. It shows, too, how the spirit of undying hostility is fed and nourished by women of all ranks, from the delicate flower of the noblesse to the sturdy wife of a Polish peasant. But it presents a gloomy picture of their almost inevitable fate. If they persist in carrying on the insurrection by means of armed bands, small in individual numbers, but scattered throughout the country, the insurrection may live throughout the winter; meanwhile, however, a vast system of confiscation of property, deportation of entire villages, and, in fact, the absolute annihilation of the Polish element is rapidly going on. The most barbarous cruelties are perpetrated by the Cossacks, and, in return, immediate death is the reward of any Russian soldier who may fall into the hands of the infuriated insurgents. History presents few such instances of wholesale abandonment of every domestic tie, every "household god," for the sake of the independence of their country; fathers relinquish their sons, wives their husbands, husbands imperil the safety of their wives, all in the inspiring hope that they may assist in driving the Russia from Polish soil. But they seem to be warring against hope. Without external assistance the nation will be decimated, and the rebellion crushed out of life by the presence of some 200,000 Russian troops, and the annihilation of the brave, heroic, and self-denying Poles.

"*Caxtoniana: a Series of Essays on Life, Literature, and Manners.*"—This number is especially devoted to some authors in whose writings knowledge of the world is eminently displayed. The writer describes what is meant by "knowledge of the world." He thinks that every skilled man of the world, at the ripe age of forty, has convinced himself that, considering all the mistakes made in our education and rearing—all the temptations to which flesh and blood are exposed—all the trials which poverty inflicts on the poor—all the seductions which wealth whispers to the rich—men, on the whole,—are rather good than otherwise; and women, on the whole, are rather better than the men. Taking a poet, in the proper acceptation of the term, as a man who ought to possess a correct knowledge of the world, he places among

* THE BRITISH MONTHLIES, including *Blackwood* (American reprint), *Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, *The St. James' Magazine*, *Good Words*, *London Society*, *The Churchman's Magazine*, *The Exchange*, &c. &c., can be procured each month at Messrs. Rollo & Adam's, Toronto.

moderns, Shakespeare first and Goethe next. Goethe was the founder of a nation's literature, and through all the various phases of his marvellous intellect there runs an astonishing knowledge of man's nature, and therefore a surprising knowledge of the world. Knowledge of the world and its manifold infirmities makes a man indulgent, and those men who have possessed that knowledge to the greatest degree have shown themselves best able to comprehend the weaknesses of their fellow men, and to forgive the errors into which they were led.

The remaining articles are "*Novels*," "*Translations of Horace*," "*George Cruikshank*," "*The State and Prospects of the Church of England*," "*In the Garden*," "*Chronicles of Carlingford*," "*Captain Speke's Welcome*," and,

"*Indian Prosperity*."—This article refers to the most important of the numerous dependencies of the United Kingdom, and, consequently, will always possess interest to Canadians. The only drawback to the present condition of India, compared with the epochs of former greatness, is the fact that it is a conquered country ruled by a foreign race. That the Indian Empire is really very prosperous is now an incontrovertible fact. It is a "paying concern." What with the construction of trunk lines of railway, gigantic canals, with a thousand ramifications for irrigation and other purposes, a diminishing taxation, an increasing revenue, and peace throughout the entire country, with its hundred and sixty millions of people subject to British rule, India is prosperous and, in a very great measure, contented. The periodical famines, to which its people have been subjected in past times, will be lessened in degree by the remarkable facilities which railways afford for conveying provisions to the suffering districts. In ordinary years there is abundance of food, but occasionally wide-spread droughts occur which cut off all supplies; and so rapid is the consumption of food by the immense population, that, so long as inefficient means of communication exist, local famines will be dependent upon the seasons. Railways and canals, however, afford the means of alleviating these calamities; and in another decade, humanly speaking, India will be one of the most prosperous and powerful nations on the face of the earth.

GOOD WORDS.—AUGUST.

"*The Parables*."

"*Poems for Christie*,"

In the Night.

Dark, dark the night, and fearfully I grope
Amidst the shadows, feeling for the way,
But cannot find it. There is no help, no hope.
And God is very far off with His day.

Hush, hush, faint heart! Why this may be thy chance,
When things are at the worst to prove thy faith;
Look up and wait thy great Deliverance,
And trust Him at the darkest unto Death.

What need of Faith, if all were visibly clear ?
 'Tis for the trial time that this was given.
 Though Clouds be thick, its sun is just as near,
 And Faith will find Him in the heart of Heaven.

'Tis oft on the last green ridge of war,
 God takes His stand to aid us in our fight ;
 He watched us while we rolled the tide afar,
 And beaten back, is near us in His might !

Under the wildest night the heaviest woe,
 When Earth looks desolate—Heaven dark with doom,
 Faith has a fire-flash of the heart to show
 The face of the Eternal in the gloom.

—Gerald Massey.

"On Comets." By Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart.—The comet of Encke has revealed the remarkable fact that its successive revolutions are each a little shorter than the last. Biela's comet, in 1846, suddenly split into two distinct comets on the 13th of January, each with a head and coma and a small nucleus of its own. In 1852 they were seen again, about the same distance from one another. If ever the earth swallows up a comet, it will about the 30th of November, the day on which the earth passes the spot intersected by the orbit of Biela's comet. The number of comets whose return has been calculated, is 36,—four of which have periods of revolution from 70 to 80 years, and several from 3 to 7 years. Other comets are not periodical, wandering off into space in such directions—owing to perturbations and other causes—as to leave it a matter of doubt when they will return to our sun, or if ever.

The observations on the most recent comets show that an actual analysis of the cometic matter is effected by the sun's influence, thus showing that comets consist of at least two kinds of matter possessing very different properties. The tail of a comet consists of matter capable of reflecting the light of the sun, yet so rare that very small stars can be seen through it. This material substance of the tail is inconceivably rare and ethereal ; it is a vapour so delicate that a star shines through 90,000 miles of distance with undiminished lustre.

There must be less matter in the tail of a comet 90,000 miles through than in the puff of a steam engine which obscures the light of the sun. The nucleus of some comets consists of a minute, brilliant and possibly solid body. Yet this is not always the case, as in Biela's comet minute stars were seen through part of its head at least 80,000 miles in thickness. The tail is thrown out by evaporation of matter, and as the comet pursues its retrograde path this matter is again condensed. The recent history of comets proves the existence in nature of gravitating and levitating matter ; in other words, of a repulsive force co-extensive with, but enormously more powerful, than the attractive force we call gravity. This force is especially shown in the formation of the tails of comets ; its acknowledged existence opens a new field for physical research, at the same time it shows us that we

still stand but on the threshold of the temple of knowledge, and that within that temple there is an indefinite field for wonder, love, and praise.

"*A Bundle of Old Letters.*"—Some very amusing, others melancholy—all admirably written. The first describes the crossing of the English Channel; the second is dated from "Baalbec, the City of the Sun;" the third, "Crimea, June, 1855," describing in powerful language the first assault on the Redan, and its sad and depressing results.

"*Martin Ware's Temptation.*"—An admirable tale for the young.

"*Sleep.*"

I came to wake thee, but Sleep
Hath breathed about thee such a calm,—
Hath wrapt thee up in spells so deep
And soft,—I dare not break the charm.

* * * * *

Soon shall I watch within those Eyes,
The sweet light startle into morn,
And see upon thy cheek arise
The flushing of a rosy dawn.

The sunshine vainly round thee streams,
And I must rouse thee with a kiss :—
Oh ! may Life never break thy dreams
With harsher summoning than this !

"*Bits of Garden.*"

"*Concerning the Right Tack.*"

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.—SEPTEMBER.

"*The Small House at Allington.*"

"*How we Slept at the Chalet des Chèvres.*"—Decidedly the most interesting little sketch of a small pic-nic party we have ever read. Two sisters and their brother determined to ascend to a broken down Chalet des Chèvres, or Goat's Chalet, at the summit of a very rugged cone, forming part of the Jura. Their object was to witness a sunset and a sunrise. They reached the dilapidated Chalet just after sunset, and so missed one of the glories of Alpine scenery; but they enjoyed the twilight and the supper, and the bright fire they kindled, and the rough beds they made to sleep on. At four A.M., they rose, after a doubtful sleep on hard boards. Already there was enough of diffused twilight to render Mount Blanc perfectly visible. Though the lake lay full in view, and the whole range of Alps and their neighbour hills for two hundred miles displayed their jagged horizon of grey rock and snowy points, the eye could rest on nothing but the king of mountains. The marvellous resemblance which the outline from the north bears to a massive human head, reclining on a pillow of snow and facing the east, was never more striking than now. The straight forehead, the finely chiselled nose, the firm mouth and flowing beard, all lay calm and still in the grey repose of death. But the sun is rising. There came first, for a single instant, a sus-

picion of a ray of light intercepted in the neighbourhood of the Diablerets, and the next moment a simultaneous cry, their first and last, announced that the sun, still invisible, had struck the highest crest of hair which gathers on the brow of the gigantic head. For a few minutes each instant brought a new delight, as the different levels of peaks were successively gilded by the rising sun. Gradually the glittering points seemed to descend, fixing in turn upon all the salient features of the profile. The mountains woke into life under the magic touch of light and heat, the face was no longer dead. With more of awe than they cared to confess, and in silence which they almost dared not break, the three adventurers turned at length to the hut which had afforded them so kindly a shelter. They felt the overpowering reality of a too great beauty.

"The Trials of the Tredgolds."

"Out of the World."—Horatia is a lady well-born, moving in the best society, and with many titled friends and relatives; but she is weary of the world; at thirty-two she pines for rest. Dr. Rich is a country physician who attends Horatia during a slight illness. Horatia tells Dr. Rich how weary she is of London gaiety—how glad she would be if she could purchase the peace, and repose, and calm of a country life. Dr. Rich has long admired the beautiful and desponding lady, and in the calmest manner offers himself, his love, and a quiet country home. Horatia is startled—asks time for consideration—considers, and in a few hours accepts. Her friends are horrified, all, except one or two. Horatia is determined; and Dr. Rich is well worthy the affections of the best of women. A future number will show how matters progress.

"Richelieu's Shabby Suit."

AMERICAN PERIODICALS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY—SEPTEMBER.

"The Puritan Minister."—A very entertaining description of the manners and customs of the Puritans in New England. The office of a Puritan minister was no sinecure, for the minister's week-days were more arduous than his Sundays, and to have for each parish both pastor and teacher still left a formidable duty for each. He must visit families during several afternoons in every week, sending previous notice, so that children and domestics might be ready for catechizing. He was 'much visited for counsel' in his own home, and must set apart one day in the week for cases of conscience, ranging from the most fine-drawn self-tormentings up to the most unnatural secret crimes. He must often go to lectures in neighbouring towns, a kind of religious dissipation which increased so fast that the Legislature at last interfered to restrict it.

He must have five or six separate seasons for private prayer daily, devoting each day in the week to special meditations and intercessions,—as Monday to his family, Tuesday to his enemies, Wednesday to the churches, Thursday to other societies, Friday to persons afflicted, and Saturday to his own soul. He must have private fasts, spending whole days locked in his study and whole nights prostrate on the floor. Cotton Mather 'thought himself starved,' unless he fasted once a month at farthest, while he often did it twice in a week. Then there were public fasts quite frequently, 'because of sins, blastings, mildews, drought, grasshoppers, caterpillars, small pox, loss of cattle by cold and frowns of Providence.' Perhaps a mouse and a snake had a battle in the neighbourhood, and the minister must expound it as 'symbolizing the conflict betwixt Satan and God's poor people,' the latter being the mouse triumphant. Then if there were a military expedition, the minister might think it needful to accompany it. If there were even a muster, he must open and close it with prayer, or, in his absence, the captain must officiate instead.

One would naturally add to this record of labours the attendance on weddings and funerals. It is strange how few years are required to make a usage seem ancestral, or to reunite a traditional broken one. Who now remembers that our progenitors for more than a century disused religious services on both these solemn occasions? Magistrates alone could perform the marriage ceremony; though it was thought to be carrying the monopoly quite too far, when Governor Bellingham, in 1641, officiated at his own. Prayer was absolutely forbidden at funerals, as was done also by Calvin at Geneva, by John Knox in Scotland, by the English Puritans in the Westminster Assembly, and by the French Huguenots. The bell might ring, the friends might walk, two and two, to the grave; but their must be no prayer uttered. The secret was, that the traditions of the English and Romish Churches must be avoided at all sacrifices. 'Doctor,' said King James to a Puritan divine, 'do you go barefoot because the Papists wear shoes and stockings?' Even the origin of the frequent New England habit of eating salt fish on Saturday is supposed to have been the fact that Roman Catholics eat it on Friday."

The intolerant practices of the New England Puritans almost rivalled those of the Church of Rome at that period, only, with the exception of witches, they did not burn their fellow creatures to death, although children, according to the statute book, might be put to death if they "cursed their orderly parents" after the age of sixteen.

Sabbath-breaking was placed on a level with murder—though Calvin himself allowed the old men to play at bowls, and the young men to practise military training, after afternoon service, at Geneva. Down to 1769 not even a funeral could take place on Sunday in Massachusetts, without license from a magistrate. Then the stocks and the wooden cage were in frequent use, though 'barbarous and cruel' punishments were forbidden in 1641. Scolds and railers were set on a ducking-stool and dipped over head and ears three times, in running water, if possible. Mrs. Oliver, a troublesome theologian, was silenced with a cleft stick applied to her tongue. Thomas Scott, in 1649, was sentenced for some offence to learn 'the catechise,' or be fined ten shillings, and, after due consideration, paid the fine. Sometimes offend-

ers, with a refinement of cruelty, were obliged to 'go and talk with the elders.' And if any youth made matrimonial overtures to a young female without the consent of her parents, or, in their absence, of the County Court, he was first fined and then imprisoned. A new etymology for the word 'courting.'"

"*The Freedmen of Port Royal.*"—The writer thinks that "the negroes will work for their living. They will fight for their freedom. They are adapted to civil society. As a people, they are not *exempt from the frailties of our common humanity*, nor from the vices which hereditary bondage always superadds to these." These questions have been answered long before the appearance of this article. The condition of the free negroes in Canada and some of the Northern States, the black British regiments in the West Indies, the thriving, orderly, and progressive colony in Liberia, all point to the capabilities of the negro without referring to the recent experiences at Port Royal.

"*The Tertiary Age and its Characteristic Animals.*"—The writer says : "It is my belief, founded upon the tropical character of the Fauna, that a much milder climate then prevailed over the whole northern hemisphere than is now known to it. Some naturalists have supposed that the presence of the tropical Mammalia in the Northern Temperate Zone might be otherwise accounted for,—that they might have been endowed with warmer covering, with thicker hair or fur. But I think the simpler and more natural reason for their existence throughout the North is to be found in the difference of climate ; and I am the more inclined to this opinion because the Tertiary animals generally, the Fishes, Shells, etc., in the same regions, are more closely allied in character to those now living in the Tropics than to those of the Temperate Zones. The Tertiary age may be called the geological summer ; we shall see, hereafter, how abruptly it was brought to a close.

"One word more as to the relation of the Tertiary Mammalia to the creation which preceded them. I can only repeat here the argument used before : the huge quadrupeds characteristic of these epochs make their appearance suddenly, and the deposits containing them follow as immediately upon those of the Cretaceous epoch, in which no trace of them occurs, as do those of the Cretaceous upon those of the Jurassic epoch. I would remind the reader that in the central basin of France, in which Cuvier found his first Palæotherium, and which afterwards proved to have been thickly settled by the early Mammalia, the deposits of the Jurassic, Cretaceous, and Tertiary epochs follow each other in immediate, direct, uninterrupted succession ; that the same is true of other localities, in Germany, in Southern Europe, in England, where the most complete collections have been made from all these deposits ; and there has never been brought to light a single fact leading us to suppose that any intermediate forms have ever existed through which more recent types have been developed out of older ones. For thirty years Geology has been gradually establishing, by evidence the fulness and accuracy of which are truly amazing, the regularity in the sequence of the geological formations, and distinguishing, with ever-increasing precision, the specific differences of the animals and plants contained in these accumulations of past ages. These results bear living testimony to the won-

derful progress of the kindred sciences of Geology and Palæontology in the last half century ; and the development-theory has but an insecure foundation so long as it attempts to strengthen itself by belittling the geological record, the assumed imperfectness of which, in default of positive facts, has now become the favourite argument of its upholders.

"*Thomas de Quincey.*"

"*Mrs. Lewis*" is Part I. of a very interesting New England romance, occurring some thirty years ago, before railways had changed the face of the country, and, in a measure, the manners and opinions of men.

AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND ART.—SEPTEMBER.

The following are the contents of this able Scientific Journal for September:—On the Velocity of Light and the Sun's Distance ; by Prof. Joseph Lovering. Further Remarks on a method of Reducing Observations of Temperature ; by Prof. J. D. Everett. On the Coal-Measures of Cape Breton N. B., with a Section ; by J. P. Lealey. Hydraulics of the Report of Humphreys and Abbott on the Mississippi River ; by Prof F. A. P. Barnard. On Inhalation of Nitroglycerine ; by John M. Merrick, Jr. On the Chemical and Mineralogical Relations of Metamorphic Rocks ; By T. Sterry Hunt, F.R.S. On the Appalachians and Rocky Mountains as Time-boundaries in Geological History ; by James D. Dana. On the Homologies of the Insectan and Crustacean Types ; by James D. Dana. On the genus *Centronella*, with remarks on some other genera of Brachiopoda ; by E. Billings. On the Explosive Force of Gunpowder ; by Prof. F. A. P. Barnard. On Childrenite from Hebron, Maine ; by George J. Brush. Crystallographic examination of the Hebron mineral, and comparison of it with the Childrenite from Tavistock ; by J. P. Cook, Jr. Meteoric Iron from Dakota Territory —Description and analysis ; by Charles T. Jackson, M.D.

HUNT'S MERCHANT'S MAGAZINE.—AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

The articles in these numbers have particular references to special departments of trade or industry. They are written with the usual vigour and force of the writers in Hunt's Magazine :—Silver ; Its production, coinage, and relative value as compared with gold. Commercial Economy. Flax ; Its history, culture, importation, exportation, and consumption. Sales of Personal Property and Stoppage in Transitu. Ship Canals and Railroads. The Public Debt July 1, 1863. Disinfection of Vessels. The History and Principles of Money. Railway Travel in England. The Statute of Frauds.

AMERICAN PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR AND LITERARY GAZETTE.—AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

Each number of this periodical becomes more varied and more useful and attractive. The "Notes on Books and Booksellers," are very valuable to literary men ; so also are the "Notes and Queries" and the "Foreign Correspondence." Both of the numbers before us contain far more pleasant reading matter than the title of the periodical would lead one to suspect ; and the notices and announcements of works just issued or about to appear,

are invaluable. It speaks well for the energy and literary zeal of Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia; and as the price is only two dollars a-year, and the *Circular and Literary Gazette* is furnished twice a-month, it will no doubt rapidly attain a very wide circulation in America and in Europe, and prove, we hope, permanently remunerative to its enterprising and zealous publisher.

THE HISTORICAL MAGAZINE, AND NOTES AND QUERIES CONCERNING THE ANTIQUITIES, HISTORY, AND GEOGRAPHY OF AMERICA.—SEPTEMBER.

The title of this monthly will be sufficient to arrest the attention of many in Canada who are students of American and Canadian history. On another page we have gleaned some valuable information from this magazine on the "Former Indian Races inhabiting part of Canada," and on the "Eastern Range of the Buffalo."

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY.

An Unprotected Female in the East—Lady Dufferin. The Pennsylvania Coal Region—H. M. Alden. The Battle and Triumph of Dr. Susan (concluded)—Fitzhugh Ludlow. The Religious Life of the Negro Slave—Chas. A. Raymond. Paul Hayden's Confession—John Saunders. The Statesmanship of Shakspeare—Chas. T. Corydon. Romola (continued)—Miss Evans. The Small House at Allington (continued). My Operations in Gold—Lemuel Agar. Mistress Gowan and her Son—Caroline Chesebro'. The Battle of Antietam—Geo. J. Noyes. In Memoriam (F. B. C.)—Mrs. M. E. Lee. Five Years—Nora Perry. Parson's Russell's Secret—Fred. B. Allen. Harbour Defence. Monthly Record of Current Events, &c. &c.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Canada in Winter—In our next No. J. R., Montreal—Scarcely suitable. H. E. M.,—The sentiments in your "chapter" are excellent—but in its present form not suitable,—Could you not convert it into a tale? "The Spinster Mary Brown" received, also "Marian and Mary"—both are respectfully declined; but we should be very glad to receive an article in prose from the writer. "Smiley"—will appear in our next. E. V. N.,—We should be glad to see your MS.; perhaps you can send it by a friend to the care of the Publishers; we will return the notices.

BRITISH AMERICAN MAGAZINE, VOL. II.

In compliance with the request of many gentlemen who take a lively interest in the GAME OF CHESS, it has been decided to devote one or two pages, as occasion may require, in the Second Volume of the *British American Magazine*, to illustrate this scientific and deservedly popular game. We have much pleasure in being able to announce that a gentleman well known as a skilful Chessplayer, has kindly undertaken to conduct the Chess department. All communications to be addressed as usual, to the "Editor of the *British American Magazine*, Toronto," and in order to secure their insertion, if approved of, in the next succeeding number, they should be mailed before the 10th of the month.



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